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Poetry.

THE NEW WIFE.

I'VE many and many misgivings I know;
I think, "Will he love me forever and aye?
And will all my life be continuous May?
Will my sky remain clear and no storm ever blow?"

My dear girlhood days are but what used to be!
I have mounted the ladder and left them below,
And can have but the picture of them now, I know,
And the scent of their roses that climbed up to me.

I believe that he loves me, but will his love last?
If the pathway is covered with bramble and stone
Will he hold to my arm or leave me alone
To struggle unaided until life is past?

Will he clasp me as tenderly in fond embrace
All, all the way down life's great thoroughfare?
Will he love silver locks as he does auburn hair?
Will he kiss just as often my deep-wrinkled face?

Will he ask me to bake like his old mother bakes?
Will he ask me to do all my work as she would?
And to make him his coffee and tea just as good,
And his soup and his biscuit, his pies and his cakes?

Must I open the papers and read him the news?
Will he call me a sorrel-top, soon as is o'er
Our short honeymoon, as men have done before?
And will he dare ask me to blacken his shoes?

And must I still follow with needle and thread
And fasten on buttons that he may chance lose,
And empty and wash the spittoon if he chews?
And not be his wife, but his servant instead?

Well, no, I think not; for this thick auburn hair
Does indicate, so I have often been told,
That its feminine owner will forever hold
Dominion over the man anywhere.
—*Will A. Davis.*

THE ALL-KIND MOTHER.

Lo, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand;
Nature oftimes giveth best
When she seemeth chariest.
She has shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one—
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
All thou lackest she hath still,
Near thy finding and thy fill.
Yield her fullest faith, and
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth, here and there—
Kindly to the weed as to
The lorn lily teared with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other; and thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery,
Thou shalt see the lily get
Its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor or thou art rich,
Never lightest matter which,
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her,
Baser use than usurer.
Shame be on thee and thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek
And bowed head and brimming eyes,
At her merciful "Arise!"
—*James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.*

PRACTICAL.

If you love me, tell me so;
Coal is very high;
Father thinks it isn't right
You should come here every night,
Staying til the fire is low,
Just to spoon and sigh.

Calling me your "little sweet"
Does not pay for gas;
While your lonely heart may yearn,
In the chandeliers there burn
Jets that make a thousand feet
O'er the meter pass.

Love, I know, completely fills
Life's void gallery;
Yet, while these dear moments haste,
Think how many dollars waste—
Coal and gas and other bills—
Out of father's salary!

Then, I prithee, dear one, brace!
Do but speak the word;
Else must I to father yield,
Else must you vacate the field,
Else must some one take your place—
"Stocks and bonds" preferred.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A REVERIE.

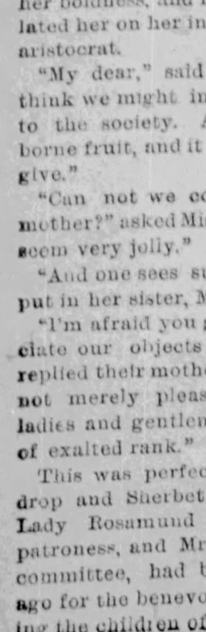
I gazed into her eyes and saw
The restless beauty of the ocean;
I watched her walk and knew
The poetry of motion.

I heard her speak and thought her voice
A murmur of the sea,
Still echoing within my heart
In exquisite harmony.

The dream, the fancy ever comes,
And that was long ago, but yet
I cannot turn to other thoughts—
It seems I never can forget.
—*Boston Beacon.*

Our Story Teller.

MRS. MAYNE'S FIRST BALL.



FULL of secret misgivings, Mrs. Mayne found courage to say: "My daughters are going to give a small dance. May I hope to have your ladyship's assistance?"

"I shall be proud, I'm sure."

"And we trust that your sons will come."

"They will, of course; I'll mention the matter to them to-night."

Mrs. Mayne was justifiably pleased at this result of her little attempt at domestic diplomacy. With the countenance of so great a personage as Lady Rosamund Broadstairs, the projected ball was a certain success; and, besides, it must necessarily elevate the Maynes in the opinion of their social circle, who never aspired higher in the fashionable world than to a city knight, with his lady and family. Mrs. Mayne could hardly walk home quickly enough, so anxious was she to confide to her daughters and husband the outcome of her boldness, and naturally they congratulated her on her intimacy with such a lofty aristocrat.

"My dear," said Mr. Mayne, "I really think we might increase our subscription to the society. Already your work has borne fruit, and it behooves us who have to give."

"Can not we come to your meetings, mother?" asked Miss Victoria Mayne; "they seem very jolly."

"And one sees such nice people there," put in her sister, Miss Alexandra.

"I'm afraid you girls do not fully appreciate our objects and the work we do," replied their mother; "It is not all frivolty, not merely pleasant conversation with ladies and gentlemen, charitable persons of exalted rank."

This was perfectly true. "The Toffeedrop and Sherbet association," of which Lady Rosamund Broadstairs was lady patroness, and Mrs. Mayne a member of committee, had been formed some time ago for the benevolent purpose of providing the children of indigent artisans with infantile luxuries, and the whole Christian world knows how admirably it is fulfilling its aims. The persons who concerned themselves in the organization and administration of the affair met twice a month for business purposes; and on one occasion there had been a most successful penny reading in connection with the society, a paragraphic report of which, mentioning Mrs. Mayne's name among others, had appeared in the papers. Here it was her ladyship had given a lecture on "The Busy Bee," and her sons had obliged with an artistic rendering of "Knockaderry," the most popular Irish song of the day,

A LECTURE ON THE "BUSY BEE,"

which had brought down the house—or, more correctly, the corrugated iron school room. No wonder that, with enterprising go ahead patrons and patronesses such as these, the "Toffeedrop and Sherbet" society prospered, and the affability of the real lady of title toward her more humble fellow-workers endeared both herself and her pet scheme to all with whom she came in contact. It happened that Mrs. Mayne was passing out of the hall of the meeting-place while Lady Rosamund was waiting for her carriage on the day our story opens, and the former took courage and received the flattering promise already recorded.

Now, of course, nothing remained to do but make preparations for the ball which was to astonish the entire neighborhood of Colchester Terrace and to concoct a list of persons worthy of the honor of meeting Lady Rosamund Broadstairs and her two artistic sons. Nor was this consistent without considerable tribulation and argument in the family circle. Mr. Mayne was for inviting his business acquaintances from the city, but the very idea of commercial clerks was repugnant to his wife.

"We can ask them to dinner when we are alone," said she.

"But they will learn about these festivities," protested her husband, "and I should not like to offend them."

"How can they hear about the dance, papa?" urged Victoria. "Do you think that Lady Rosamund is going to march down Mincing Lane bellowing out society news?"

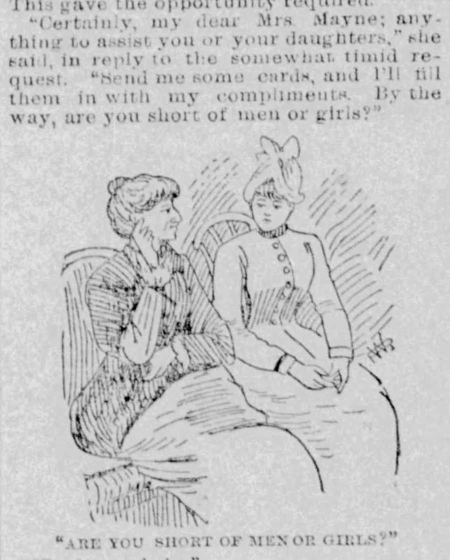
"Hush, Victoria!" said her mother; "ladies do not bellow."

"Nor do they dance with corn merchants and young men who sell quinine," said that satirical puss, Miss Alexandra Mayne, siding with the haughty instincts of her sister.

Needless to say, papa was routed at every point. The number of people whose names were set aside for the dinner "when we were alone" far exceeded that of the more fortunate chosen; in fact, the party-list dwindled down in its expurgated form to very tiny proportions, and the family council of war agreed that since mamma was so intimate with Lady Rosamund, and since Lady Rosamund took such an interest in mamma, her ladyship should be asked to invite those friends of hers whom she would like to meet.

As usual, Lady Rosamund was more than amiable. Mr. Mayne's additional donation pleased her very much, and she thanked his wife most heartily on behalf of the indigent artisans' offspring who would presently benefit by his largesse. This gave the opportunity required.

"Certainly, my dear Mrs Mayne; anything to assist you or your daughters," she said, in reply to the somewhat timid request. "Send me some cards, and I'll fill them in with my compliments. By the way, are you short of men or girls?"



"ARE YOU SHORT OF MEN OR GIRLS?"

"Both, my lady."

"Very well; then I'll tell my sons to look up some of their friends also. Don't forget the cards. Good-by; and thanks again, very much."

Lady Rosamund was naturally astonished at the wholesale manner in which she was taken at her word. The Maynes determined to do the thing handsomely, forwarded 200 gaudily printed invitations, informing Mr., Mrs., or Miss (blank to be filled in) that Mrs. Mayne was "At Home—Dancing," on a certain evening at 5 o'clock, and requesting, in orthodox foreign abbreviations, that the said Mr., Mrs., or Miss would S. R. V. P. It had been considered whether, under the circumstances, "Lord" and "Lady" should not be printed on some of the cards; but on the motion of Mr. Mayne the amendment was ultimately negatived as "too avaricious."

When these arrived at Broadstair House, Lady Rosamund sent for her sons.

"Boys," said she, "I have promised to help Mrs. Mayne with her party. I am much too busy just now. Will you take the job off my hands? You know the sort of people one wants at a dance."

"Who is Mrs. Mayne, mamma?" asked Mr. Nicholas Broadstairs, a smart youth aged about 22. "I don't know her."

"Yes, you do. You met her and her girls at the 'Toffeedrop' reading. She is one of the most valued assistants in the society, and her husband is very rich, and subscribes handsomely."

"Are you going to this dance, ma?" asked Mr. Leopold Broadstairs, who was a year younger than his brother, and supposed to be reading hard for his army exam.

"I, my dear? What put that into your head? My dancing days have been over many years. Now go away, both of you, and fill up the cards, with my compliments, and leave me to my writing."

The boys retired with their stock of glittering stationery, but the awkwardness of the position immediately occurred to them. Who on earth were they to invite to a ball given by some one they did not know? Like other young men, they had plenty of friends of both sexes, many of them not included in their mother's visiting list. For a bachelor dinner or a supper, or even for a Bohemian ball, they would doubtless have been ideal hosts. But what sort of people these Maynes were, or what of people they desired should see them "At Home—Dancing," neither Nicholas nor Leopold had the remotest notion.

"I'll tell you what, Nick," said Leopold, after a pause. "I feel this responsibility is too much for us. Let us put the cards in our pockets and distribute them personally, when we go out, by and by."

"At the club—yes, that's all very well for the men; but what about the girls?"

"Let each fellow bring his own," replied the other, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye; "but we must have no 'Lady R. B.'s compliments.'"

"Capital! and if old Mayne gives a good supper, and his wine is up to the mark, I warrant their ball will be the talk of the town."

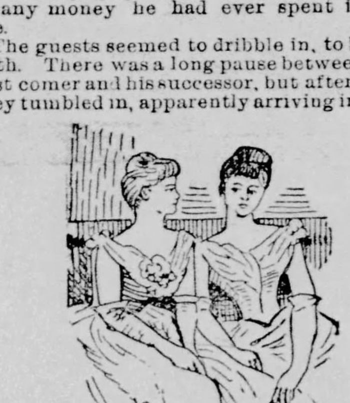
Mrs. Mayne fancied that her patroness must have forgotten her, so few were the replies from people she did not know that she received to her invitations. All her own friends and those of her daughters had accepted immediately, for the news had got about somehow that the party would be mentioned in the papers. Preparations at Colchester Terrace proceeded at the most munificent rate. Papa Mayne had given carte blanche as to the supper and decorations, making only the stipulation that the wine merchant should be bidden to the festivity, in order to secure a 5 per cent discount off the extraordinary champagne he had undertaken to provide.

"And besides, my love," he said to his wife, "Tom Swipes is a most presentable fellow, with a highly aristocratic connection, and he has already heard glowing accounts of your ball. He tells me that several of his clients are coming, though for the life of me I can not think who they are."

"Lady Rosamund's friends, of course, goose! I know she deals with him, because he subscribes to the 'Toffeedrops.'"

At length the eventful evening arrived. The girls descended from their dressing rooms in all the glory of the most divine gowns. Emma, the cook, thought that Miss Victoria looked the best, in her pale pink; while Elizabeth, the housemaid, was certain that whoever beat Miss Alexandra's light blue would be the belle of the ball. Mrs. Mayne herself, in brocaded brown and a new set of cameo jewels, was as handsomely attired as becomes a matronly hostess launching her offspring upon London society; while her husband in the tightest of white gloves, was beaming over with satisfaction that the guinea he had paid for the announcement of "Mrs. Mayne's first dance," under the head of "Arrangements," in a daily paper, was as well laid out as any money he had ever spent in his life.

The guests seemed to dribble in, to begin with. There was a long pause between the first comer and his successor, but afterward they tumbled in, apparently arriving in 'bus



THE EVENTFUL EVENING ARRIVED.

loads, and when the music sounded a preliminary extra waltz there must have been fifty persons present. But Mrs. Mayne and family were far from happy yet, because none of her expected unknowns had arrived. Surely Lady Rosamund had not forsaken her? No! for there were her two sons, Nicholas dancing with Victoria, and Leopold with Alexandra; and even if no one else appeared, was not this as much as a fond mother could expect—her two daughters dancing with two such noble-blooded and good-looking scions of the aristocracy? Goodness knows where her joyful, hopeful, maternal thoughts took her to. At any rate, her inclination and a city friend of her husband's took her to the refreshment buffet, and by the time she returned to the ball room the crowd was very considerably augmented.

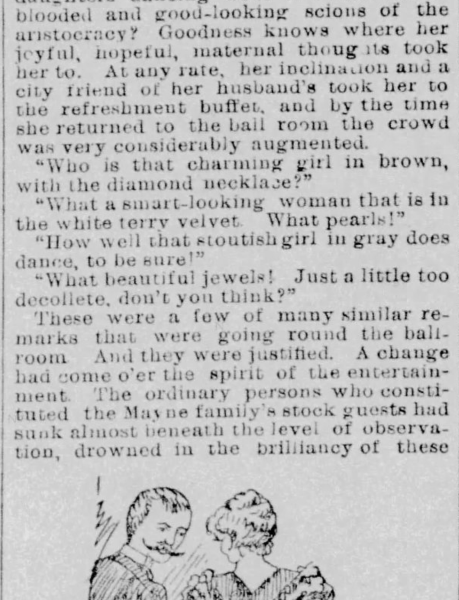
"Who is that charming girl in brown, with the diamond necklace?"

"What a smart-looking woman that is in the white terry velvet. What pearls!"

"How well that stoutish girl in gray does dance, to be sure!"

"What beautiful jewels! Just a little too decollete, don't you think?"

These were a few of many similar remarks that were going round the ballroom. And they were justified. A change had come o'er the spirit of the entertainment. The ordinary persons who constituted the Mayne family's stock guests had sunk almost beneath the level of observation, drowned in the brilliancy of these



"NOTHING SERIOUS, I TRUST?"

gayly appareled ladies and gentlemen, whose very names their host and hostess did not know. That they had been invited by Lady Rosamund Broadstairs there was no doubt, but it was somewhat strange that no one should have introduced them, though any one could see, and every one did see, that they were persons of quality; "their manners are so natural," one Miss Mayne observed to the other.

Presently Mr. Nicholas Broadstairs found leisure to talk to Mrs. Mayne, and he assured her that this was the most enjoyable dance of the season.

"I expect some more people presently," he said, "after the theater. By the way, I forgot to give you my mother's message. She sends her love, but did not feel well enough to come out."

"Nothing serious, I trust. Please goodness she will be all right to-morrow. Can you tell me who is the gentleman in the white waistcoat talking to the lady in mauve?"

"That is Lord Marennes, the Earl of Whitestable's eldest son, a friend of mine. I really ought to have presented him to you, but you were away when they arrived, and the boy with the carrotty hair is Lord Cheddes; he'll be Marquis of Stilton when his father goes out. That man walking round with your daughter is Reggie Redlight, of the Guards. There is Sir George Drowbridge talking to Tommy Swipes, the wine merchant. They are all so much obliged to you for your hospitality, Mrs. Mayne."

This was something like society, indeed! Two lords, a baronet, guardsmen, and no end of swells. Mrs. Mayne inwardly returned thanks to the Providence that, through the medium of the "Toffeedrop and Sherbet association," had brought her this good fortune. Certainly she would have liked to be introduced to these aristocratic young gentlemen. "And the ladies? Who are they with your friends?" she asked.

"All more or less connections of the gentlemen who brought them, Mrs. Mayne. Don't dance? Do try a turn. No? Well, au revoir;" and Mr. Nicholas turned upon his heel, leaving his hostess to convey his intelligence to her husband, who, of course, felt equally flattered with herself. But it was at supper that her triumph was complete. When this substantial meal was at its height, there arose in his place none other than Lord Marennes, before referred to, and proposed the health of the host and hostess in the most complimentary, if occasionally flippant, terms. He thanked them for their profuse he might almost say indiscriminate, hospitality, and also acknowledged the kindness of his friends, Nicholas and Leopold Broadstairs, through whose means they had enjoyed the privilege in which they had indulged the never-to-be-forgotten evening [Hear, hear.] Amid much applause and rattling of knives and plates he sat down, and Mr. Mayne, in pompous Freemason lodge style of oratory, expressed his admiration for the House of Lords, our ancient institutions, and the honor he felt he was paid this evening by the attendance at his humble board of so many destined to shine hereafter in so much more important assemblies.

HE THANKED THEM.

How much more he would have said goodness knows, had not his friend and wine merchant, Tom Swipes, whispered in his ear and tugged at his coat tails. Even with this encouragement he was reluctant to sit down, but eventually he complied, and left the table.

"What the devil do you mean, Swipes? I was getting on all right," said Mr. Mayne, when they reached a secluded corner of the passage.

"Mean!" repeated the other excitedly; "can't you see you're being made a fool of—that you will be made the laughing-stock of London to-morrow?"

"No, I can't," replied his host curtly, thinking that the wine merchant had been partaking somewhat too freely of his own wares.

"Well, I can show you. Who are your guests? Have you any idea?"

"I believe so; there is Viscount Marennes, Lord Chedder, Sir George Drowbridge, Lady Rosamund's two sons—"

"Tut, tut! I mean the women—who are they?" Mr. Mayne's jaw fell, while his tormenter proceeded. "Don't you see that these young blackguards have been playing a joke on you? The girls are well behaved enough, I don't deny it; but do you want your daughters to know Connie Ballyskirt, Mimi Flapturre or Jennie Courthouse from the Galaxy Theater? Do you wish Miss Victoria and Miss Alexandra to become bosom friends with Julia Juvelli, the premiere danseuse from the Barcelona—with Bessie Belladonna, Tottie Toothpowderffi."

"Stop, for heaven's sake!" groaned the erstwhile happy host. "You have said enough. You don't mean that these creatures are here!"

"Every one of them," retorted the other sternly. "What will you do?"

"Do? I'll make my wife take her name off that d—d charitable society, but I'll not spoil the fun now."

So the evening came to a successful and undisturbed termination, and Lady Rosamund Broadstairs's sons kept their word; they made Mrs. Mayne's first dance the talk of London.—*London World.*

WHEN THE KILLDEES COME.

When the north winds sigh through the shivering pines,
And the last bee ceases to hum;
When the sickly sun half obscurely shines
Through the clouds that make gray horizon lines,
It is then that the killdees come.

Summer's life and light I will not deplore;
Vernal birds are joyoussome;
But a flood-tide of thought from an unknown shore;
Come thee back, with a breath of the winters of yore,
To my heart, when the killdees come.

Dearest friend, ah! still must I vainly yearn?
Must the silence ever be dumb?
Wilt thou not, while the lamps of existence burn,
To my life, with the joy of our youth, return,
Once again, when the killdees come.
—*Charles J. Bayne.*

Praying for Sweet Morsels.

Bright-eyed little four-year-old Henry had celebrated his birthday with a joyful party of young friends and companions, and after partaking of a supper, including the birthday cake, decorated with the four tiny candles, representing his years, he was tired but very happy. His bed time having arrived the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," was said, but he could not sleep; the brain was too active for that; so his fond mother went to his bedside, kissed him and said:

"You have had a very happy birthday, you have been a dear good boy and have made mamma and all your friends very happy."

"Yes," said Henry, "some one else was made happy, too. God loves little boys when they are good"—and then a thought occurred to him—"I say, mamma, may I ask God for anything I want?"

"Yes, you may."

"Well, I want to say my prayers again." So kneeling down he repeated his familiar prayer, and then, bethinking himself of his favorite play of telephone, he exclaimed: "Hello! Hello! ! I say, God, may I have five candles on my next birthday?" and then, listening for an answer, shouted, "All right! Good-by."—*Exchange.*

BOULANGER.

Boulanger is a baker,
Who, if he gets a chance,
Will do all in his power
To cook the goose of France.
—*Washington Critic.*

Boulanger is a baker,
And if he cannot bake,
He does the next thing to it—
I. e., he takes the cake.
—*New York Sun.*

Boulanger is a baker,
But he should never stoop
To cook a mess of treason,
Or he'll be in the soup.
—*New York Press.*

A Fine Moral Distinction.

"James," said the grocer, as he looked up from the morning paper, "they have begun to make maple sugar in Vermont already."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, with ready comprehension. "Those maple sugar bricks left over from last year are down cellar. I'll have them sandpapered and put in the front window to-morrow morning."

"Have you the same sign you had last year to stick up in the box?"

"Yes. It reads, 'Fresh from Vermont. Strictly pure.'"

"You may use that sign again, James. I don't think it would be exactly right to paint a new one with that inscription."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Kate and Ted.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv this baste, an' I'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, without raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lasnes so brown,
"Would yez like me to dhrive, Misther Ted?"
—*The Globe.*

Looking After Sister's Interest.

"Bobby," said Mr. Simpkins, "I want to give your sister some nice present. Do you know of anything she would like?"

"Do I?" returned Bobby, with a strong emphasis on the "do." "Well, I should think so."

"What, Robert?" queried Simpkins.

"I heard her tell mother this morning that she wanted a new box of face powder, a bottle of hair restorer, some new back plaits, and—"

But before Bobby could finish, Mr. Simpkins had fled.—*Exchange.*

An Unfortunate Name.

Philanthropist—My friend, you look as if you were out of work.

Pale Youngman—I am, indeed, sir. Fortune is pretty hard on me.

Philanthropist—What kind of a job are you looking for?

Pale Youngman—Cashier in a bank; but my name is dead against me.

Philanthropist—What is your name?

Pale Youngman—De Camp.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Cleveland's Favorite Song.

President Cleveland says he would rather hear a simple ballad well sung than the grandest of opera music. Bowing in subservience to his tastes we would respectfully dedicate the following words set to the tune of "Massa:"

Down in the cornfields
Hear that mournful whoop,
All the Democrats are weeping,
Grover's in the warm, warm soup.
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Given a Place in the Cabinet.

"I have a suggestion in regard to your Cabinet, general," said a senator to the President-elect.

"Ah!" replied Mr. Harrison, wearily.

"It is that you place this piece of rare china therein," continued the senator.

"I will, with pleasure," returned the general, evidently much relieved.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A Danbury Man's Novel Roof.

A nursery man in Danbury has a most peculiar roof, in fact it is quite improbable that there is another one like it in the state. It is composed entirely from photographic negatives. The greenhouse is entirely roofed by these negatives, which bear the likenesses of all manner of people—old men long since forgotten, pretty girls, dozens of babies, and many others. It must be a queer sensation to look through the roof at the sun.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Baby's Birth-Mark.

A Dayton, Ohio, doctor recently officiated at a joyful event in the family of a man, who, though excellent in many respects, is a "little slow" in settling his medical bills. When the event had happily concluded, the father nervously asked:

"Doctor, is the baby marked in any way?"

"Yes," was the quick response; "it is marked C. O. D!"

It is needless to add that a $10 bill changed hands promptly.

A Sudden Move.

Young Mr. Porcine—Didn't young Mr. Wabash, Miss Breezy, board here not long since?

Miss Breezy—Yes, but he left some little time ago. We all liked him so much. He was such a gentleman—so quiet and refined in his tastes—but he jumped his board two months ago, and we havn't seen him since.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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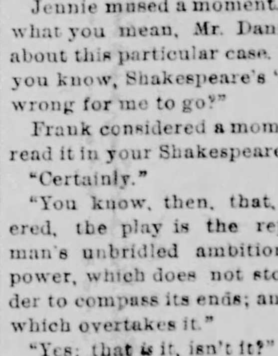
CHAPTER VII.

JENNIE MAKES A CONFIDANT.



CIRCUMSTANCES made it easy for Jennie to keep the promise of secrecy she had voluntarily made to Morris concerning her adventure at the cemetery. Her father was absent when she returned, and her mother had retired to her room with a headache; consequently there was no one to question her that evening, and the next morning everybody was talking of Milly Hargreave's elopement. By the time this nine-days' wonder had died out, Jennie had gotten over the shock of her strange adventure; and though she speculated much over the contents of the package which Morris had disinterred, she said nothing of the matter to any one.

The current of events went on for some time very quietly, as it always does in rural towns. Jennie had settled herself to the conviction that whatever Mr. Morris's "find" had contained, it could not have been of much importance, or some developments would have shortly followed. But, as is frequently the case, when a thing is least looked for, it comes under notice. One day, Jennie was seated in her father's library, discussing with Frank Danforth certain details as to a forthcoming Sunday-school celebration. The plans had been settled, and the conversation drifted off into general channels.

"Mr. Danforth, do you think going to theatres is wrong?" demanded Jennie, suddenly.

"Circumstances govern the case entirely, in my opinion," responded he. "What are the circumstances in this case?"

"There, you are talking like a lawyer!" declared the girl.

"Not at all. I have noticed a fresh eruption of colored posters on the bill-boards and walls, and conjectured that they were at the bottom of your question."

"Well, what if they should be?"

"Nothing, save that your question was general, and it seems that you really meant to inquire my opinion in a special case."

"Well, answer the general question first."

"My opinion is, that sometimes it is wrong and sometimes it is not."

"And when is it wrong?"

"When the play has a debasing tendency on the spectators."

"Then it depends entirely on the play?"

"Not entirely. It depends also upon the spectator. Some people can go unharmed where others are injured."

Jennie mused a moment. "I think I see what you mean, Mr. Danforth. But now about this particular case. The play is, as you know, Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.' Is it wrong for me to go?"

Frank considered a moment. 'You have read it in your Shakespeare?"

"Certainly."

"You know, then, that, rightly considered, the play is the representation of man's unbridled ambition for place and power, which does not stop even at murder to compass its ends; and the vengeance which overtakes it."

"Yes; that is it, isn't it?"

"Well, can you witness that representation, and come away with a fixed conviction that evil deeds work out punishment for us, or unhappiness, at least—and that the path of right-doing is the path of safety and of happiness?"

"Why, what an absurd question!—I beg your pardon; but I never doubt *that* for an instant. And I am sure that the play would only deepen the conviction."

"Then to go to that play will not injure you, at least. But, Miss Jennie, have you thought——" Frank paused abruptly.

"Have I thought what? Why don't you finish your question?"

"I am afraid you will think me preaching at you."

"Well, is there any harm in preaching? Don't the ministers do it all the time? I'm sure, too, that they shouldn't have a monopoly."

"I was merely going to ask if you had thought of the effect it might have on other persons? What the force of your example?"

"Why, the idea! Do you really suppose that *anybody* would be influenced by my example?"

"I have no doubt of it. Your example in attending this play might be the reason why some one else would attend the theater."

"But, Mr. Danforth, if it were not wrong for me to witness Macbeth, would it be wrong in them?"

"That is not the point I am making. All people do not discriminate. To them a play is a play, whether it be a tragedy of Shakespeare, or the most lurid of trashy melodramas. They group all together. Now, if some one shall go to witness an improper play because you attend a performance of Macbeth—is there not some responsibility on your shoulders?"

"I really don't know. Am I to be responsible for silly people imitating my example?"

"Do you remember Cain's answer when asked, 'Where is thy brother Abel'?"

"Yes," answered Jennie, a warm color glowing in her cheek, "but I never saw it before in quite the light you put it. So I must give up all idea of attending 'Macbeth'?"

"I must not presume to dictate or to decide. You asked me my opinion, you remember, on the general question."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed she, "it is *too* bad! I *did* want to see it so much! Do you think it would make any difference if you will consider that I am not a church member?"

"Is there one code of conduct for those who are church-members, and a different one for those who are not?"

"Now, Mr. Danforth, you are too provoking! Of course there is not—but just now I wish there was, for I do want to go so much!"

Dr. Andrews entered at that moment.

"Ah, good evening, Frank!" he exclaimed, greeting the young man warmly. "Where is it, Jennie, that you wish to go so much?"

"To see Macbeth, papa."

"Well, you can't do it, daughter, because the company have cancelled their date here for some cause."

"Oh, papa! And they will not be here at all?"

"No."

"Oh!" and catching an amused expression on Frank's face, she laughingly continued, "I really don't know whether to be glad or sorry."

"Well, Frank, how goes the law? Are you going to be admitted to the bar soon?"

"I hope to be ready shortly, doctor."

"That's good!" replied the doctor, heartily, as he seated himself in his easy chair with a sigh of comfort. "By the way, Frank, I am glad you are here. I was just thinking over a queer little affair that happened some time ago, and perhaps you can help me to a bit of information. Do you happen to know of a lawyer by the name of Morris?"

"Morris?" echoed Frank and Jennie, in one breath.

"Yes," answered the doctor, looking at first one and then the other in mild surprise. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"Those are questions that I should be glad to have answered on my own account," responded Frank. "I know but little of him, but that little I will tell you." And thereupon he told of the note left for Harry Follett, and his own fruitless mission to the hotel.

"On the evening that Harry eloped, eh?" responded the doctor. "Why, that was the very day he called on me!"

"Called on you? Pray, may I inquire his errand?"

The doctor briefly put Frank in possession of the facts. The nature of the inquiries made by Morris interested him strongly.

"Now, what connection was there between his interest in Nathan Willson's will and his desire for an interview with Mr. Follett?" inquired Frank, as he knitted his brows and gazed meditatively into space.

"It is difficult to conjecture," responded the doctor. "There, too, is room for speculation as to why he left the hotel so hastily after making an appointment."

"Yes," responded Frank. He wrote the note some time during the afternoon, and left it in the door. Where was he, and what was he doing from that time until he returned hastily to the hotel at nearly 8 o'clock?"

Jennie's eyes danced at the recollection of the adventure at the old burying-ground, but she kept her counsel. She knew where Mr. Morris was during that time, and moreover could give a shrewd guess at the reason for his hasty departure.

A minute after, Dr. Andrews was summoned to his office by a caller, and again the two young people were left alone.

"Mr. Danforth," began Jennie, "I think I could throw a little light on the matter."

"You?" Frank replied, surprised. "Pray what is it?"

"Why—the trouble is, I don't know but that I am in honor bound not to say anything."

Frank was perplexed. "Of course if you are bound to keep it a secret I shall not press you for an answer; but I should like to know whatever you can tell me about it."

"Well, I was sitting in the back office, reading, when he called on papa, and heard most of the conversation. When he left, I went to the window so as to see him. Then I met him that afternoon, by accident."

"You met him? Did you talk to him?"

"Yes, of course. He asked me to keep a certain thing secret. I told him I would; but I know now that he didn't believe me, for he left the hotel as quickly as possible, fearing I would put somebody on his track."

"What had he done to make him fear that?"

"That is just what I promised not to tell."

"Where, then, did you see him, if that is a permissible question?" continued Frank, whose interest was thoroughly aroused.

"Let's see; no, I didn't promise to keep *that* a secret," answered Jennie. "Well, I saw him at the old Willson burying ground."

"What on earth were you doing there? Were you alone?" demanded the astonished young man.

"I had never visited it before," she went on, "and the conversation I had heard excited my curiosity. So that afternoon, as I was out on horseback, I rode out there. I could not see inside, so I scrambled up an old beech-tree standing close enough for me to get on top of the wall; and then I—" and she hesitated and blushed.

"And this Mr. Morris found you there?"

"N-no, not exactly. Well,—I slipped and fell inside!"

"Inside that inclosure? Why, you were in a regular trap! How did you get out?"

"Well—Mr. Morris was instrumental in that."

"Is the rest a secret you must keep, Miss Jennie?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"I am just debating it. Mr. Morris evidently did not believe I would keep it a secret, for his sudden departure shows that; and I really think I shall make you my confidant, and then we shall decide whether the matter shall go any further or not."

Thereupon Jennie related her adventure in detail, to the no small amazement of Frank. He rose and paced the room in his excitement, and then questioned her closely on every point.

"Now what do you suppose was in that powder-keg?" demanded Jennie, when she had finished. "At least it looked exactly like a powder-keg—and I have seen a great many of them when I was visiting Uncle Jerry's, down the valley. You know the miners use powder in mining coal, and the emptied kegs were to be seen everywhere. I remember seeing one miner's cabin in front of which his wife had at least two dozen of them, turned into flower-pots, and growing geraniums and fuchsias in them," she added.

"I am utterly at a loss to conjecture what it may have contained," answered Danforth. "Whatever it was, it certainly must have concerned Mr. Follett, or he would not have made that appointment—which he doubtless broke in the fear that you would disclose his errand to the cemetery."

"But he made the appointment before he went there," responded she.

"True; but he went prepared to dig it up. Either he had himself secreted it there, or knew of its hiding place."

"No," interrupted Jennie, "he had not placed it there himself, because he did not know exactly where it was. He dug a long trench along the wall before he found it."

"Yes, I remember that you said so just now. Then he knew of its being there. But how did he know? And who buried it? But it is a waste of time to discuss those matters. One thing seems reasonably certain only—that Mr. Follett is interested in it in some way."

"Is he to be told, Mr. Danforth?" said Jennie, anxiously. I promised to keep it a secret, remember!"

"I think you can absolve yourself from the promise, Miss Jennie, without any scruple of conscience. You were an involuntary spectator of his proceedings, and he had no right to ask you to make a promise that very probably was incompatible with justice. He was possibly doing an unlawful thing in digging it up. But, if you please, we will keep it a secret a little longer. I will make some inquiries of Mr. Follett, to see if he can put me on the track; but I shall not tell him of the matter without seeing you again, and getting your consent."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. MORRIS SHOWS HIS HAND.

THERE did not seem to be any change in John Hargreave's feeling toward his daughter Milly and her husband as time went on. Weeks grew into months, and months waxed and waned successively, but he made no inquiries concerning his daughter of Aunt Betsey, nor of any one else. In towns of the size of Doncaster, it is hard for a man as well known as Uncle John to avoid having his actions, even the slightest, noted and commented on; and when it was found that he refused to receive his daughter and her husband after their runaway match, the gossips, male and female, watched closely to note any deviation from his strict policy of non-intercourse. No one dared mention the matter to him directly, and when some indirect mention involving the Harry Follett's name was made in general conversation, Mr. Hargreave never noticed it in any way, save that somtimes he shot a keen glance at the speaker from under his bushy eyebrows which made the offender repent his daring.

Yet John Hargreave had by no means dropped his daughter from his thoughts, and in some mysterious way succeeded in keeping himself informed concerning her. When Harry set up housekeeping, it was in a neat cottage near Dr. Andrews' residence. This happened to be on the particular street which was the most direct route between the Hargreave residence and the postoffice, and the one which for years Uncle John had regularly traveled. Yet about a week before the Follett's occupied their new residence, the old man quietly changed his route, so as not to pass the place; and no one afterward saw him on that particular portion of the street. This was but one of several instances of the same sort, going to show that he was by no means indifferent at heart to his daughter's welfare.

Aunt Betsey kept up her visits to Milly, and, taking heart of grace, removed quietly many of the articles of furniture and adornment from Milly's old room at home to beautify and aid in the furnishing of the modest little house in which she began her housekeeping experience. They were quite an aid to the young couple, and, as Aunt Betsey volubly said:

"They are yours, Milly, for they were bought for you and given to you; besides, John won't know anything about it, for he never goes into the room, and ordered it kept locked."

Some four or five months went on in this way after the setting up of Milly's home. John Hargreave had not made any sign of reconciliation and forgiveness toward his daughter, and Aunt Betsey looked longingly forward to an event which she fondly hoped would bring about the desired result, and in Milly's inmost heart also was cherished the same hope. But the unforseen sometimes intervenes to destroy a probability, and unfortunately sometimes without the knowledge of those most interested.

John Hargreave was in Columbus on a business trip. An old canal passes through Doncaster, a branch of the system of internal improvements that Ohio began early in her history, long before the possibilities of the modern railway were dreamed of. The traffic on it has dwindled to an insignificant amount of coal and salt, and efforts have frequently been made to have it abandoned, on the ground that its maintenance is a bill of expense to the state, but really because it would furnish an excellent "right of way" for a new railway line down the valley. John Hargreave was interested with others in the plan of the proposed railway, and was in the capital engaged in the effort to convince the members of the state legislature that the canal should be abandoned.

As he was passing through the rotunda of the state capitol he was noticed by a man who was carelessly looking at the huge painting of the battle of Lake Erie, which hangs conspicuously upon the wall. The latter turned his eyes toward Uncle John until he was assured that the latter was leaving the building, when the stranger turned and unobtrusively followed him through the grounds, out upon the street and thence to his hotel. The pursuer stepped to the desk, noted the number of his room on the register and sauntered away.

That evening, after supper, Hargreave was in his room writing a letter when a bell-boy tapped at the door with a card. It read: "Andrew J. Morris." Below were penciled the words: "On private business."

"Show the gentleman up."

Morris entered the room a few minutes later. After a brief salutation he entered at once upon his business.

"Mr. Hargreave, I am a lawyer. I am interested in certain researches into family history which involve persons living in the vicinity of your home. I have called upon you to ask if you will give me some facts probably known to you."

"Whom do your inquiries concern?"

"The Willson family—old Eben Willson and his children."

"I should like to know, sir, the purport of your inquiries before answering them—that is, presuming that I am able to do so."

"They refer simply to facts of family history, that are presumably well known to all the older residents of the locality. You probably know them well; and if you can give these facts to me, you will save me a journey to Doncaster. That is all."

"Well, Mr.—ah—Morris," returned Hargreave, glancing at the card to recall his visitor's name, "if that is all, I shall have no objection to telling you all I know."

"Thank you. Eben Willson was a wealthy old farmer, owning considerable land, was he not?"

"Yes."

"How many children had he?"

"Three, I believe—Nathan, Mary and Anna."

"They are all dead?"

"Yes."

"What were the names of the husbands of the daughters?"

A frown crossed Hargreave's face. "Mary married a lawyer named Follett. Both are dead. Anna married a man named Pearce, who removed to the West—to Iowa, I think. She is also dead, and, I believe, her husband also."

"Who owns the old homestead—the Eben Willson farm?"

Hargreave looked surprised. "I do, sir," was his brief reply.

Morris's face did not show the slightest change. "Of whom did you purchase it, Mr. Hargreave?—Of course the information could be obtained at once by a visit to the county recorder's office at Doncaster, as you know; but you will save me a trip if you will kindly inform me on these points."

Hargreave saw the force of the remark, and answered, with some asperity. "I purchased it of Nathan Willson."

"He inherited it, of course? May I ask the terms of the will under which he obtained it?"

"Do you assume," burst out the old man, with some warmth, "that there is a defect in the title?"

"I assume nothing," was the suave reply. "Before I am done I shall make all necessary explanations you may desire. It will simplify matters, and take far less time, if you will give me the information I ask."

Hargreave scanned the lawyer's impassive face carefully. Then, remembering that the will was of record, and what his visitor desired to know was easily obtainable by him or any one else, he answered:

"The will, as far as my memory serves me, gave the home farm to Nathan Willson, who was charged with the payment of ten thousand dollars to his sister Anna. A second farm, of less value, was given to his other daughter, who was charged with the payment of five thousand dollars to Anna—Mrs. Pearce."

"Were those bequests paid?"

"The one was—the ten thousand dollars due from Nathan Willson. As to the other, I presume it was, for the farm was sold shortly after it passed to the daughter—and as the sums named were made liens on the respective farms, a clear title could not be given—unless, indeed, the purchaser assumed the debt."

"Did Nathan Willson leave much property?"

"Not much, I believe."

"Who were his heirs?"

"He was never married, and consequently had no direct heirs. His legatee was his nephew, the son of his sister Mary."

"Why did he leave nothing to his sister Anna or her heirs?"

"I do not know."

"Pray, Mr. Hargreave, what was the value of the farm when you purchased it of Nathan Willson?"

"I cannot see what concern you can possibly have in knowing," responded Hargreave, impatiently.

Morris made a deprecating movement of his hand. "I should not presume to ask you, if it were not a transaction of record, and hence easily attainable by any one. I have asked you for nothing private, if you will but remember."

"That is true," acknowledged the old man. "Well, sir, I paid a little over $31,000 for it."

"Then Nathan Willson's inheritance from his father was about $20,000, in round numbers?"

"About that, of course."

"And that of the daughter Anna was $15,000, in cash?"

"Yes."

"And to the daughter Mary?"

"About the same as to Nathan, as the land sold for something over $25,000."

"Why was this distinction made by Eben Willson?"

"It is very probable," returned Hargreave, "that it was because he was opposed to his daughter Anna's marrying the man she did."

"The nephew—the son of the daughter Mary—then would have inherited some forty-five thousand dollars—his mother's and his uncle Nathan's property—had it not been spent before he came into it?"

"Yes," responded Hargreave, curtly.

"What is the name of that young man?"

"Harry Follett."

"Your son-in-law, I believe?"

Hargreave's eyes flashed. "He married my daughter, sir. Now, may I inquire why you wish this information?"

"I will try and answer your questions, as I promised to do," answered the lawyer, imperturbably.

"Then tell me, in a word, to what the researches tend which you said you were making? What is your purpose?"

The lawyer leaned back in his chair and looked Hargreave squarely in the face. "I am doing exactly what you are doing, Mr. Hargreave—trying to make money."

"Not a bit of doubt of it, sir. But how do you expect to make money out of this?"

Morris smiled, as he replied. "That is for you to say, sir."

"Explain yourself!"

"I will try to do so. The will of which you speak made an unequal division, and was unjust to Mrs. Anna Pearce and her heirs. It would not have stood the test of the courts, had they been appealed to. But that is of but little moment, as the will is worthless. A later will is in existence."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NYMPH.

SHE stands, a thing of of beauty passing fair!
Around her head the struggling sunlight skims,
And oh! the beauty of her wet, brown hair
The lissome languor of her perfect limbs.

I would I could describe her, standing there
Above the dimpled pool's white marble rim,
Pausing with pretty, hesitating air
Ere plunging in the pool to dive and swim.

Breathless she rises, rosy as the dawn,
The water from her hair she lightly flings—
She is a princess "to the manner born;"
Like cerements her linen tunic clings.

Lightly she walks into the sun-kissed mist,
And, bending o'er another nymph as fair,
She gently strokes her shoulder, arm and wrist,
And twines her fingers in her soft, damp hair.

Who can she be? And what may be her name?
Who is this nymph who so much beauty hath?
Venus? Or Helen of immortal fame?
No—an attendant in a Russian bath.
—*Kitty Jordan in Life*

He Had Heard Similar Speeches.

Johnny (to company of boys listening with breathless interest)—And that good little boy, children, that never told lies, and never smoked cigars, and never drunk no whisky, and always obeyed his parents, and combed his hair smooth, and went to bed at 7 o'clock every night, and never played hookey, nor put bent pins on the bench at school when the feller next to him was a-standing up to read, grew up to be a man. And he kept on being good, and the people made him a constable, and then a town clerk and various other things like that. And what do you suppose he is doing now? Children, he's got the biggest lay-out of groceries and canned goods of any man in Punkin Ridge, and has eleven boys and girls of his own. And who do you suppose he is? Children, that good little boy that never kept no bad company nor done anything but what was scrumptious and proper (striking an heroic attitude and laying his hand on his stomach) was me, children—it was me! (Immense applause from Johnny's audience.)

Johnny's father (patting his head in at the door)—What's all this racket about, my son?

Johnny—We're playing Sunday school, and I'm the superintendent's cousin from up the creek. I'm doing the visiting speaker act.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LIFE TALE MERRILY TOLD.

A little girl,
A social whirl,
And she's a woman.
A little while,
A glance, a smile—
How very human.

A man will bring
A dainty ring;
Their troth is plighted.
A maiden's tear,
A trousseau dear,
Papa's delighted.

A little flat,
A turn at that,
Courtship extended.
A little whirl,
A little girl—
The story's ended.
—*Boston Beacon.*

Woman's Ignorance.

Wife—If you want to get an office why do you spend all your time in saloons?"

Husband—The office should seek the man, you know, my dear.

Wife—Huh! I never heard of offices seeking men in saloons.

Husband (contemptuously)—That shows all you know about politics.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Weakness in the Mind.

Says Bagley to the doctor:—"One told me it was my liver and I spent hundreds of dollars. Another said it was my heart, and I tinkered at that awhile. Then I took advice on my kidneys, and here I am. Where would you locate the difficulty."

Doctor—In the brain.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Hardest of All Work.

Little Ina, nearly 5 years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked the school, she said: "I did not like it." "Why not?" "Oh, I had to work awful hard." "What did you have to do?" "I had to keep still like everything."—*N. Y. World.*

They Prefer Toledo.

"Do many Polanders settle in Boston?" asked a New York man of a Hubite. "No; not many." "They do not want to become bean Poles, I suppose."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Why Bayard was Bayard.

Minneapolis Tribune.

There once was a man named Bayard,
Who made everybody terribly tayard;
When slapped in the face,
He said with good grace,
"[illegible] that was I bayard."

Recent Literature.

NEW AND ENTERTAINING.

Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street—The Florida of To-Day—De Molai—The Woman's Story—Other Interesting Works—Literary Notes.

The bulky book entitled "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," is the work of Mr. Henry Clews, a clever man who has gone through more than the ordinary vicissitudes of a New York banker, stock broker, and operator. He recounts his experiences with candor, making a narrative full of information and interest. But besides telling of his own personal career, he gives a history of all the great financial events of the country from the time of the secession movement down to the present. And in the course of this he sketches the lives and the operations of the chief men in Wall street. Jay Gould and his son George have many pages given to them and there are scores of others, many of them having their portraits appended. The droll humorist, W. R. Travers, is the subject of a lively chapter. But there is scarcely a man of any prominence among his contemporaries in Wall street that Mr. Clews does not sketch with animation and perfect good humor. Some idea of his style may be obtained from the following:

In an evil hour Mr. Keene was induced to spread himself out all over creation, while he still retained his immense interest in stocks. He was so flushed with successive victories that he began to regard failure impossible, and thought he was a man of destiny in speculation, such as Napoleon considered himself in war. He speculated in everything that came along—in wheat, lard, opium and fast horses.

Keene's attempt to get a corner in all the grain in the country, however, was a signal failure. The very week that Foxhall won the Grand Prix in Paris, he himself was badly beaten in the speculative race by the steady going farmers of the West, who sent their wheat to market quicker than he could purchase it with his thirteen million dollars, and all the credit which that implied.

All of a sudden a reversal in the tide of speculation set in. Mr. Cammack was quick to perceive that Mr. Keene was extending his lines and his ventures. He had a conversation with Mr. Gould. They became convinced that the Californian must soon be obliged to leave some of his ventures in a weak and unguarded position. It was impossible that he could take care of them all. These two champion bears united their efforts to upset the market, and each day brought additional force to their aid. By dint of perseverance their efforts commenced to bear fruit, and it was apparent that they would soon be rewarded with success. The bears began to multiply while the bulls diminished, and the remnant of the latter that were left were anything but rampant at that time.

The bankers became timid. The brokers were inspired with the same spirit and were still calling out for more margin. Loans were called in as a part of the programme of a bear campaign, and all the machinery of depression was put in active motion. Prices were torn to pieces. Properties that had been considered good as solid investments for a long turn, were mercilessly raided, and some of them shattered to fragments. In fact, there was a regular panic. In the general slaughter, many of the brokers sold Mr. Keene's stocks out. His wheat was also sold in immense quantities at great sacrifice, and his load was lightened all around, even more quickly than it had been heaped up.

His losses are said to have amounted to seven millions of dollars at this time.

The manly efforts of Mr. Keene to recover these losses, as is usually the case in such instances, only resulted in further misfortune. Disaster followed disaster, and as he became desperate in his efforts to get back something, his losses became constantly greater, until nearly the whole of his immense pile was buried in fruitless efforts to recover a portion of it.

Great sympathy has been felt in Wall Street for Keene since his failure, for the Street had never before found such a liberal man. By general consent he decidedly took the palm in this respect, not only from all of his speculative contemporaries, but the archives of Wall Street since the days of the first meetings of the brokers in the Tontine Coffee House, opposite the sycamore tree, early in the century, can furnish no such parallel of princely liberality as that of James R. Keene during the period of his matchless prosperity.

The parasites that waxed fat on his bounty and business are numerous. At least a score of Wall Street brokers were raised from penury to wealth by the commissions which they made out of him. Many of them are to-day living in luxury who started with a desk and a few plain office chairs to do business for the California millionaire, and now he is comparatively poor, and thrown on the slender resources of his wife.

Keene arose from nil to be worth thirteen millions. He is now back where he started.

It is published by Irving Publishing Co., New York.

"The Government of the United States," by W. J. Cocker, A. M., is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. In the preface the author states his object to be the presentation to students in public schools in as clear and concise manner as possible, the influences and conditions that rendered our present constitution a necessity, and to describe the powers and limitations of our form of government. It does not enter into a description of state governments, because there is such a difference in them that it would take a much larger volume for this purpose than was contemplated in this, which is confined to the Federal Constitution.

"The Florida of To Day" is a book by James Wood Davidson, A.M., author of "The Living Writers of the South," etc. It gives a history and a very readable one of this state from the earliest date down to the present. Of course the greater portion of the book is given up to a description of the state as it is to-day, it being intended especially as a guide for tourists and settlers. It has many maps and illustrations. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"De Molai; the last of the Military Grand Masters of the Order of Templar Knights," is a powerful, picturesque and absorbing novel of the Fourteenth Century, historical in character and crowded with information conveyed in the most pleasing manner. The scene is laid principally in Paris, and the theme is the suppression of the Order of Knights Templar by Philip the Fourth of France. Throughout the romance towers the commanding form of Jacques de Molai, the noble old warrior-monk, who was ready to bear the tortures of Inquisition, and even to suffer martyrdom at the stake, for the cause of the persecuted Order of which he was the chief. A complete history of the Knights Templar is given, which will be found of great value and interest by the Masonic Fraternity, as well as the general reader. The descriptions of old Paris and the abbeys and castles of that day are vividly and vigorously drawn. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Woman's Story" is the striking and not inappropriate title which Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, author of "The Ladies of the White House," etc., gives to a compilation of twenty stories, by twenty of the most famous of American women, including such names as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa M. Alcott, "Josiah Allen's Wife" and Marion Harland. Each story was selected by the author herself as the one she most highly esteemed, and each is preceded by a concise and interesting biographical sketch, and with one exception (that of Rebecca Harding Davis, who will not consent to sit for a portrait even for her own children), an excellent portrait of the writer appears. Thus the book presents a "composite" story which is characteristic of our ablest American story-tellers. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

James Platt's essay called "Business" has gone through 75 editions in England, and a new and "authorized" American edition now appears from the press of G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York. It is a very wise, experienced and honest man who speaks in its pages. On one or two points of policy many Americans may differ from Mr. Platt. But the general principles of his little book are unquestionably right, and if business were everywhere conducted upon such principles, the world would be better.

In the Knickerbocker Nuggets, from the Putnam's, appears a volume of twice the usual size, entitled: "Ancient Spanish Ballads" translated by J. G. Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. Although first published about half a century ago the collection is a classic that is prized by all who make a study of romantic history as revealed in ballads. These, which are chiefly of the time of the Moorish ascendancy in Spain, are peculiarly interesting. Lockhart not only translated them in fluent verse, but his introductory notes are rich in historical facts. In this elegant volume the illustrations by some of the best English artists are distinguished for delicacy and elegance.

"Cruel as the Grave, one of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's popular copyright novels, has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, to sell in pamphlet form at the low price of 25 cents a copy.

A pamphlet novel in the Globe Library, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, is "Raleigh Rivers," further described as "A Tale of the New South." The author is O. O'B. Strayer.

The same publishers bring out in neat pamphlet form Alphonse Daudet's "The Immortal," which has made the author so famous.

"California Sunshine," by Lillian Hinman Shuey, is a neat little volume of poems, which sing the praises of the Golden Coast state. The lines upon the opening page are inscribed to California, and are as follows:

> Sown is the golden grain; planted the vines.
> Fall swift, O loving rain. Lift prayers, O pines.
> O green land, O gold land, fair land by the sea,
> The trust of thy children reposes in thee.

There are many very pretty lines through the volume.

Literary Notes.

"Harvest" is the title of John Strange Winter's new novel.

William Gillette's story, "A Legal Wreck," is issued by the Rockwood Publishing company, New York.

A new story, "The Romance of a Shop," by Amy Levy, will be published in a few days by Cupples & Hurd, Boston.

Table Talk for February is superb. The editor is to be congratulated on his good taste and judgment.

Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," was formerly engaged at the Normal College in New York as a teacher of drawing.

Kyrle Bellew, the actor, is said to be writing a story which will be published in a collection of "Stories of American Actors."

The authorized life of the late Miss Alcott will be published in about a month; the biography of Miss Stowe is to be brought out at almost the same time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, a name which many of the older literary people of this country will pleasantly recall, is writing her memoirs.

The success of Max O'Rell's new book has been greater than the publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., anticipated, for the first edition of the book was exhausted before they had the second under way.

The hero of Miss Blanche Willis Howard's forthcoming novel, "The Open Door," is a German count who has practically renounced the world and lives in solitude.

Henry James is announced to furnish an "end paper" to the next *Scribner*. It will be entitled "An Animated Conversation," and is said to be especially bright.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's forthcoming novel is said to be satirical in tone, to be "highly intellectual in vein," and to "recall the style of George Eliot."

Cupples & Hurd announce that they will shortly begin to publish by subscription "The Eggs of North America," by C. J. Maynard, with colored plates drawn on stone by the author.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is soon to publish a new book—a novel, I presume—the title being "Greifenstein." The author's recent volume, "With the Immortals," was no more of a success financially than it was artistically.

"Tempted of the Devil; Passages in the Life of a Kabbalist," is a grimly entitled book soon to be published by Messrs. Cupples & Hurd. This theosopic novel has been translated by M. W. MacDowall from the German of August Becker.

Over all the land there is sorrow at the death of C. A. B. Shepard, of the firm of Lee & Shepard, Boston. Even those who never met him, but have been so familiar with his name in favorite books, will feel that they have lost a friend.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde appears as a contributor to the *Woman's World* for March (Cassell & Company,) as does the famous novelist Ouida and the equally famous author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

The engraved portrait in the February number of the *Book Buyer*, is of Wilkie Collins, the popular English novelist; and the accompanying sketch gives an excellent summary of his literary career, and a good description of his methods of work. Scarcely second in interest to this is the portrait of Olive Schreiner, the author of that extraordinary book, "The Story of an African Farm."

Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," is writing a new novel, and is at the same time preparing a series of allegorical essays on marriage, the ethical bearings of sex, the rights of women, and kindred subjects. She is staying at Alassio in the Riviera. The portrait of Miss Schreiner, which appears in the *Book Buyer*, shows a rather strong and moody face.

"A Daughter of Eve" is the title given by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" to her new novel, which the Ticknors will publish early in February. The "daughter" in question appears upon the stage as "an old man's darling," and in the development of her character and the unfolding of the social plot of the story the author is said to have done work quite equal to that of "Margaret Kent."

The new library building of Yale and the recitation hall which has usurped the site of the "old fence" are subjects of illustration in the number of *Harper's Weekly* to be issued February 12. Eugene Richards contributes the accompanying article entitled "Yale University." The four-page illustrated supplement treats of the city of Omaha.

DRESS REFORM FOR MEN.

Women Dress More Comfortable in Warm Weather.

Dress reform for men would be a good cry to take up, for there is no doubt that the tables could be turned on the men on the question of summer clothing. The weight of a man's clothing in summer is greater than that of a woman. This was decided some time ago by the actual weighing of clothing and the woman's weighed three pounds and nine ounces, while the man's weighed eight pounds and ten ounces. The editor of a certain daily newspaper cries out in distress: "A tailor who is ingenious enough to invent a scheme for summer clothing for men which will leave out the starched shirt, and still be neat and becoming, will merit the praise of many sufferers and ought to make a fortune."

Women are the envy of the men in hot weather on account of the lightness and coolness of their clothing. The greatest anathema is directed against the cotton shirt, and now that it is somewhat the style to wear a woolen shirt in summer for undress comfort, there is plenty of evidence that the woolen garment is preferred to the cotton. A correspondent writes to the editor of *Good Housekeeping*: "For over twenty years I have worn the ordinary loose flannel shirts for comfort and health; linen dicky, collar and cuffs for weak-minded concession to appearance, and never an undershirt. Same in winter as in summer. Results, never a serious cold or illness, and ability to do a ten-mile average walk daily the year round." The protest against cotton clothing for men has taken specific form in the hands of Dr. Jaegar, and a considerable revolution has set in toward woolen clothing in place of it.

HAIL, FEB!

> Last of the Winter months, O Feb!
> What weather hast in store for us?
> The season's at its lowest ebb,
> Oh, do let Boreas roar for us!
> Let blizzards bliz—across the West,
> Where folks appear to like them best;
> Give us a chance our furs to test—
> Let Winter reign once more for us!
>
> The iceman wears a solemn phiz
> And says it's "a warm day" for him;
> Snow-sweepers have gone out of biz,
> The plumber's job is play for him!
> The skating boy, who used to croak
> Three times a week when thin ice broke,
> Is like to die upon an oak,
> Unless you yield your sway for him!
>
> Hail, Feb! hail, sleet, and freeze and blow!
> Thus calls the fervid bard on you;
> Hide this "green Winter" under snow—
> You're short and we can pardon you.
> Oh, vindicate, pray vindicate—
> At least if it is not too late—
> Our almanac so out of date,
> And no one will be hard on you!
> —*New York World.*

—Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

Every application gives relief.
Every bottle contains a cure.
Every bottle tested as to quality.
Every Genuine Bottle Bears the Firm's Signature.
Every testimonial strictly true.
Every day increased demands.
Every patient is amazed and cured.
Every ache or pain succumbs.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

WHEN THE ELEPHANT CAME.

A Touching Story of a Child That Was Eager for Him to Arrive.

Col. Millbank was a proud, arrogant sort of man. The pleasant faces he met along the street held no charm for him. He had never been known to commit a cruel act, yet people said that he was utterly unfeeling. When his wife was buried he stood beside the grave, apparently unmoved, and the next day he went about his business as usual.

"It is strange," said a generous man who had just made an assignment, "how such a man as Millbank can be successful in business."

"Such men are generally successful," a friend replied. "Hard heartedness succeeds where gentleness strives in vain."

Millbank was not wholly regardless of others. He loved his little boy with a devotion forgetful of all self. As soon as he had entered his house the hard lines would melt from his face, and his eyes, so cold to others, would glow as if a soul had suddenly sprung into them.

"How is my little angel?" the father asked one evening as he took the child on his lap and fondly kissed him.

"Well," the little fellow replied.

"Emmet, do you know that every morning when I awake and find you well I feel so thankful to God that I ought to spend the rest of the day in worshipping Him?"

"No, do you?"

"Yes, little angel."

"An' when the old elephant comes will you take me to see him?"

"Yes."

"When will he come?"

"Next week."

"Will he be here in the mornin'? Tell me about him."

"Well, he will come marching down the street with his great long snout, and the little boys and girls will clasp their hands and laugh. Then he will go out to a great big tent, and the boys will give him apples."

"An' might I give him one?"

"Yes."

"An' he won't bite me, eiver, will he?"

"No."

"What will he do?"

"He will take the apple with his snout and put it in his mouth."

"He will?"

"Yes, and then he'll want another one."

"I wish he was here now."

"He'll be here pretty soon. There, now, papa must go down town," he added, as he smoothed back the boy's beautiful hair and kissed him.

He passed into the street. The divine light had faded; the hard lines were again on his face.

"When will the old elephant come?" the boy asked, when another morning had dawned.

"It won't be long now."

"I'll be awful glad when he does come. I'm keepin' this big red apple for him, an' he'll be glad to get it, won't he?"

"Yes, he will."

"He'll say to himself 'this is the best apple I ever did eat,' won't he?"

"Yes, he will think it very fine."

* * * * * * *

Physicians came and came again. A little feverish hand held a red apple. The tears of a heartbroken man fell upon ringlets of beautiful hair. Women came with their gentle hands and soft whispers. Another day dawned. A red apple on the mantlepiece caught a ray of sunlight. Then came the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals. Feathers nodded, people shouted. The father lifted his swollen eyes from a little coffin and glanced through a window. The old elephant was passing the house.

RANDALL CAME OUT.

And John Hastings Won His Bet with the Doorkeeper of the House.

An elderly gentleman, quick in his movements and with the manners of our fathers, went to the east entrance of the hall of the House and requested one of the doorkeepers to take his card in to Mr. Randall. The doorkeeper took the card, but said:

"I will take the card in for you if you insist upon it; but I can tell you in advance that Mr. Randall will not come out. He is in charge of the sundry civil bill, and I know he will not leave the floor."

"That's all right," said the visitor. "He will come out when he sees that card, no matter what bill is under consideration."

"You may think so," replied the doorkeeper, "but when Mr. Randall has an appropriation bill under consideration he would not leave the floor of the House if the President of the United States should send in his card."

"I'll bet you $5 to one cent that he comes out if you take this card to him," said the old gentleman confidently.

The stranger pulled out a $5 bill from an impressive-looking wad and the doorkeeper "covered" it with a copper cent. The stakes were put up in the hands of another doorkeeper and the card was sent in. The curious wager attracted the attention of several of the bystanders, and a good many side bets might have been made on the result, but about four seconds later the big form of Randall came bulging through the door, and holding out his hand to the stranger he said:

"How are you, John?"

"Pretty well, Sam. Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes, I am, John," replied the chairman of the Appropriations committee, "but if you will come around to the committee room in half an hour I'll talk to you the rest of the afternoon."

"All right, Sam," said the stranger, and he reached over for the stakes, which the doorkeeper duly paid.

The stranger was John Hastings, the Punxsutawney postmaster. He and Randall have been close personal friends for 40 years, and the ex-Speaker would as soon think of ignoring a call from the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel as he would a card sent in by John Hastings.—*Washington Post.*

AS THE WORLD GOES.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

> "But we *must* return. What *will* they say?
> Yes, I know it's awfully nice
> In the window here, from the others away,
> With a taste now and then of the ice,
> And now and then of —— Oh, you wretch!
> It wasn't at all required
> That you should illustrate thus with a sketch
> The speech that of course you admired.
>
> "No matter how naughty. There! you've spoiled
> The 'classical Grecian knot'
> In which you like my hair to be coiled,
> And I really don't know what
> Other mischief you haven't done. You've mussed
> My gown; you squeeze like a vise.
> Why can't you men take something on trust,
> And be more dainty and nice?
>
> "There! I'm ready now. What! just one more!
> Oh, aren't you a darling tease;
> And love me so? One, two, three, four!
> There! come, now, dearest, please!
> I'm almost afraid of the parlor glare;
> When they look at my lips, they'll see
> The kisses upon them. No, not there;
> But sweet, in your eyes may be!"
> —*Earle Marble, in San Francisco News-Letter.*

The "Woman Without a Home."

"If there is a sadder thing than 'a man without a country' it is a woman without a home, and the fact that it is so frequent a spectacle is due greatly to the indolence and false pride of our women. If only they would be content to live according to their incomes, to avoid fashion and society whose extravagance they can not copy or compete with, and live simply, frugally, humbly while they can afford nothing further; if they would learn and practice those homely virtues that make home what it should be, the center of life, and light, and blessedness in living; if they would bear their children with joyful acceptance as gifts of God, and train them in their families to obedience, unselfishness and true service to their kind, what a social revolution would begin among us. What a generation of strong men and good women would rebuild our deteriorating country!"—*Rose Terry Cooke in North American.*

Disease Germs Must Go.

Recent developments in bacteriology, according to Dr. Austin Flint, give increasing promise of results of the greatest importance to the whole human race. A revolution in the science and practice of medicine is being slowly but surely wrought, and a better acquaintance with bacteria must in time make preventable or easily curable a large class of now formidable ailments. Among the diseases in which the presence of bacteria has already been surely traced, and their influence lessened and destroyed, to the relief and cure of the patient, are: Consumption, diphtheria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, relapsing fever, the malarial fevers, certain catarrhs, tetanus and nearly all contagious and skin diseases.

CHEST PAINS
COUGHS, COLDS
Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Backache, Kidney Pains, Rheumatism and all muscular pains relieved in one minute by the first Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster; 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

THE NATION'S FORESTS.

Their Care and Preservation a Matter of Serious Duty.

The first step in the effort to provide for the conservation of the forests on the national domain should be the withdrawal from sale of all forest lands belonging to the nation. It will not be necessary to preserve and maintain all these forests permanently, but the extent of forest territory which will be required by a practical plan of forest preservation and management for our Western mountain regions can not be at once precisely determined. A thorough examination of these regions, and of the agricultural country depending upon them for its water supply, will be necessary, in order to show what forests must be retained, and what tracts of timber can be put upon the market without injury to the important interests involved. Until such an examination has been made, none of the forest lands now belonging to the United States should be sold.

The second step should be to commit to the United States army the care and guardianship of the forests belonging to the nation. There is in time of peace no other work of national defence or protection so important as this which the army can perform, and it is plain that under existing conditions the forests on the national domain will not be—indeed cannot be—adequately guarded and protected by any other means. The measures which have been tried, including those now in operation, or nominally in operation, have proved almost entirely ineffective. The forests on the public lands are pillaged by settlers, and by the employes of railroad and mining companies, without scruple or limit. Other instruments will have to be employed if the forests are to be preserved. Their complete and final destruction, with that of the soil which sustains them, is, under the present system, or want of system, only a question of time, and of a very short time.

The officers of the United States army are educated by the nation for its service, and they constitute a body of men not equalled by any other in our country in their equipment for guarding and protecting the great forest regions belonging to the nation. They possess every kind of fitness for this work in greater degree than any other class of men, and if authorized by law to undertake this service they would have the power and the means necessary for its performance, while everybody else is at present inevitably powerless and incapable. As there is likely to be very little work for the army hereafter in the care of the Indians, it will be available for this service of guarding the national forests. The work can be done well by the army, and it would cost nothing, or very little, while any other plan would necessarily be both ineffective and costly. This guardianship and defence of the nation's forests by the army of the nation should be continued and maintained until a sufficient number of adequately trained and equipped foresters has been provided by the national government for the administration of a complete and permanent system and policy for the management of the forests on the public domain.

This brings us to consider the third step. This should be the appointment by the President of a commission to make a thorough examination of the condition of the forests belonging to the nation and of their relations to the agricultural interests of the regions through which the streams flow which have their sources in these forests, and to report, with the facts observed, a comprehensive plan for the preservation and management of the public forests, including a system for the training by the government of a sufficient number of foresters for the national forest service.

The commission should determine what portion of the existing forests on the public domain should be permanently preserved, and in what manner the remainder should be disposed of. The national forests can be so managed that they will be perpetually reproduced, and will yield forever an abundant supply of timber for the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and a revenue which will more than sustain the cost of the forest service. A national school of forestry should be established at a suitable place in one of the great mountain forests on the public lands, and its equipment should be as thorough and adequate for its purpose as that of the National Military Academy at West Point.—*Garden and Forest.*

A SECRET.

> He said: "No one shall ever learn
> This secret that my heart must keep;
> No matter how the words may burn,
> No matter how my heart may leap,
> No one shall know I love her so,
> No one shall know, no one shall know!"
>
> But though his lips were tightly sealed
> The very birds his secret guessed,
> For in his eyes it was revealed,
> And in his face it was confessed—
> "I love her so, I love her so,
> But none shall know, but none shall know!"
>
> The wind soon found it and ran on
> To tell it to the wondering flowers,
> And bear it to the gates of dawn,
> Where loiter all the coming hours,
> That they might know he loved her so,
> That they might know, that they might know!
>
> Some time all secrets must unfold,
> And soon did he a listener seek,
> To whom his story might be told,
> Before the laughing world should speak
> And tell her (if she did not know)
> He loved her so, he loved her so!
> —*Indianapolis Journal.*

WALTER WEARS BANGS,

But He is a Clear-headed, Big-hearted Fellow and Deservedly Popular.

"The man in the light clothes, with a red necktie, a smile on his face, and bangs on his forehead? That is William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey. He looks somewhat like a dude, but people who think he is don't know him. Phelps is a brainy man. At Yale he was a leader both in the classroom and on the campus. He looks effeminate, but he is an athlete. His muscles are like steel. He has a stock ranch down in Texas, and when he goes down there he's a Texan. Jumps a broncho and rides 30 miles without stopping, carries a gun and drinks a little whisky with the natives just to keep them good-natured. Phelps had brains enough to make his own way in life.

Before he was 25 years old he had a large law practice. Made his fortune in railroads. Some years ago he had nearly his whole fortune invested in one enterprise—the Texas Central. He kept sending good money after bad in that rat-hole till his friends advised him to pull out or he would ruin himself. The road wouldn't pay. But Phelps stuck to it till he had put in a million dollars, and finally the road turned the hill and made him a very rich man. He is one of the most genial men in public life. Everybody likes him. His manners are soft, almost effeminate. But if you think he hasn't a will just try him once. He can say yes or no quicker and stick to it longer than any man in Congress. He likes to be frank and communicative, when frankness will help somebody and hurt nobody, but you couldn't pull a word out of him with a yoke of steers when there are reasons why he shouldn't talk. He adores Blaine and is fond of giving dinners. It is one of the treats of Washington to sit at his table. He is generous with his money, but makes no display of it. He gives away more money in charity than anybody I know of in Washington. Do you remember how he saved young Eno from going to prison by going down into his pocket and pulling out $112,000, and fairly shaming Eno's rich father into putting up a similar sum to save his boy. Phelps did that simply out of the goodness of his heart, and not because he had any selfish interest in young Eno, for he hadn't.

"I know of another case. When Phelps was down in Texas some years ago he met Billy Crain, now in Congress. Crain was lamenting his bad luck in a cattle ranch, and said he was likely to lose everything he had. 'How much would save you?' asked Phelps. 'Twenty thousand dollars,' said Crain. 'I'll let you have it,' replied Phelps, as quick as that, and he gave him his check on the spot. Crain has since paid back every dollar of the loan. That's the kind of a man Phelps is. He's a clear thinker, a splendid talker, and a man with a heart in him."—*Wash. Cor. Phila. News.*

FOR BRAIN FAG
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphates.

Dr. W. H. Fisher, Le Sueur, Minn., says: "I find it very serviceable in nervous debility, sexual weakness, brain fag, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers, and in some urinary troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all cases where I have used it."

So Say We All of Us.

Women stand in pulpits and preach the gospel. They appear in court in behalf of clients. They heal the sick and nurse the suffering. They adorn the stage and shine in the field of letters. They edit papers and edit them well. They manage great interests and they engage in almost every possible variety of light manual labor. They are clerks, saleswomen, agents, secretaries, amanuenses, canvassers, reporters, stenographers, typewriters, caterers; they occupy official positions and are candidates for the presidency. Indeed there is scarcely any kind of employment for which woman is fitted in which she may not engage at her will. It is a matter of congratulation and of credit to civilization that the day of the old silly artificial barriers has passed. What good excuse there has ever been for excluding women from places which they were fitted to fill we do not know, and we don't believe there ever was any.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A MIRACLE-WORKER.

No End of Astonishing Things That May be Accomplished by the Perfected Phonograph.

As a saving in the time given up to writing, the phonograph promises to far outstrip the typewriter. The business man can dictate to the phonograph as fast as he can talk, and the wax cylinder, inclosed in a suitable box, can be sent off by mail to read out its message perhaps thousands of miles away. Or else, as is done in Mr. Edison's laboratory in Orange, N. J., the typewriter girl can print out upon paper what her employer has dictated to the phonograph. For the reporter, the editor and the author who can dictate, a device has been adapted to the phonograph which causes it to stop its message at every tenth word, and to continue only when a spring is touched. Thus, the editor can dictate his article to the phonograph as he does now to his stenographer, and when the printer at the case gets the resulting phonogram the instrument will dictate to him in short sentences. If he can not set up the sentence at one hearing, it will repeat its ten words. If he is satisfied, it reads out ten words more. I really see no reason why the newspaper of the future should not come to the subscriber in the shape of a phonogram. It would have to begin, however, with a table of contents, in order that one might not have to listen to a two hours' speech upon the tariff question in order to get at ten lines of a musical notice. But think what a musical critic might be able to do for his public! He might give the whole arias from an opera or movements from a symphony, by way of proof or illustration. The very tones of an actor's voice might be reproduced in the morning's notice of last night's important dramatic or musical event. It has been remarked, by the way, that business letters and orders by phonograph would not be so binding as when put in black and white upon paper. A little wax cylinder covered with microscopic dots would not be considered as good evidence in court. But if the speaker's voice, inflection, accent, were so reproduced that witnesses could swear to the personality, would it not suffice? How could there be any dispute over a man's will, when the voice of the dead man was heard?

In music, as I have already said, the value of the phonograph, even its present condition, is indisputable. Musicians are divided, and always will be, as to the manner in which certain famous symphonies ought to be conducted. The metronome marks used by Beethoven are but uncertain guides at best, while no written directions as to dynamic values, expression, etc., are worth much. The phonograph will at least make it possible for the musician of the future to know exactly how our composers wished their music given, for it will repeat that music as played to-day, with every shade of expression, with all its infinite changes of time. Moreover, the phonograph will offer to the composer that long-sought instrument, an automatic recorder of improvisation upon the piano or other instrument. In the far off future, when our descendants wish to compare our simple little Wagner operas with the complex productions of their own days, requiring, perhaps, a dozen orchestras, playing in half a dozen different keys at once, they will have an accurate phonographic record of our harmonic simplicity.

At present but few of the new phonographs have been finished, and those only for exhibition purposes. When they will be offered for sale seems to be doubtful, probably within a few months. Mr. Edison says that by the beginning of 1890 the phonograph will be far less of a curiosity than the telephone is now, and that he could begin selling the instruments at once if he were fully satisfied with them. There is always something which needs improving. Just at present there is needed a funnel for so magnifying the sound that if the instrument is placed in the center of a table all the persons sitting around can hear its readings or its music. For the last year it has been the same story—the phonographs would be ready for sale next month. It was so a year ago, and it may be so a year from now. But these many delays, which have made people rather skeptical as to the doings of the phonograph, do not make the wonders already achieved less wonderful, or warrant any doubts as to the vast possibilities which the little device contains.—*February Atlantic.*

A FORTUNE IN "MILL SLAG."

A Western Man Makes a Valuable Paint From the Worthless Refuse.

"Mill slag" is the refuse thrown out from iron rolling mills. There are hundreds of thousands of tons lying around some of the larger mills to-day. It is nearly half iron, but has hitherto been considered utterly useless, because the iron is so mixed with other substances that it was an utter impossibility to separate it to any extent, and make it profitable for any purpose whatever.

But now it has been discovered that this "mill slag," pulverized to an impalpable powder, forms a base for paint that is unexcelled. The discoverer of this "process" is a Western man by the name of James P. Perkins. He hails from Pullman, Ill. By mere accident, while attempting to see if something could not be done with the "mill slag" that was piling up from year to year at the Pullman works, he found that this "slag," pulverized, made a most magnificent base for paint. He also found that by roasting, or calcining (as it is technically known), this "mill slag" would make the rich colors used so extensively by the railroads, and in painting all the handsome houses of to-day, and could all be produced with ease.

After experimenting for some time the inventor brought the matter to the attention of George M. Pullman, of Pullman Palace car fame, and it was not many months before close research resulted in producing a beautiful, rich and lasting "Pullman body color," which has been largely instrumental in establishing the reputation for beauty of the Pullman company's cars. Not only was this paint found to combine all the richness and strength of the very best paints in the market, but its durability has turned out to be simply wonderful. This is best shown by the fact that one of the parlor cars, which was painted with "silverized mill slag" in March, 1886, was used constantly for twenty months, without even a coat of varnish or being touched up. Even then there was no perceptible change in the color from the wear and tear incident to the incessant running to and from New Orleans and Chicago.

The paint, into which enters largely the "mill slag," has been used by the Pullman company in their vast works at Pullman, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Wilmington, Del., and St. Louis, Mo., to the almost utter exclusion of all other paints.

The Baby in the Bureau.

There lived in a Pennsylvania town a few years ago a woman who managed this baby-in-the-bureau question more skillfully. To begin with, the baby, as well as the bureau, was her own. Her method was to remove the two upper drawers, and, seating the child in the lower drawer, gently slide it shut and turn the key. The child then sat up of its own accord and with its head in the space vacated by the upper drawers crowed merrily away for hours. Not infrequently the mother thus left the child to attend to her duties in some other room, or even to go on shopping expeditions requiring an hour or two. Confined in this improvised cradle, the child was not always quiet, but it could neither harm itself nor any of the objects about it, and this the mother knew.—*Philadelphia Times.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

ATTENTION!

The amount of space allotted to the CAMP FIRE department is limited; a great number of letters are being received each week; we desire to recognize every comrade who contributes, be it a "ten-foot rail" or a "buffalo chip"; in view of these facts, it is utterly impossible to devote any portion of this column either to a discussion of the pension question, or for expressing political views. For this reason a number of contributions on these subjects received recently have not been published. Instead, send us incidents, anecdotes and experiences of army life, in camp, field or prison, of interest to all, written concisely, tersely, and to the point.

"VALLEY FORGE" OF THE REBELLION.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Residing in this beautiful valley of the Williamette, with its mild climate, the mercury seldom marking lower than 20° above zero, I can scarcely realize that 25 years have elapsed since the ever memorable campaign in East Tennessee. After the siege of Knoxville, where we were so nearly starved, we followed Longstreet's retreating army to Bean's Station and Blave's crossroads, skirmishing every day until near the last of December, 1863, and arrived at Strausbery Plains—the "Valley Forge" of the rebellion. The 104th O. V. I., of which I was a member, was stationed near the railroad bridge, and my company (G) was detailed as guards at Gen. Parks's headquarters. Our clothes were worn to shreds during our march from Somerset, Ky., to Knoxville, Tenn., thence to Cumberland Gap, and back to Knoxville, and during the siege and subsequent campaigns, until there was not a passable suit of clothes in the company; Joshua Moore was the only one of us fortunate enough to possess an overcoat. At first we did not suffer nearly so much from cold and exposure as from short rations. On the evening of the last day of the year 1863, a warm rain began falling, which grew colder as the day drew towards its close, and by 9 o'clock p. m. the rain turned to sleet and our shelter tents were veritable sheets of ice. My tentmates, J. C. Garrett, Joe Young and W. Widows, went on guard at the headquarter's stable and left me to sleep alone, with only one blanket for covering. About 11 o'clock my tent blew down on top of me, and I was compelled to erect it again the best I could, in the coldest wind I ever experienced. By the time I had the tent put up I was almost frozen, and crawled back to my downy (?) couch of one blanket; but not to sleep—that was impossible. I "saw the old year out and the new year in" as I never had before, and no wonder, for the first day of that new year is referred to as the coldest New Year's on record.

Another incident I recollect which, though of small import in the great annals of the war, was of vast consequence to us. We drew no rations for twelve days, except a little corn we took from the feed-troughs of the mules, and the supply for the entire company was ground on one coffee-mill! Loads of rations passed our company headquarters, but for some reason none were given to us. Occasionally some of the boys would "draw" a piece of meat from the passing wagons. One night I climbed into the rear end of a wagon and grabbed a large ham, but the teamster got hold of the other end also, and we began tugging in opposite directions. I planted my feet firmly against the hind part of the wagon and gave a mighty pull, the meat slipped out of the driver's hands, and I executed a summerset backwards, with no audience to witness the acrobatic feat, and the ham went over my head. I got the meat all the same, and enjoyed it as well as if it had been issued in the regulation style.

I would like to hear from comrades of the 104th or 100th O. V. I.; 8th Tenn.; 12th or 16th Ky., or 112th Ills., through the CAMP FIRE.—N. G. KIRK, Co. G, 104th O. V. I., Newberg, Oregon.

A PROTEST.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Recently the Louisville *Courier-Journal* published the claim of Mrs. Carroll, of Maryland, that "she, through Gen. Halleck, projected Gen. Grant's campaign against Forts Donaldson and Henry," the editor adding "that if the claim was true it would detract considerable from his military fame." Southern Democratic editors are ever ready to give currency to any absurd story in order to cover their party's misdeeds, or detract from the fame of the chieftains who led the Union army to a glorious triumph. To refute the above claim the following extracts from official correspondence on file at Washington are given:

> CAIRO, Ill., January 28, 1862.
> Maj-Gen. H. W. Halleck, St. Louis, Mo.:
> With your permission I will take Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there. U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen.

Failing to get a response, the following day he telegraphed as follows:

> MAJ.-GEN. HALLECK: In view of the large force now concentrating in the district, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of subduing Fort Henry, near the Kentucky and Tennessee line, and holding the position. If this is not done soon, there is but little doubt that the defenses on both the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers will be materially strengthened. From Fort Henry it will be easy to operate on the Cumberland, only 12 miles distant, to Memphis or Columbus. It will besides have a moral effect upon the troops to advance them towards the rebel states. The advantages of this move are as perceptible to the general commanding as to myself; therefore further statements are unnecessary.
> U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen.

Halleck answered on the 30th:

> Make your preparations to take and hold Fort Henry. I will send you written instructions by mail.

Within one week after (February 6) Grant telegraphed to Halleck:

> Fort Henry is ours. * * * I shall take and destroy Fort Donaldson on the 8th.

And on February 16 he telegraphed the capture of Fort Donaldson. It is apparent that this brilliant, short and decisive campaign was conceived by General Grant, and carried out so quickly that the plans of no other person could have entered into it. As a humble soldier who took part in that memorable campaign, I wish, in behalf of surviving comrades, to protest against any attempt to pluck a single flower from the imperishable wreath crowning the military fame of the great general.—J. TYLER, Co. C, 11th Ky. Inft., Bowling Green, Ky.

A BLOODY SUNDAY.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—It was a beautiful Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. The boys were busy preparing for inspection, when suddenly the sharp rattle of musketry and heavy booming of artillery apprised us that the enemy was advancing. The confederates had attacked our picket lines. Orders were given to fall in, and we marched at once to a point near and formed in line ready for action. The 14th Ohio battery was in front at our right, and about twenty yards forward the 48th Illinois. The enemy not having yet appeared, we were ordered to lie down, as the rebel skirmishers were picking off the mounted officers with their deadly fire. Suddenly, with a startling crash, the battle opened on our left. The enemy approached in double column and made a furious charge. Our command opened fire on them, checking their advance, but they soon rallied and charged again. The regiment on our right fell back, together with the right wing of the 14th Illinois. The 14th Ohio was taken where it stood.

We fell back, formed and awaited the enemy's approach. On they came, and we fought until outflanked, and again we retreated. Sergeant Elery, regimental ensign fell, and the colors were rescued from the enemy by W. W. Standridge, amid a shower of bullets. Another stand was made across a road, with our left wing in an open field. Two 24-pounder howitzers were placed in a gap in the line, and two were on our left. The battle raged furiously at this point and our ranks were rapidly thinned, but we held our position until the troops on our left were driven back and the enemy was flanking us, when we again fell back. At sundown we were upon the banks of the river near the landing. Every available gun was put in position, forming a battery of four 32-pounders and two 64-pounder howitzers. The 2d brig. of the 4th div. formed in the rear of this battery. The musketry nearly ceased, and the heaviest cannonading of the day followed. The rebels made a desperate charge, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Thus closed the first day's battle at Shiloh.—W. S. RICHARDSON, Co. B, 14th Ills. Vol. Inf., Atwater, Ills.

Comrade Leonard Love, 2d N. Y. Cavalry, writing from Sherman, N. Y., says: "I would be very much pleased to hear from old comrades of the 2d Ohio cavalry through the CAMP FIRE."

REGARDING THE G. A. R.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Allow a few lines in regard to the G. A. R.: I believe its object are good and noble, but as to politics, I never heard anything of the kind in our post room. The withdrawal of a few disappointed officeseekers has merely caused a ripple of surprise; it will have no effect upon the organization. I think Gen. Palmer should be thankful his defeat was no worse, considering the fact that he ran against Private Fifer, popular with the masses and a favorite with the common soldiers. For he shared their hardships and privations, and "drank from the same canteen." You can't blame the old soldiers for voting for a man who helped them crush the rebellion.—H. A. F., West Union, Iowa.

SHAVINGS.

Comrade O. P. Clark, Richfield Center, Ohio, late of Co. E, 1st O. V. L. A., says that if any comrade wishes complete copies of the poem, "Blue Coats' Jubilee," he will send original copies on receipt of request for same.

Comrade L. F. Pickle, late Co. A, 9th Mich. Inft., Long Island, Kan., sends a poem entitled "Banty Tim," but our space being limited we cannot publish it.

Lewis Crist, (Zeiss), who enlisted at Erie City, 1861, in Co. D, 83d Penn. Vols., wishes to inform "Old Soldier," Kas., that he is glad to hear from members of the 83d, and hopes others of his comrades will appear around the CAMP FIRE.

If any comrade who reads this was at Camp Chase, O., in 1862, and recollects the fight which occurred between a fortune-telling German cavalryman and an Irishman, in regard to a chicken, I would like to hear from him.—HENRY STONER, New Berlin, Starke county, O.

L. H. C., Onega, Kas.: "I am an old veteran's son. My father and three uncles enlisted in 1862 in Co. K, 11th Kas. Vols. One uncle died in the service, another was wounded, and my father and other uncle returned without a scratch, nor were they even in hospital.

H. L., Waterloo, Ind., writes: "I was a member of the 44th Ind. I once saw two brothers meet in the army, one of whom was a rebel and the other a union soldier. Four brothers of us were in the service—one in the 30th Ind., one in the 4th O., the other and myself in the 44th Ind.

D. T. Dempsey, Wilmington, N. C., a 14-year-old veteran's son, whose father served in the 3d N. Y. Cav. four years, says:

> Keep the CAMP FIRE blazing, boys,
> Keep it burning bright;
> For the vet.'s are fading boys,
> Passing out of sight.

Comrade Robert M. Kelly, Weatherby, Mo.: "I was a member of Co. A, 5th Tenn. Inft. Vols. Brother Will and I ran away from home in the night, crossed the mountains, and enlisted at Barbersville, Ky., in 1862. I was in the battle of Resaca, May 14-15, 1864, in which the rebels were defeated. Was all through the Georgia campaign."

Comrade J. F. Whips, late Co. D., 31st O. V. I., New Lexington C. H., Perry county, O.: "I saw a portion of the 'elephant' while attempting to do my duty as a member of the 31st. I enlisted in September, 1861, and was never absent from my command until the close of the war, except a short season on account of wounds. The Johnnies 'gave it to me' four different times."

Comrade Wm. Francis, of Co. H, 8th Tenn. Cav., Jonesboro, Tenn.: "I enlisted in Co. H, 8th Tenn. Cav., September 11, 1863, and served until the close of the war. Went with Burbridge to Knoxville, Tenn. We drove the rebels out of Tennessee over the mountains. At Saulsbury we made a charge on the rebs, cleaned them out and captured five cannon. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, part of the time."

"My six brothers were in the service, and my father also offered his services, but, being crippled, was not accepted. I was too young or I should have shouldered a musket and 'gone to the army' also. Two brothers sacrificed their lives on the battle field. I think the remaining veterans should be kindly dealt with, for they are fast passing away in answer to the final roll-call."—J. B. MIDDLETON, Edina, Mo.

Comrade W. H. Hardenbrook, Trinidad, Col., says: "At the age of 13 I enlisted in Co. I, 19th Mo. V. O., under Capt. L. Benecke, and served until the close of the war. My brother also enlisted, when only 12 years of age, and we both participated in the battle of Spanish Fort, under Col. Dyer. My father served four years and has been disabled ever since. Would like to hear from comrades through the CAMP FIRE.

P. L. B., Cheswold, Kent county, Del., a new subscriber, says: "I enlisted in 1862, as a member of Co. F, 3d Md. Inf. Would be pleased to hear from some of my old comrades through the CAMP FIRE, especially any who were engaged Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, in the wilderness near Chancellor house, when the Johnies poured death and destruction into our ranks for nearly six hours. I was seriously wounded while on our retreat toward Chancellorsville."

As a member of Co. B, W. Va. V. V. I., and Co. A, 1st W. Va. V. V. Inft., I participated in a number of engagements under Generals Sigel, Pope, Hunter, Crooks and "Little Phil;" was in the second battle of Bull Run, Seven Days' battle, and others. Was taken prisoner twice, but escaped. Should like to hear from the comrade of the 116th O. V. I. whom I met the night I escaped from the rebs; also from members of the 36th or 91st O.—J. A. DECKER, Huntington, W. Va.

B. C. Lansdon, Nebo, Ill., a constant reader of the BLADE, and the son of a veteran, writes: "My father, B. C. Landon, was a private in Co. E, 99th Ill. Vols. He entered the service in 1862, and was discharged in 1863, on account of disability. His health was so shattered from the effects of hardships endured during service, that he died in 1871, leaving six orphans. There is a flourishing G. A. R. Post and camp of Sons of Veterans here."

Comrade Joseph Gillett, late Co. F, 14th Iowa Inft., Greenfield, Adair county, Iowa: "I noticed in a recent BLADE a chip to the CAMP FIRE from a member of my regiment, stating he was with Gen. Banks on the expedition up the Red river. So was I, and I was taken prisoner, too; but, being more unfortunate than Comrade Van Dyke, I was doomed to endure the privations of prison life thirteen months and eighteen days. I wonder if any of the comrades who read this will remember the mustache trade which occurred between two commissioned officers of our regiment?"

Charles W. C. Waldren, Chesaning, Mich., a 10-year-old son of a soldier, who reads the CAMP FIRE, sends a neatly written letter, as follows: "My father was called an M. D. in the army, which he says meant 'mule driver.' He served eight months and was discharged, returning to his home in Painesville, O. He had one brother who was a member of the 29th O. V. V. I., and who was in the battles of Chancellorsville and Antietam. Another brother served in the 7th Fla. V. I. So, you see, they fought against each other in the late war."

Ida A. D., Grant City, Mo., a soldier's daughter, sends her father's favorite song, "The Dying Prisoner" (which we have not the space to publish), accompanied by the following: "My father, Joseph M. Black, enlisted at Kittanning, Armstrong county, Penn., August, 1861, in Co. B, 78th Penn. Vol. Inft., and served three years, taking part in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, the engagements during Sherman's march to the sea and at Atlanta, Ga. My father has been a subscriber to the BLADE since before the war, and enjoys reading the soldiers' letters."

"On Sunday morning, the first day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Lieut. Cam was standing in the rear of our lines, where cannon balls, shells, and deadly missiles of every character were flying thick and fast, when a mere boy of a soldier named Stout, approached him, exclaiming: 'Oh! Colonel, what shall I do!' A shell had struck him below the ribs, and his bowels were protruding. The colonel bade him go to a hillock near by and lie down, promising him attention as soon as possible; but saw no more of the brave lad, and in all probability he breathed his last on the battlefield."—W. S. RICHARDSON, late of Co. B, 14th Ills. Vol. Inft., Atwater, Ills.

Comrade James Best, Mosiertown, Crawford county, Pa., in answer to the request of "Old Soldier," Atwood, Kansas, who wished to hear from members of Co. D, 83d Penn. Vols., replies: "I enlisted in Erie City August 1, 1861, and was mustered out July 12, 1865. Participated in the following battles: Hanover Court-house, siege of Yorktown, Big Bethel, Gaines Mills, Malvern Hill and the Wilderness. Was taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court-house. Marched two days with nothing to eat, when I was recaptured. Kept pace with cavalry four days. I had nothing to eat from the time I was taken prisoner until we reached the James river except some coffee I had along. Would like to hear from Old Soldier by letter."

Comrade Robert Bruce, 1st Duty Sergt. Co. A, 1st O. C. V., Olympia, W. T., an interested reader of the CAMP FIRE, writes: "I volunteered in 1861 under Col. Baker. The first company raised was called the Baker Guards, and I served as 1st duty sergeant of that company. After the death of Col. Baker, the 1st Ore. Vol. Cav. and 1st W. T. infantry were ordered to Oregon and Washington Territory to protect the frontier, and consequently were not in the South during the war. That our duty was well performed the vast settlement east of Walla Walla attests. I served four years and two months, until in 1865 we were relieved in the field by the 1st. Ore. Inf. What has become of my right-hand man, Monterey?"

"Yes, Comrade H. M. Lambert, I was at Rome, Ga., when the McNoble foot-race was run. I was also one of the detail sent to bring in the remains of Comrade James Lambert, who was murdered at a house near Rome, where he had gone in quest of milk. The landlord invited him to come in and get as much milk as he wanted. As soon as he entered the house, the treacherous Southerner, a large, powerful man, seized unsuspecting Lambert by the arms, and called to a gang of rebel soldiers who were hidden in the room to 'shoot the d—d yankee!' which they did, and then made their escape. When our detail arrived, we found no rebels, but we captured the terror stricken landlord and riddled him with bullets. My father, two uncles, my brother and myself served in the same regiment. Brother was killed in an engagement at Jackson, Tenn.—JOHN H. FILES, late Co. L, 1st Ala. Cav., ——, Ark.

Among my war recollections is this: At early dawn August 24, 1864, the 11th and 12th Tenn. Cav., under Col. Spaulding; a detachment of the 2d Ky. Cav., under Col. Elfred, and the 2d battalion of the 5th Tenn. Cav., under Lieut.-Col. Cleft were ordered to move on a division of Wheeler's raiders under command of Gen. Williams, that were camped four miles south of us (Murphreesborough) on the Stoneriver. We quickly forced in the rebel outposts and took possession of their camp, though they fiercely and stubbornly contested every inch of ground as they retreated, keeping a brigade on the line of battle and alternating as they fell back. They massed their artillery at the edge of a dense forest, and Maj. Wortham led our battalion in the charge to capture the guns. We struck the enemy's center and carried that point, but, being unsupported, we could not drive them from the field, so fell back under cover of our guns, taking a number of prisoners. Finally, toward the close of the day, we made a second charge, driving them from their position and the town of Triune. Among the killed and wounded was Col. Elfred.—J. K. P. HARMON, bugler Co. F, 5th Tenn. Cav., Centralia, Ills.

"Enlisting July 10, 1863, in Co. B, 68th O. V. I., at the age of 14, I served until July 11, 1864, when I was mustered out in the field. Our A. C. was commanded by Frank P. Blair. If John Linderman, of Defiance, O., should notice this he will perhaps remember our experience when separated from Col. Geo. E. Welles's foraging detail; how I frightened two negro wenches so they yielded up $2,000 worth of Confederate scrip. Once I was on picket duty and cautioned to make no noise unless the rebs attacked our lines. Presently I heard a noise in a brush heap near by, and promptly fired into it, when out rushed a 200-pound hog. The noise of the discharge started the whole picket line to firing. Bugles sounded and orders were given to fall in, and an engagement ensued in which Sherman's army was routed. Gen. M. D. Leggett ordered me placed under arrest for my exhibition of recklessness, and I was bucked and gagged and confined in the guard-house three days.—GALEN PETERS, Toledo, O.

Old Soldier, Co. H, 3d Mass. Vols.—(no address)—"Near Newbern, N. C., there was a temporary plank bridge across the Neuse river which we drew in at night. One very dark night I was on guard at this bridge, when suddenly I heard the sound of foot steps as of some person cautiously approaching the river on the opposite side. I was instantly on the qui vive. When a few rods distant the unseen foe turned a right oblique and approached a pile of railroad ties in the vicinity. I awakened the corporal, and together we waited for the reb to reach the ties, intending to challenge him, possibly drawing his fire, so we could return fire by the light from the discharge of his gun. Directly he started on the run in a southerly direction, and soon we heard him climbing a tree. Then all was quiet for a few moments, when there came from the tree-top an exact imitation of a crying baby. We then realized how badly we had been fooled. He was only a 'possum!"

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Words can not describe the charming beauty of this grand plant. It grows 3 to 4 feet high, branching like a tree, and producing hundreds of golden yellow, sweet-scented flowers, large and double, like enormous roses, making a show which no plant can equal. The stems are covered with a net work of shining spines which reflect a luminous ray of light that can be seen for a long distance, hence its name—Candle. This plant has been known and eagerly sought in the wilds of Mexico for years, and seed is now offered for the first time. It germinates quick and grows rapidly, soon making fine, large-blooming plants. Seed, per packet 20 cts., together with a new Everlasting Flower Free, and our Grand Catalogue. In ordering, ask for Catalogue if you do not already possess it. Order at once, before the supply is exhausted. You may never have another opportunity of getting this most rare and grand plant.

THE RAINBOW PLANT This is one of the most magnificent of all plants. It grows 2 or 3 feet high, in beautiful pyramidal spiraled thick foliage, which is of the most beautiful and intense colors: Scarlet, Rose, Pink, Amaranth, Yellow, Green, Orange, etc. Radiant like a Rainbow. It is one of the very easiest plants to grow, either in the garden or pots. Per pkt. 30 cents.

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SWEET NIGHTINGALE The grandest of evening flowers, opening about sunset and lasting till noon next day. Flowers, pure white and enormous size, 5 inches long and 6 wide, its powerful and delicious perfume filling the air for a long distance. It grows and blooms freely all summer in any garden. Per pkt. 20c.

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SPECIAL OFFER! For 60 cents we will mail one packet seed each of above five grand new flowers, together with our catalogue and another elegant novelty free.

SEEDS! BULBS! PLANTS! Our large catalogue, magnificently illustrated with colored plates and wood cuts, will be mailed to any address for 10 cents. Or if you order Candle Cactus, or any thing here offered and ask for catalogue it will be sent free. It will also be sent free to any who expect to order after getting it. We offer all sorts of FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, RARE FRUITS, etc., including many grand novelties never before offered. We will mail 12 fine mixed Gladiolus for 30 cts.; 3 Moonflowers, white, blue and pink, for 30 cts. Try our "Introduction Collection," 25 flowering bulbs and 10 packets choicest seeds for only 50 cents, postpaid. WRITE AT ONCE AS THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. Address

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., New York.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Public Lands.

F. L. S.: 1.—The public lands of the United States which are still undisposed of and open to settlement, lie in nineteen states and territories. For special information regarding their location write to the commissioner of the General land office in Washington. Public lands are divided into two classes. The one class have $1.25 designated as their minimum price, and the other $2.50 an acre, the latter being the alternate sections reserved in railroad and other land grants. Titles may be acquired by private entry or location under the homestead, pre-emption or timber culture laws; or in some cases by purchase for cash. Entries under the pre-emption laws are restricted to heads of families, or citizens over 21 years of age, who may settle upon any quarter section (160 acres) and have the right to prior claim to purchase, under certain government regulations. The homestead law gives the right to 160 acres of $1.25 land, or 80 acres of $2.50 land, to any citizen, or applicant for citizenship, who will actually settle upon and cultivate the land. This only applies to surveyed lands, and the title is made perfect by a patent issued after five years of residence. Another large class of free entries is provided under the timber culture law of 1873-78. They give the right to any settler who has cultivated for two years as much as five acres in trees to an 80 acres homestead, or if ten acres of trees a homestead of 160 acres. The free patent is given at the end of eight years instead of five. 2.—A bill to open Oklahoma to settlement passed the House Feb. 1. It has yet to be favorably considered by the Senate and approved by the President before it becomes a law.

United States Postoffices.

J. H. B., ——: There were 58,111 postoffices in the United States on January 1, 1889. Of these 97 are first-class, 497 second-class, 1,988 of the third-class—thus making 2,682 "Presidential" offices, or those where postmasters are nominated by the President. The remaining 55,529 offices are of the fourth-class, the appointments being made by the Postmaster General.

The first-class offices embrace all those the salaries of whose postmasters are $3,000 or over; second-class, where the salary is $2,000 up to $3,000; third-class, those whose salaries are $1,000 up to $2,000; fourth-class, those whose salaries are less than $1,000. The salaries depend on the amount of receipts from the offices. New York is an exception, as it has a special salary. The offices whose annual business is $40,000 to $45,000 have a salary for the postmaster of $3,000; those whose receipts are $45,000 to $60,000, $3,100; $60,000 to $80,000, $3,200, and so on. The salaries of second-class postmasters are graded from receipts in the same way; an office whose receipts are from $8,000 to $9,000 per year has a salary of $2,000, and so on up. In third-class offices, receipts from $1,900 to $2,000, bring a salary of $1,000, and so on. Fourth-class postmasters are paid according to the amount of stamps cancelled yearly. Where the total cancellation is $50 or less a year, he receives 100 per cent; for the next $100, 60 per cent; for the next $200, 50 per cent; and for anything above that, 40 per cent. Each office has as many clerks as the business requires.

The Temple of Delphi.

Delphi was a city of ancient Greece, noted for its temple of Apollo, the seat of the famous Delphic oracle. It is not known when the original temple was built, nor by whom. It was burned in 548 B. C., and money was subscribed throughout Greece to restore it. It was a magnificent structure, the front being of Parian marble. The temple was plundered several times, and the oracle was finally abolished by the Christian emperor, Theodosius. The temple's dimensions were about 185 by 82 feet, the exterior being elaborately adorned with sculptures. The divisions of the interior were the *pronaos*, the walls of which were inscribed with sayings by the seven wise men of Greece; the cella, where a perpetual fire burned on the hearth; and the *adytum*, where the oracles were delivered, which was probably partly or wholly under ground. Within it, and over a deep chasm in the rock, from which issued a vapor, stood a tripod, or three-legged seat, on which the Pythia, or priestess, sat while delivering the oracles. Preparing herself by chewing the leaves of the laurel, she was placed on the tripod, where, inspired by the god Apollo, as was believed, but probably really affected by the vapors rising from the chasm, she fell into a convulsive ecstasy, uttering groans and confused words. These were carefully noted down by the priests and rendered as revelations from Apollo. The object of digging on its site is not to find treasure, but fragments of sculpture, etc., of artistic value.

The British Parliament.

A. B. R., Vermillion, Kan.: 1.—The British Parliament is composed of two houses—the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The former is composed of peers of the realm by hereditary right or by creation of the sovereign; of twenty-eight Irish representative peers, elected for life; and of sixteen Scottish peers, elected for each Parliament only. These constitute the "lords temporal." In this body are also, by virtue of their office, the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and 24 English bishops. These are the "lords spiritual." The lords temporal are those of the ranks of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons. The Lord Chancellor is speaker of the House of Lords *ex officio*. The House of Commons consists of 670 elected members, from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. The presiding officer is the speaker, chosen by the House from its own members. His salary is £6,000 a year, and a furnished residence. When Parliament is in session, the Commons convenes at 4 p. m., except on Wednesdays, when it sits from noon until 6 p. m. It does not, as a rule, hold sessions on Saturdays.

Religions of the United States.

J. M. K., Perry, Dak.: We have not the statistics for 1850, and hence cannot make the comparison. The estimated number of Roman Catholics in the United States in May, 1887, was 7,000,000; the actual number of communicants of other denominations were at that time: Baptists, 2,732,570; other Baptist denominations, 994,437; Methodist Episcopal, 1,990,377; Methodist, Southern, 1,056,028; other Methodist denominations, 1,486,253; Presbyterians, Northern, 661,809; Presbyterians, Southern, 143,783; Cumberland Presbyterians, 138,564; other Presbyterian bodies, 138,320; Adventists, all sects, 97,711; Christian Union, 120,000; Congregationalists, 436,379; Episcopalians, 430,131; Friends, all sects, 105,000; German Evangelical, 125,000; Lutherans, all sects, 930,830; Mennonites, 100,000; Moravians, 10,686; Reformed, 289,974. Your other question has been handed to the FARM editor.

The "Seven Cities of Cibola."

W. M., Killingly, Conn.: Alvar Nunez, called "Cabeca de Vaca," was the chief officer of Narvaez's expedition to Florida in 1527-8, and after the shipwreck and death of Narvaez, escaped with a few followers to the mainland somewhere west of the Mississippi. He traveled across till he reached Spanish settlements on the Pacific coast. It is believed he crossed New Mexico. He brought marvelous stories of the country he passed through, and an expedition started in 1539 to explore them, without result. In 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado set out on the same errand to reach the famed "Seven Cities of Cibola," of which Nunez had brought glowing accounts. Coronado penetrated the country between the Gila and Little Colorado rivers, and found the kingdom of Cibola with its seven cities. He denied the stories of their magnificence told by Nunez. It is believed the wonderful ruins of communal villages in that region are the remains of the seven cities, or possibly that the Zuni Indians are the remnant of these people. The early Spanish explorers, as a rule, were fearful liars as to what they really saw.

"Soap Root."

O. K., Moweaqua, Ill., writes: Soap root grows in Western Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico and elsewhere. It has an enormous root, six or eight inches through and from two to six feet long. The Indians of New Mexico and Arizona use the leaves of the plant for soap, and it is better than any soap to take out grease or paint.

H. C. C., Winfield, Kan., writes: There is a market for soap root in Wichita, Kan., but I am not prepared to give the price. There is a manufactory there which makes soap from it.

Postoffice Inspectors.

Reader, New London, Mo.: The duties of a postoffice inspector are numerous. He has to look after the entire workings of the postoffices in his district, which includes the work of ferreting out robberies, locating new offices, seeing that the mails are promptly delivered, checking up postmaster's accounts, etc. From the duties you can easily see what qualifications are required. The postal service of the United States is divided into irregular districts according to the magnitude of the business done. Ohio is one district with four inspectors. Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin is another district, with a larger number of inspectors.

Oklahoma and "No Man's Land."

C. L., Wayland, Mo.: Oklahoma will not be opened for settlement unless the bill, which passed the House, also passes the Senate and becomes a law, signed by the President. See Weekly BLADE, of February 7, 5th page, 1st column.

J. S., Holden, Mo.: See Weekly BLADE, as above.

J. H. B., ——: See above. Your second question is answered under "United States Postoffices."

H. B. J., Greenleaf, Kan.: See Weekly BLADE as above.

The Tarpeian Rock.

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: This passage in Grant's memoirs: "In nearing the port (Nagasaki) the Richmond passed the worse than Tarpeian rock, from which no less than 37,000 converts to Christianity were hurled," refers to the fact that that number of Japanese converts to Christianity were thrown from the rock into the sea. The "Tarpeian rock" is that portion of the Capitoline hill at Rome which forms a cliff overlooking the river Tiber. In ancient Rome, persons condemned of treason to the state were put to death by being thrown from its summit into the river below.

Miscellaneous.

D. M., Oakland, Ill.: We do not know where the largest single distillery is located.

Mrs B., Milton Center, Ill.: We are sorry we cannot republish the pieces you ask for.

M. M. N., Peanut, Tenn.: We have not room to publish "requests to send" songs, etc.

J. G. C., Palmer Sta., Ark.: What war do you refer to? When we know we will answer your query.

H. C., Apple Creek, O.: There are no reliable statistics from which to make the comparisons you ask for.

M. A. W. We do not think any relationship existed between Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. M., Wash. Ter., writes in reply to M. E. P., in the BUREAU of January 17, that there are creosote works at Seattle, Wash. Ter.

A. A. I., Atlantic, Iowa: The manufacture of looking-glasses requires considerable skill and training, and you would fail if you tried it in an amateur way.

Hazel, Troy, N. Y.: The Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Assyrian cuneiform writing are entirely different. The latter are undoubtedly the older.

Mrs. ——, Greenfield, Mo.: 1.—President Carnot's name is pronounced Car-no, with a slight accent on the second syllable. 2.—The total population of the United States is estimated at 65,000,000.

S. B. P., Armathwaite, Tenn.: Gen. Halleck was a graduate of West Point, an officer of the regular army, and served with distinction in the Mexican war. When the rebellion broke out he was appointed major general at once.

J. T. C., Grief, Tenn.: The census takers will be appointed by the United States marshals. No application should be made until the bill authorizing the census becomes a law. Then apply to the U. S. marshal of your district.

Subscriber, Bluefield, W. Va.: The invention of gunpowder has been attributed to Schwartz, a German monk, and to Roger Bacon, in England. The fact is clear, however, that the Chinese used it long before its discovery in Europe.

M. C. F., St. Louisville, O.: The corner stone of the Capitol at Washington was laid by Gen. Washington, September 18, 1793. It was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilt. Its extension was began in 1857, and completed as it now stands in 1867.

N. A. P., Pomona, Kan.: 1.—We cannot undertake to discuss abstract topics. This department is for facts alone. 2.—If by "Kirwan" you mean a writer under that *nom de plume* in Know Nothing days, we are unable to give any information about him.

T. W. K., Cortez, Colo.: Tennyson's "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After," was cabled to the United States in 1886, to the New York *Independent*, and sent out thence, by telegraph, through the Associated Press. It can be had in book form. Get a bookseller to order it for you.

T. S. B., Clarksville, Tex.: A postmaster has no right to remove a wrapper from a paper except he has reason to think that the postal laws are evaded, by inclosing a letter, or writing on the margin, etc. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" costs $1, we think. Any bookseller can tell you.

Subscriber, Leslie, Mich.: Some time in the early portion of the present century there was an exceedingly cold summer, when the crops could not mature in the more northerly port on of the country. We have not the date at hand. If any one can furnish it, we shall be glad to publish.

J. F., King City, Mo.: We can only speak for the Soldiers' Home at Dayton. The inmates were in the habit of spending their money in saloons in that place, and many were robbed while intoxicated. So, as a measure of protection, the board of managers began the sale of beer at the Home.

Reader, Labette City, Kan.: 1.—Any business man will show you his copying press, and the manner of copying letters into it. 2.—There are recruiting offices for the regular army in Chicago, St. Louis and all large cities. Write to one of them and they will send you the list of requirements for enlistment.

K. K., Red Bluff, Cal.: The old "Liberty bell" is a small affair, not over 30 inches in diameter at its edge, and hence easily moved. It is not celebrated on account of its size, but because of its being the first bell to ring out the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress.

J. E. G., Rogersville, Pa.: There are recruiting stations for privates for the United States army in Chicago, New York, and other large cities. You understand, of course, that a private can not be promoted to an officer. We know but little about the man you mention.

M. T. E., No Mountain, Pa.: 1.—George B. Roberts is president of the Pennsylvania railroad. His salary is said to be $25,000. 2.—The fastest time ever made in the United States by a passenger train was 422½ miles in 443 minutes, one mile being made in 41½ seconds, on the West Shore railroad, New York.

E. J. H., Rich Creek, Tenn.: 1.—Certainly it rained before the flood. 2.—Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or next after March 21, and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter is to be the following Sunday. Hence Easter can not come earlier than March 22 nor later than April 25.

J. F. B., Southwell, Kan.: 1.—One kind of shoemaker's wax is made by melting together equal parts of pitch and beeswax. 2.—If you mean the black stain for coloring the edges of soles, etc., black, it is made by dissolving a piece of sulphate of iron, in 12 times its weight of water. 3.—We have no idea how much wood is cut up in shoepegs each year. Any estimate would be mere guess-work.

J. J. H., Jerry City, O.: Boulanger's name is pronounced Boo-*long*-zhay, with slight accent on the second syllable. The sound of the French n, which we have represented by *ng*, is not found in the English language. It is intermediate between the sound of n and ng, slightly nasalized in character. 2.—Representative Burnes, of Missouri, who died recently, was reelected last November to the next House.

B. F. C., Milton Springs, Neb.: When the soldiers enlisted in the Union army, their politics was not made a matter of record, and hence there is no way of telling the exact proportion of Republicans and Democrats, except by the votes of the soldiers of those states which allowed their soldiers in the field to cast their ballots. In the Presidential election of 1864, Lincoln received about four or five votes to one for McClellan in the army.

W. S. L., Hoyle, N. C.: 1.—The Blair educational bill has not become a law. We published its provisions some months ago. 2. What particular statistics in the liquor traffic do you want? 3.—The United States owes every one who owns any United States bonds. There is an enormous total of them held for investment by estates for the benefit of widows and children; banks and capitalists own another large sum; and there is a large amount held by private persons in Europe.

E. C., Eddyville, Iowa: It is impossible to take space to give a list of the bills passed by Congress during an entire administration. At the close of each session of Congress, the BLADE gives a synopsis of the legislation for that session. 2.—We cannot undertake to classify the writers in English literature. 3.—Dew is the condensed moisture of the air on grass, etc., which are colder than the atmosphere. It is formed exactly like the moisture on a cold pane of glass when you breathe upon it.

M. G., Altamont, Kan.: Life preservers are of various kinds. The most common is composed of a number of slabs of cork, some inches long, 4 inches wide and two inches thick, sewed between two layers of heavy canvas, so that it will encircle the body close under the arms. Strong straps are added, to pass over the shoulders. In case of wreck, one of these is fastened on, and the person jumps into the water. The buoyancy of the cork keeps the body in an upright position, until the person can be picked up. We have not room to publish "requests to send" poems, etc.

A. A. B., Newmarket, Iowa: The "White Caps" appear to made up of the rougher and coarser elements of the rural population in the localities where they have appeared. The majority of them appear to wreak private grudges rather than to subserve any useful purpose. Of course, many of the so-called "White Cap" warnings are mere stupid practical jokes. The original purpose of "White Caps" seems to have been to punish people for immorality, etc.; but it is a cowardly method, and should receive the condemnation of all honest citizens.

A. T. W., Yates Center, Kan.: 1.—A hard-burned brick is no heavier than a soft-burned one. The only thing that could make one brick heavier than another is that the clay was more compressed in the mold, and hence it contained more. 2.—The distance from the earth to the north star, or polo-star, is estimated at about 19,000,000,000 miles. Its parallax, as near as can be determined, is .11 of a second of space, but our instruments are still too defective to measure accurately in such cases, and there is a large margin of error, of course. 3.—A rainbow is never straight. You sometimes see only a fragment of a bow, but it is always part of a circle.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

H. F. M., New Winslow, Colo.: We have not a copy of the poem.

M. D., West Point, Miss.: We do not know of any "horological school" in the United States.

O. L., Seneca Falls, N. Y.: You will find the causes of divorce in all the states in the Weekly BLADE of Dec. 13, 5th page.

G. L., Pittsburg, Pa.: We must decline to give details of great crimes. They are demoralizing to the last degree.

Reader: The precession of the equinoxes is explained in every school astronomy. It is rather long for these columns.

J. B., Warsaw, Ill.: To ascertain something of the schools in Arizona, write to the Superintendent of Schools, at either Prescott or Tucson.

P. S. M., Columbus, O.: Miss Bouton proposes, in her present series of articles, to give a biography of Miss Alcott, and we do not care to anticipate her.

Subscriber, Milwaukee, Wis.: Glass is, chemically speaking, a silicate of soda. Sand is nearly pure silica. It is melted with soda, and some lime.

H. M. B., Peter Landing, Ark.: There are several good commentaries on the Bible, in one or more volumes. Write to the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.

A., Alexander: There is nothing that will restore the texture of a carpet on which sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash solution has been spilled. Try dilute ammonia to restore the color.

U. Y., Roann, Ind.: You probably refer to the compulsory educational law of Massachusetts. We have not a copy. Better write to the State Superintendent of Instruction, Boston, Mass.

W. H., Crystal, Iowa: We do certainly intend to give the cause of constitutional prohibition in Pennsylvania all the help we can, as well as in other states, where the battle will be raging this year.

J. H., Knightstown, Ind.: The pamphlet report of the Wirz trial is long out of print. "Andersonville" has a good account of it. See the BLADE's book advertisement on the 5th page every week.

R. T., Mominet, Kan.: Robert J. Ingersoll never held political office. His political celebrity arose from his magnificent speech placing Blaine before the national Republican convention, at Cincinnati, in 1876.

W. A. L., Anckaree, Colo.: 1.—The longest bridge, so far as we know, is the railway bridge over the Ohio river at Parkersburg, West Va.; it is 7,045 feet long. 2.—New York city covers an area of 41½ square miles.

I. L., Washington, Pa.: Your wheat question should have been sent to the FARM. We have handed it to the editor of that department. We cannot publish "requests to send" poems, etc., in this department, for lack of room.

F. L. G., Central City, Iowa: It is customary, where the samples carried by a traveling salesman are very valuable, to require bond to be given to secure them—as in the jewelry trade, for instance; but it is not the general rule.

"Constant Reader" will accept thanks. The "Hundred Years' War" continued, in an intermittent way, from A. D. 1328 to 1453, being broken by the peace of Bretigny, in 1360, and of Troyes, in 1420. It passed into the "Wars of the Roses."

Mrs. G. W. B., Grayville, Ill.: The only recognized wedding anniversaries are: 1st year, iron; 5th, wooden; 10th, tin; 15th, crystal; 20th, china; 25th, silver; 30th, cotton; 35th, linen; 40th, woolen; 45th, silk; 50th, golden; 75th, diamond.

H. M. S., Marquand, Mo.: There is no medicine that will cure tobacco-chewing. Stop, and stay so. Any bookseller will order "Grant's Memoirs" for you. We do not deal in any books save those we publish; see advertisement on 5th page each week.

Inquirer, Toledo, O.: The word "pentagrapher" is not found in any dictionary. If it means anything, it is "one who uses a pentagraph" or "pantograph"—which is an instrument for copying drawings, plans, etc., on an enlarged or reduced scale.

W. C., McLean, N. Y.: The population of London in 1886 was 4,149,533; Paris, 1886, 2,344,550; Canton, China, estimated, 1,600,000; New York, 1888, 1,611,092; Philadelphia, 1888, 1,050,000; Berlin, 1885, 1,315,412; Vienna, 1,185,037.

J. D., Clinton, Wash. Ter.: The reason 21 guns comprised the salute in honor of Gen. Grant in his travels around the world, is that 21 guns is the number chosen as a national or Presidential salute, and it was in honor of Grant's having been President.

C. C. P., Constantine, Mich.: 1.—The purity of American elections is as great as those of any other. 2.—The date of the meeting of the electors is fixed by Congress, and a new law was passed a year or so ago, providing that they shall meet thereafter in January.

J. A. P., ——, Wis.: If a man insures his life, the insurance to be paid "to his heirs," it would go to the children of his first wife. His second wife probably would be entitled to her dower right in it, but you should consult a good lawyer as to this. The second wife's child by her first marriage gets nothing, as he is not an heir.

J. B., Independence, W. Va.: It is impossible to tell how many brakemen are killed or injured daily. 2.—The tax refunding bill was amended in the House, and went back to the Senate for concurrence in the amendments. It has not been finally acted upon. 3.—The BLADE has steadily opposed trusts and combinations, and will continue to do so.

O. P. R., Marengo, Ill.: 1.—Mr. Blaine attends a Congregational church, we believe, but we do not think he is a member of any. 2.—The Washington who sold Mt Vernon, the Washington home, to the Ladies' association was a grand-nephew of George Washington. 3.—The slaves of the border states were freed without compensation.

J. M., Blanco, Tex.: To wax a floor temporarily for dances, etc., take white wax, which can be purchased at any drug store, cut it up into fine shavings, and scatter it over the floor. Before the first dance is completed, your floor will be slippery enough to suit the best dancers. If the floor should become heavy at any time, scatter a few more wax shavings.

J. M., Fox P. O., Ore.: The matter of the variations between the different genealogies given in the gospels has been the subject of exhaustive discussion for centuries among theologians. Any Bible commentary will give you opinions on the subject. Your second question has been handed the FARM editor. It should have been sent to that department.

E. R. H., Hathaway, Tenn.: 1.—In England, it has been for centuries the custom to use mistletoe in Christmas decorations of dwellings, and it is one of the incidents that, where a bough of mistletoe is suspended over a doorway, from a chandelier, etc., it is permissible for any gentleman to kiss any lady whom he finds standing under the mistletoe. It is paralleled in this country by the custom, at huskings, of allowing the young man who finds a red ear to kiss the girl he may choose. 2.—It is because of the rotundity of the earth.

J. W. F., Phelps, Mo.: The best historical work on the subject is the "History of Woman Suffrage," in three volumes, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. There are several papers devoted to woman suffrage. See Rule 2 above. You have no right to assume any such position for the BLADE as that taken in your last question. It does not follow, because the BLADE does not actively discuss any proposition, that it is opposed to it.

F. M. W., Carthage, Mo.: Anarchists believe that there should be no law; that every man should do as he wills, and that there should be no property held by individuals, but everything be in common. Socialists or communists believe in law, but hold that all property should be held in common, or by the state for the people, that each man should be allowed subsistence for himself and family, but not be allowed to accumulate property for himself. This is a very brief outline of their silly theories.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1. Horace Greeley had the usual number of teeth originally, but lost all but thirteen. This seems what you mean. 2. In the South the story that Jeff Davis was disguised when captured is denied, and by Davis's family; but the testimony of the soldiers who captured him is that he was. 3. Grace Darling was the daughter of the keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, on the English coast. On September 7, 1838, the ship Forfarshire, with 63 persons aboard, was wrecked on a reef near that point, in a storm, and the keeper and his daughter, then aged 22, went in a boat, at great peril of their lives, and rescued the nine persons who survived.

E. N., ——: The policy of the Republican party is to keep up American manufactures, and to prevent wages going down to the European standard, by maintaining the protective system, which has been in force since 1861, by levying a duty on all imported articles, of the kinds that can be made or raised here, equal to the difference in the cost of the labor required for their production between this country and foreign lands. 2.—The reason that small establishments are disappearing is that, with modern machinery and a proper division of labor, things can be produced more cheaply in large establishments than in small ones; and these generally go to large cities, because the many railways give better facilities for reaching all parts of the country, to obtain raw materials, and to sell the products, than do small towns, on one or two lines only. 2.—High license chains the rum devil; Prohibition cuts his head off.

UN CONQUERED.

BY MRS. WHITON STONE.

With tearless eyes, I turned my face away;
And, "Art thou conquered?" to my soul I said.
Up in the heavens, the full moon seemed to sway,
As if to wrap its splendor round my dead:
I saw, like a great amethyst, afar
One burning star.

No quivering motion to the pale lips came;
Nor moonlight glare the close shut lids could part,
Nor thousand, nor ten thousand swords of flame
Could bring one protest from my ashen heart:
And still, like a great amethyst, afar
Burned that one star.

The scent of flowers came, agonizing sweet;
The sea, with summer pulsing, went its way,
Then backward on the shore soft rocked and beat,
While the moonlit calm my sleeper lay:
And still, like a great amethyst, afar
Burned that one star.

And, "Art thou conquered, O, my soul?" I said;
"For still thou lovest!" Scent of flowers swept by;
And ocean, silver singing, hushed my dead,
And still the moon swayed golden in the sky:
And still, like a great amethyst, afar
Burned that one star.

"Nay, soul, thou lovest, nor art conquered yet;
For still thou lovest!" Looking up, I knew
Where God's feet led—as if His pity let
A shimmer of His radiant presence through:
And still, like a great amethyst, afar
Burned that one star.

—*Christian Register.*

OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

Senator Plumb is in Favor of Abolishing it—What the Country Really Needs.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, was recently asked what he would do if he could have his way with the diplomatic service.

"Abolish it," he replied unhesitatingly, "and substitute in place of it an enlightened commercial service. Let the people who carry the commission of the government to represent it abroad go backed by its power intelligently directed in the way of helping to find and to make markets for American products, and the genius of the mechanics and of the laboring men of this country, backed by that power, would take possession of all the markets in which skill properly applied is of any account. We want to recast this entire service; we want to come to thoroughly realize that we must have first-class men to represent us abroad, and who will go there for something which is useful and practical. Somewhere in that department there ought to be somebody who knows something about the nomenclature of trade, who knows the difference between a Navajo blanket and a piece of Wamsutta muslin.

"Gilded lying," said the senator, "we do not want. Our relations with foreign people are commercial, not political. Our political relations with them, so far as they exist, are settled, not by communications made through ministers, but by communications made between the powers themselves, by means of special commissioners. So it will be in the future, only more so. What we want is trade, commerce. I would rather take a commercial drummer than a broken-down politician for an assistant secretary of State. If there could be some man somewhere in the department possessing authority, who had his finger on the daily pulse-beat of American industry, of American ambition, of the growth and progress of the American people, and who could put that into practical shape, American manufacturers would not be sighing for want of foreign markets, because it is not true that American goods, on the whole, are dearer than foreign goods are. But when we come into that international domain in which nation struggles with nation for supremacy the American manufacturer is lost, isolated, individualized, while his foreign competitor has at his back at every step the powerful purpose of his government, helping him in that competition in which political power goes along with prices.

"The American manufacturer," Mr. Plumb went on, "is at a disadvantage, and it is because this whole structure, from beginning to end, is built upon the wrong plan. It is because this foreign service and its concomitant, our foreign trade, have been degraded to the level of a deformed civil service, which looks to the reward of the belated, the unworthy, for political service or for good riddance. If we could put into this foreign service one-half of the energy, of the enterprise, of the intelligent appreciation manifested by the commercial travelers of America in the promotion of the domestic trade of this country, there would be no lack of foreign trade for American manufacturers. I would be willing to substitute at a hazard the humblest member of that fraternity as assistant secretary of State for any man of that grade who has been in that office during the past few years. We keep up at great expense the show and the tinsel of what we call our diplomatic service, and we print tomes and cords of what we call diplomatic correspondence, which relates to everything that is of no consequence to the American people and does not even enrich its literature, while those things that are material to the trade of this country are neglected."

This seems to be an opportune time, with the entire reorganization of the diplomatic service only a month away, to give Senator Plumb's thoroughly practical and intensely American opinions the widest publicity.

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With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humors and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

OLIVES AND OLIVE GROVES.

How Olive Oil is Made at San Remo, Italy—The Gray, Gnarled Trees.

We do not think that any orchard or other grove looks like an olive grove. The trees are gnarled and about as far apart and as tall as those of an apple orchard, or even taller; but the shade is denser, and the olive leaf is long and narrow and has nearly an olive hue on its upper side, with the gray tint of the silver maple on the lower. When in an old olive grove and at a height you have your best views, for the very somberness of the foliage gives to the appearance of the sea and the clear sky a rivalry in beauty and depth of blue coloring, and from such a place, on a cloudy day, you may enjoy the blending on the water's surface of every shade, from the faintest blue to the richest indigo and purple.

But will you taste an olive? Here is one; small, but as luscious looking as a plum—there you go, ten years older in an instant, every curved line of your face flattened out and all the lines struggling to find the shortest cuts to all the points and the quickest way to make sharp angles; and another convert is made to the theory that a fine ripe olive is a bitter disappointment to the man who really does like olives. To the mill with them! There they will be crushed and ground into a shapeless mass, good and bad, ripe and unripe together, under a great stone wheel which travels among them in a tub, from which none can escape.

Now we can see the pulp taken out and placed in very coarse bags, these to be piled into a column and then pressed until every drop of oil oozes out. That which will not drop is obtained by the use of running water; a large number of vats upon different levels, being so connected that the pulp and the water must pass through them all, but leave a scum of oil to be taken from each vat. The best quality of oil is made in the spring from olives which have remained on the trees all winter, and we might have noticed, when in the grove, that the pickers pick only from the ground. But neither lack nor abundance of time ever gives these olives a pleasant flavor; and quite likely our sympathy for you in tasting made us forget to remark before this that the edible kind grow elsewhere.—*Letter in N. Y. Press.*

A Long-Clinging Gown.

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The Son of His Father.

Among the guests at the Fifth Avenue the other day was a young man not much over 30 years old, who is growing slightly gray with the cares of a railroad office. He was about medium size, has a good, round face, clean shaven and illuminated by very kindly eyes. This was Emmons Blaine, the son of a statesman and orator. He was educated at Harvard, disciplined in all the severe conditions of Puritan life, and finally sent West to enter one of the most active of occupations of the present day—railroading. He was first a division freight agent on the Northwestern system, and by steady grades has advanced his position until he is the general passenger and freight agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system, running from Chicago to Kansas City. He is a great traveler and a close student. Young Blaine is the least stylish of the three boys, and goes about his business in a plain, unostentatious way which makes him a favorite with all who know him.

Children will Think.

After scratching his head and thinking for some moments, a Grand Rapids boy said to his mother: "If God makes a stock of little boy and girl babies and give them to married folks, it seems funny to me that they look so much like their papas and mammas every time."—*Detroit Tribune.*

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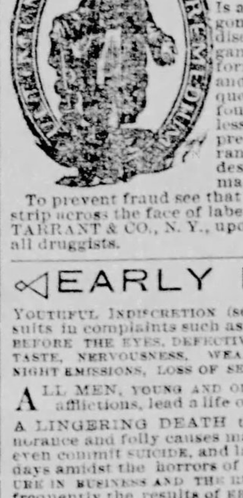

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THE PROHIBITION WAVE ADVANCING.

There is no stronger proof of the growth of Prohibition sentiment in the United States than the fact that, in compliance with the demand of the people, the legislatures of several states have already submitted to a popular vote the question of amending the organic state law by the adoption of Prohibitory clauses. This is the case in four states already this year—New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Nebraska.

It is to be regretted that the campaign in New Hampshire will be so short. The vote is to be taken at the town meetings in March. In this case, too, the question of Prohibition is not submitted alone, but there are several other amendments which are submitted at the same time. After this election, there can be no change in the state constitution until 1896, as the constitution itself provides that a convention shall meet but once in seven years, and there is no other method for its amendment provided. A proposed amendment which excites much interest is the one changing the time for the meeting of the state legislature. Next to it comes the Prohibitory amendment, which it is believed will carry. The time is short, however, to properly educate that portion of the people who have not hitherto had their attention directed to this matter; but it is to be hoped that the majority already are convinced of the benefits of a Prohibition policy, and that the amendment will be adopted.

The contest in Pennsylvania is squarely on the adoption of a Prohibitory amendment. The election occurs on June 18, and is in no wise complicated by coming at the same time as the state election, which takes place in November. The length of the campaign, too, is ample. Four months and a half should be sufficient to do an immense amount of missionary work in favor of the measure. There is a strong interest already manifested all over the state, and the indications are that the contest there will be the most hotly contested and the most interesting of the four. The state of Pennsylvania has already a high license law, which has operated largely to reduce the number of saloons in the state. Of course all true friends of temperance know that such laws, while operating as a check upon the Rum Power, are to be regarded, in the mighty struggle to free the land from its domination, as merely a step in desired direction. License, or tax, or regulative statutes of any kind, simply act as restrictive measures. Prohibition crushes out the open saloon, destroys the Rum Power, puts the traffic under the ban of the law, and makes Rum-sellers criminals and law-breakers.

We believe the majority sentiment of the people of Pennsylvania is to-day in favor of the amendment. The main danger in the contest, if the fight is strongly and persistently made, is that there may be a class of temperance people in the state who are skeptical whether so radical a measure as Prohibition can be made effective in the great cities, and who may be afraid to abandon the present high license law, which has admittedly been beneficial, to try what they regard as the uncertainties of Prohibition. To them we have this to say—and we ask every one of the nearly 12,000 subscribers to THE BLADE in the Keystone State to see that the point is made clear to every high license voter in their respective neighborhoods: License is all right as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. So long as a saloon is allowed to open its doors within the great state of Pennsylvania, so long will the temptation to drink be before the young and the morally weak. Do not fear to test the amendment. Prohibition *does* prohibit. The fact that Rum can be obtained at many points in states already having Prohibition in the constitution is no argument against its adoption. And we will explain why:

There is no city in which there are not abandoned women, and houses of resort for themselves and their debased male companions. Now, is that fact a valid argument against the laws which prohibit such things? Think for a moment of the condition of affairs if all such laws were repealed, and it would not be unlawful for these gilded palaces of sin to open their doors anywhere, even on the most prominent streets of the city; if these women were allowed, with impunity, to constantly importune men and boys to enter their dens! What would be the effect on public morals, and especially upon the morals of the rising generation? Nothing is more true than that familiarity with a vice dulls our moral sensibilities, and we first endure, and then embrace it. Now, such a state of affairs as is above supposed regarding the social evil, is the counterpart of that actually existing to-day regarding the liquor traffic in Pennsylvania, and in all other states where Prohibition is not the rule. To put the Rum traffic, the open saloon, under the ban of the law, by adopting Prohibition, will be to do what has actually been done regarding the social evil. It is not totally extinguished, but it is driven into holes and corners. Its resorts are not on every street, and temptation is not before every passer-by. It is useless, possibly, to attempt to prevent men who are already the slaves of Rum from obtaining it unlawfully; but it saves all others from the danger of becoming its victims—a thing that high license can never do. We shall, in successive issues of the BLADE, discuss the Prohibition problem in Pennsylvania more at length.

The resolution which has just been adopted by the General Court (i. e., legislature) of Massachusetts submits the following to the vote of the people:

Article of Amendment. The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are prohibited. The General Court shall enact suitable legislation to enforce the the provisions of this article.

The vote on the resolution in the senate was 29 to 8—the 29 ayes being Republicans, and 6 of the 8 negative votes those of Democrats. In the house it passed by 161 to 69—the yeas being 160 Republicans and 1 independent Democrat; the nays, 13 Republicans and 56 Democrats. The amendment goes to the people by the vote of the Republican party against the solid opposition of the Democratic party. The Republican party pledged itself to submit this question to the people; it has fulfilled its pledge, and the question is now taken out of the domain of party politics. The danger in the old Bay State arises from the fact that it now has an excellent local option and high license law. There are thousands of temperance men, both Republicans and Democrats, who believe in Prohibition, and thousands of others who believe that the present local option law is sufficient. Upon the latter, we urge the same argument that is given above as against high license in Pennsylvania. We believe that local option has shown the people of Massachusetts that there is no real remedy for the Rum evil but in Prohibition. The matter will be submitted to a vote in May or June. It has been under discussion in that state for three or four years, and the people are enlightened upon it. Let every man opposed to the Rum Power vote for the amendment.

In Nebraska the battle is a square one between Prohibition and high license. Two propositions are to be submitted to the popular vote—one for a Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution, the other for high license. That plan was tried in Ohio in 1883. The license amendment was buried under a mountain of negative votes; the Prohibitory amendment came very close upon carrying. We hope that in Nebraska it will carry by a triumphant majority. If the battle were between free Rum and high license, the BLADE would unhesitatingly endorse the latter, for the reason that it is better to chain the devil than to have him entirely loose. As between Prohibition and high license, we are for Prohibition every time; for it is infinitely better to kill the devil than to have him alive, even if chained. So long as you have license, you have the saloon; and so long as you have the saloon, your boys and young men fall into temptation, and becomes the slaves of drink. Read the following extract, which puts the truth in a clear light:

The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The Minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year, but the Minotaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Restrictive measures are well enough, so long as we are not strong enough to crush the enemy; but when the opportunity is given to deal him a death-blow, put forth all your strength, and strike home. Strike for your home, for your boys, and for the best interests of the people. The struggle with Rum is one that cannot be compromised. It must end in the triumph either of Rum or of Prohibition. There is no middle ground between on which the forces of the saloon and of Prohibition can meet and be friends. Do not hesitate an instant, men of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Nebraska! Array yourselves on the side of the amendment, for through the triumph of Prohibition is the only way effectually to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

IT may be of interest to our Western friends who are worrying because they think there is a process of contraction of the currency going on, to know that on the 1st of the present month, according to the Treasury department, the money in circulation was the largest in amount ever recorded. Here is a comparison of the circulation now with that of one year ago:

	Feb. 1, 1889.	Feb. 1, 1888.
Gold coin.....	$380,116,365	$398,661,926
Silver dollars.	58,574,861	62,076,977
Subsidiary silver..........	52,440,129	51,325,993
Gold certificates..........	130,986,592	104,853,971
Silver certificates..........	245,337,438	179,321,053
United States notes..........	317,234,518	328,665,547
National bank notes..........	223,829,799	258,075,421
Total.......	$1,408,519,692	$1,382,981,421

It is to be noted that the diminution of gold coin was $18,545,561, and the increase of gold certificates was $26,132,621. The diminution of silver dollars was $3,502,116, but the increase in silver certificates amounted to $66,016,385. During the year the bank note circulation fell off $34,245,622. It is a significant fact that the bank notes are now only about one-sixth of the outstanding money circulation of the country.

THOSE who have been opposed to the Nicaragua canal bill because of the possibility that the United States might become financially responsible for its completion, will certainly have their fears set at rest by the following very explicit paragraph which was added to the measure before its final passage:

Nothing in this act shall be so construed as to commit the United States to any liability whatever for or on account of said company; nor shall the United States be held in anywise liable or responsible in any form or by any implication for any debt or liability in any form which said company may incur, nor be held as guaranteeing any engagement or contract of said company, or as having assumed by virtue of this act or otherwise any responsibility for the acts or proceedings of said company in any foreign country, or contracts or engagements entered into in the United States.

SOMEHOW our Democratic friends, in their preachments on "trusts" and combinations to increase the price of articles to consumers, are silent as the grave over the convention of the growers of white burley tobacco of Kentucky, which adopted a resolution that white burley acreage of the year 1889 should be curtailed at least 45 per cent below the acreage of 1888, and whose members pledged themselves to such reduction. The openly avowed object of this action is the increase of prices by a reduction of surplus stocks. It is a trust, and as abominable in its way as any other that can be named.

DOES crime run in cycles? It almost seems so. One suicide is generally followed by another. A murder is often but the predecessor of another and more revolting one, and instances multiply themselves so often that one is led to believe that there must be something in the theory. In Chicago, for instance, during the present week, there have been three women killed by their husbands or lovers, and each instance the murderer in turn shot himself. In each instance, also, jealousy was the cause of the crime.

THROUGH the salutary effect of the prohibitory law, the number of convicts in the Iowa penitentiary has decreased, within the past two years, from 316 to 227. Examples like this are object lessons for temperance workers, and furnish an irrefutable argument for an extension of the effort everywhere to pulverize the Rum Power.

AN ARMED CAMP.

In view of the utterance of General WOLSELEY, that a mighty European war is impending, which must necessarily result in an entire reconstruction of the map of Europe, the fighting strength of the continental countries becomes a matter of interest. Investigation shows that it is really not beyond the bounds of truth to speak of Europe as an armed camp. The most recent figures show that the total of the standing armies of Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Turkey and the Balkan states foots up the tremendous total of 10,480,000 men. To these, in case of hostilities, must be added the "second reserves," which give 8,335,000 additional men, and the "third reserves," which again will add 9,195,000 more men to the fighting forces in case of war.

If the great war which WOLSELEY believes to be impending shall become general—and it is the opinion of many competent observers that it will—there is the possibility of the grand total of these three divisions, or some 28,000,000 men in all, becoming engaged. Of these men, more than two-thirds are now engaged in civil pursuits. With the outbreak of war they would be hurried from the office, the field and the workshop; and commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests would be virtually paralyzed.

To understand the more clearly the relation this immense possible army bears to the population, let us take the case of Germany, which must necessarily be the central figure in the struggle of the Titans when it comes. The total population of the German Empire is about 47,000,000, of which at least 24,000,000 are females, and about 14,000,000 males are not of suitable age for military service, being either too young, too old, or physically unfit. This leaves but about 9,000,000 men of military fitness. More than one-fourth of these would have to don their uniforms, and abandon their civil occupations, the moment war was declared; and in the event of an entrance having been effected by the enemy on German territory, more than one-half would have to join the colors

It is interesting to note the existing arrangements for mobilizing existing armies. In case of a sudden call, Germany could place 230,000 men, fully equipped, across the French frontier, and in one week could increase this force to 750,000. In three days she could put 120,000 men on Russian soil, or 100,000 in Austria. Austria could put 60,000 troops across the Russian frontier in three days; while Russia could, in the same time, put 25,000 in Austria, and increase this force to 100,000 inside of a week. France is already well prepared to move troops, and is increasing her railway facilities against Germany. She can now place 200,000 men on the frontier in three days, and 700,000 within a week.

The tremendous nature of the conflict that will ensue when the clash of arms comes can be dimly realized from these figures. It will be more appalling than any war known to history, and it will probably not be between two powers alone, but will involve all the countries named in the above. Its results can hardly be conjectured, save the general probability that Russia and Germany will divide the continent, outside of Italy and the Spanish peninsula, between them, or set up puppet states in place of the defeated nationalities.

THE OHIO MAN AGAIN.

There is a belief in political circles that Hon. WILLIAM WINDOM, of Minnesota, stands an excellent chance of appointment as secretary of the Treasury. Mr. WINDOM is a native of Ohio, and his career has been one of which the state may be proud. He came from Knox county, of solid Quaker farmer stock. He was born May 10, 1827, studied law in Mount Vernon, in the office of Judge HURD, the father of the famous free trader, FRANK HURD, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Knox county in 1852, serving two years.

He removed to Minnesota in 1855, and elected for four successive terms to the House of Representatives—the Thirty-sixth to the Thirty-ninth Congress, inclusive. In 1870 the governor of Minnesota appointed him to fill out an unexpired term in the United States Senate, and he was elected by the legislature for the full term, and re-elected. In 1881 he entered GARFIELD'S Cabinet as secretary of the Treasury, where he remained until the ARTHUR administration, when he was succeeded by Mr. FOLGER.

The reappointment of Mr. WINDOM to this position would be met with favor. He is a Western man, but New York would probably be satisfied with him, as he has been largely interested in business affairs in the metropolis since his retirement from politics, and the New Yorkers have grown to look upon him as one of themselves. If he be chosen, he and BLAINE will fill the the two principal places in HARRISON'S Cabinet, as the did in GARFIELD'S.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THE white people of Georgia are just waking up to a realization of the fact that among the persons born since the war the ratio of illiteracy is greater than among the negroes; that in many localities the pro rata school attendance of colored children is greater than that of white children, and that, while the white children, on an average, have an opportunity for but three months' tuition in free schools per year, the negro children, through outside contributions for their schooling and a remarkable enthusiasm among the colored people for education, get none. Some of these days, if these conditions continue, the colored race of Georgia will be better educated, on the average, than the whites; and the better educated race is always the most powerful. When that day comes it will be safe to predict that the colored citizens of Georgia will not submit to the practical disfranchisement which now prevails.

FIFTY women of Prosser, Adams county, Nebraska, got tired of the existence of an unlicensed saloon and gambling house, which the authorities refused to close, and took the matter into their own hands. Lumps of coal broke the front windows, while their husbands and sons fled out of the rear. It was not exactly lawful, but it at least had the merit of being effectual.

GOVERNOR RUSK, of Wisconsin, is counted as a possibility for secretary of War. He would make a most excellent one. He was an old soldier, a man of great executive ability, and withal blessed with that somewhat uncommon endowment, plenty of common sense. General HARRISON might go further and fare worse in choosing a secretary of War.

SENATOR CHACE, of Rhode Island, got a quick answer yesterday, when he objected to raising "a little strip of land like Oklahoma to the dignity of a territory." "It's bigger than Rhode Island," shot back COCKRELL in an instant," and for a little time the Senators forgot their dignity and laughed, while CHACE called Missouri barbarous.

THE proposed millers' trust will "raise" flour quicker than "salt risin'."

SEWELL AND BAYARD.

Mr. SEWELL, who was recently consul to Samoa, but is so no longer on account of a trifling difference of opinion with Mr. BAYARD, does not think as highly of the secretary of State as he formally did. There is nothing especially strange about this, as Mr. BAYARD is not the most popular individual in the world these days. Mr. SEWELL, however, has a grievance which is of a more serious nature, and which demands the attention of the country, or at least would demand it, were it not that Mr. BAYARD will be out off office in so short a time it does not make much real difference now what he does do. It seems that Mr. BAYARD got it into his head that a certain condition of things existed at Samoa, and he called Mr. SEWELL home to tell the Senate committee on foreign relation how right he was. Where Mr. BAYARD got his information no one seems to know exactly. Perhaps he had been reading the German papers, or maybe he dreamed it. At any rate, he was positive that he knew all about the matter, but still, as a matter of form, he would summon Mr. SEWELL home from Samoa just as a matter of corroborative form, you know. But somehow or other Mr. SEWELL took a different view of the situation. He was fresh from Samoa, he knew and thoroughly understood the situation, and his feelings had been outraged by the actions of the Germans in those waters. He went before the Senate committee, and he told it what he knew. He told the truth, and behold that truth was something totally different and at exact variance with the ideas which Mr. BAYARD had either dreamt or derived from German newspapers. Then was Mr. BAYARD wroth, and in his wrath he arose and swung his ax, and Mr. SEWELL'S head went into the basket. Speaking of the matter, Mr. SEWELL said, "I did not tender my resignation. I had done nothing wrong. I had too much respect for Mr. Bayard to assume that I had offended him by my testimony before the committee. Besides, I was under oath to tell all I knew of Samoan affairs and to withhold nothing. The views I expressed on the situation and the remedy necessary were at the request of the committee. It was not for me to consider whether those views agreed with Mr. Bayard's or not. I do know, however, that my views coincide with those of all Americans who have given the matter any thought, the State department excepted, for which I cannot speak. I believe with Secretary WHITNEY, that a definite policy should be adopted in Samoa. To send our ships there with only their present instructions is simply to submit their officers and men to humiliation, or, as Secretary WHITNEY (using a polite term out of respect, I suppose, to Mr. BAYARD) terms 'irritating conditions' from which their self-respect makes them revolt. But Secretary BAYARD cannot punish Secretary WHITNEY or Mr. BATES. I am the weakest and am, therefore, singled out for sacrifice."

THE IOWA RAILWAY DECISION.

Judge BREWER, of the United States Circuit court for the eighth circuit, ha rendered a railway decision of the highest importance. The state of Iowa has a stringent law for the regulation of railways, in which the power to fix rates is vested in a board of state railroad commissioners. The Iowa roads rebelled against the rates decided upon by this body, and applied to the United Stater Circuit court for an injunction against the enforcement of the commissioners' schedule. Judge BREWER denied the request. It is probable that the case will be taken to the United States Supreme court, but it is the opinion of leading jurists that the principle laid down by Judge BREWER will be endorsed by that body. This principle is in effect that the federal government has no power to interfere with the states in matters concerning their own internal affairs, except there be an express grant of power, in the national constitution, to the United States which covers the point at issue; that there is no such provision giving authority to interfere in this case, and that therefore the regulation of railway rates is a matter entirely with the states.

The dominant element in Iowa is the farming population, and this is unfriendly to the railways, because of what is deemed extortionate rates and unfair discriminations. The state claims the right to control the roads within her boundaries, and Judge BREWER'S decision confirms that right. The railroad commissioners claim that the schedule of rates they have prepared is amply sufficient, after paying operating expenses, to bring the companies a fair return upon the money actually invested in their lines, and that the people should not be expected to pay them sufficient to bring them the same returns on watered stock as on the real capital invested. The railroad companies, on the other hand, declare that they will eventually be driven to bankruptcy if this schedule is enforced for any great length of time. The true remedy would seem to be, if the railways are really suffering hardships in Iowa, that they shall appeal to the public, and make such a showing in their own behalf as will remove the prejudice against them, and allow the election of a legislature which will legislate for their proper relief.

WE NEED CUBA.

With this impression of THE BLADE is printed an interview with JAMES G. BLAINE, which is of the greatest importance. Mr. BLAINE'S views on any subject are of interest. Were he to pass an opinion upon the weather it would at least be entitled to consideration. But when the man who will, in all human probability, be at the head of the state department in the next administration talks freely on foreign relations, it comes as near being official as can well be had in this world of disappointments. Furthermore, Mr. BLAINE gives reasons for his ideas. There is little use of talking about annexing Canada, he says, because we cannot get her unless she is willing, and it is only children who cry for what is out of their reach. Cuba, however, can be had, and should be obtained. With the source of all yellow fever under her control, the United States could soon stamp out that dreadful disease, and that one relief alone would be worth double the money the island would cost. Again, Cuba commands the Mexican Gulf, and its value as a strategic point is great. It is a defense to the mouth of the Mississippi river, and would be a protection to all the country which that great river drains. It is furthermore a fertile country, and would make a paying investment on its own account. Altogether Mr. BLAINE is firmly persuaded that the United States needs Cuba, and it is betraying no confidence in asserting that Mr. BLAINE is going to have considerable influence with the incoming administration.

UP in the Northwest they are figuring on stiffer prices for wheat. There are only about 17,000,000 bushels in sight now, as against twice that amount a year ago, and it is estimated that only some 6,000,000 bushels are yet in the farmers' hands. The higher price will not come in time to do the farmers much good, while it will run up the price of bread to the consumer.

IT must be a trifle annoying to so distinguished a gentleman as Senator PAYNE, but somehow or other people don't seem to be able to help it. The minute he announces himself as a candidate for anything everybody sets to talking about Standard Oil.

ADULTERATED BUTTER.

The commissioner of Internal Revenue believes that the custom of adulterating butter with oleomargarine is largely prevalent among large producers, and asserts that it is the duty of Collectors of Internal Revenue to investigate wherever such adulteration is suspected. He also says that for the first time the Internal Revenue service is able to apply simple and conclusive tests by which the presence of even a very small percentage of adulteration may be detected. Chairman HATCH, of the House committee on Agriculture, also expresses the belief that the adulteration of butter is commonly practiced at creameries and by large farmers, and that it is the duty of the Internal Revenue officials to enforce the oleomargarine law in all such cases.

The commissioner of Internal Revenue bases his suspicions of butter adulteration upon the fact that an amount of "oleo oil" nearly equal to that used in the manufacture of oleomargarine annually finds its way to other consumers, and must be employed in the secret adulteration of butter and cheese, or in the manufacture of imitations of those articles. During the past fiscal year 69,000,000 pounds of "oleo oil" was manufactured in this country; and, after deducting the entire amount exported and the amount consumed in the manufacture of oleomargarine, 27,000,000 pounds remain to be accounted for, which must have been used in adulteration.

It is clearly due to both the consumers, who pay their money for "pure" butter, and also to the accused dealers, that a thorough investigation shall be made. There is a simple microscopic test by which, it is said, the presence of the smallest percentage of adulteration in butter can be readily detected. If the commissioner is correct in his belief in the conclusive and effective nature of this test, there is no practical obstacle to the threatened enforcement of the oleomargarine law as applicable to adulterated butter. The following extract from the recent report of the commissioner of internal revenue is of particular interest in connection with this subject:

The statement as to the production and use of oleo oil shows that more than 27,000,000 pounds, out of a product during the year of 69,000,000 pounds of this substance, invented for the sole purpose of being used in the manufacture of a butter substance, was neither exported nor used, as shown by reports received at this office, in the manufacture of oleomargarine. The question as to what actually becomes of this material will never be satisfactorily answered until the manufacturers thereof are compelled to account for it with the same particularity as they are required to account for the article subject to tax, and I renew the recommendations on this subject made in my last annual report.

It is doubtless used in the manufacture of some food product, such, for instance, as cheese. It cannot be economically used as a lubricant in the face of the fact that its market price is nearly double the price of tallow. The examinations in laboratories of articles sold as butter, but suspected of being oleomargarine, have been found inadequate to meet the demands of a service covering a territory whose area is 3,611,849 square miles. Accordingly efforts have been made to secure reliable tests, which can be used on the spot where the suspected article is found, and the bureau has decided to adopt a convenient form of microscope for the examination of suspected butter in all parts of the country.

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

Queen VICTORIA is in trouble. Like most of her troubles it all comes out of a social question. The Shah of Persia is on another European tour, and has expressed an intention of visiting England. Now, the Shah is a royal personage, and must be royally entertained. But at the same time he is so badly infected with the idea that his sole mission in life is to get drunk, that he is not exactly the kind of visitor one likes to take into the bosom of one's family, even if all the daughters are married off. Were the Shah contented to get drunk in something like an orderly fashion, and give even a reasonably fair imitation of trying to behave himself, the thing might be endured for a week or two, but when a man's idea of quiet amusement is breaking mirrors and china, and of subdued hilarity, igniting a house so he can see the fire department turn out, it is surely not a sign of bad temper if the hostess gets a trifle irritated once in a while. Still he is a potentate, and must be entertained; but the line will be drawn on inviting him to Buckingham Palace. A private house will be engaged for him, and everybody will pray he does not stay longer than a week. Providence may interfere in the Queen's behalf, as the Shah is to visit the Czar of all the Russias first, and when these two royal drunkards get together there is a chance for one or both of them drinking themselves to death.

ETHICS OF A STRIKE.

Now that the New York street car strike is over one naturally wonders what it was ever begun for. The company has won and the strikers are the losers. Whether the wage system is the best or the worst that can be devised, is not worth discussing. The fact is, it is the system in use now, and there is no more use in trying to overlook that fact than there would be for a man who has lost his legs to attempt to play foot ball. Under the wage system there are two or three plain rules that one might as well try to make point lace out of raw ox hide as to ignore. One is, that if a man don't want to work for another man he cannot be made to. If he is unwilling to work for certain wages he is free to refuse. If he enters into an agreement with any number of men, all refusing to work for any man or set of men, it is simply his and their affair. But if he goes further than this and not only refuses to work but denies the right of others to work, using violence to enforce that denial, he is going outside of his own bailiwick and interfering with that other man's business, a thing which cannot, either in law or equity, be allowed. The result in New York was simply that a million people were put to inconvenience and hardship so that an organized body could riot for a few days and then go back to work.

ONE of the good things that has been accomplished by the Republican victory in Delaware is the adoption of a resolution by the legislature deciding that a constitutional convention had been properly ordered by the people. It was passed by a strict party vote, which was not to be wondered at, as Bourbon supremacy in that state depends on the abominable election laws and the inequalities of representation decreed by the present constitution. This instrument was adopted over a century ago. The center of the movement for its revision is in the city of Wilmington, which, with a population almost equal to the rest of the state put together, has but two of the thirty members of the legislature. Wilmington is clamoring for a change, and deserves to have it. If the constitutional convention fails to do its duty, the voters of the state will have to rally under the Republican banner and use other measures to remove the coating of Bourbon moss from the spinal column of the little state.

"DAN" is going to New York to engage with a railroad corporation, after March 4 throws him out of a job. With DAN in a corporation, and GROVER as a corporation lawyer, the present administration will be snugly provided for.

IT has passed into a proverb that to go into the Cabinet is sure death to all Presidential aspirations. Perhaps this is at the bottom of the declination of SHERMAN and ALLISON to join HARRISON'S confidential advisers.

SENATOR DANIEL has a bill for a new kind of civil service examination. Senator DANIEL is a Democrat whose party is going out of office.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Toledo Daily Blade, Feb. 12.

Eighty years ago to-day there was born in an humble log cabin in the wilds of Hardin (now in Larue) county, Kentucky, a child who was destined, under the leadings of Providence, to exert a mightier influence upon the political history of his country than any single man in all her annals, save, perhaps, GEORGE WASHINGTON alone. That child of eighty years ago, of such obscure parentage, became the sixteenth President of the United States, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Emancipator.

As time rolls on, and we get further from the mighty drama of the Great Rebellion, we are enabled to obtain a view of the man and his work in a truer historical perspective, and are therefore the better prepared to judge of the real LINCOLN. The twenty-four years that have elapsed since his tragic death at the hands of a fanatical assassin form an avenue which brings us to a point sufficiently distant to be able to appreciate the true grandeur of the man, his steadfast courage for the eternal right, his unfaltering patriotism and loyalty to the Union, and the many qualities that endeared him to every loyal American through the long years of civil strife.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the man destined to control the events which closed the sixty odd years of compromise between freedom and the slave power. The union of the original thirteen colonies was an impossibility without this bargain; and like all other compromises, it was unsatisfactory to both sides. Then came the era of national development, and as the North grew more rapidly in proportion than the South, the slave oligarchy, realizing its danger, began an aggressive course to increase its borders and perpetuate its control of the nation—for, through the subserviency of an element in the North represented by the Democratic party, the slave power practically ruled.

Looking back at the situation when LINCOLN took his seat as Chief Executive, one is inclined to smile at the doubts and fears that dominated the minds of many of the then leaders of the Republican party concerning LINCOLN'S ability to meet the grave situation confronting him. But it is to be remembered that his real ability was unknown. The supreme hour had come, but no one knew that the very man to meet its mighty exigencies had been selected in the homely rail-splitter of Illinois. The test of true worth and fitness is that of trial. Like ITHURIEL'S spear, whose mere touch compelled the true form to appear, the test of exigency brought LINCOLN, the statesman, the leader of men, out of the somewhat grotesque personality that had been the butt of political squib and satire.

As the years roll on, the historic fact becomes clearer and clearer that the federal compact contained, from the time of its adoption, a compromise between two irreconcilable ideas—slavery and freedom. That the struggle to conserve the former was necessarily hopeless from the first, we can now plainly see; but it made a mighty struggle for existence and supremacy, and finally adopted "the last resort of kings"—the sword. In the throes of civil war national freedom was born. As WHITTIER wrote:

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God re-cast
And mold anew the nation!
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire!"

In this supreme crisis, ABRAHAM LINCOLN realized what no other leader saw save dimly, that slavery must be swept out of existence that the nation might live. The great Emancipator was the founder of a new nation, whose corner-stone was freedom and equality, and not a compromise between right and wrong. And wielding worthily the power entrusted to his hands, with his pen he swept slavery into the past, that "a government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth." As the years roll on, his name will shine brighter and brighter on the roll of fame, as his real greatness becomes the plainer, and the mists of political animosity and prejudice are swept away.

HOODWINKING BAYARD.

The opinion seems to be gaining ground that Germany and England are working harmoniously but secretly together to promote their own territorial interests in the Pacific ocean. Germany is determined to acquire the Samoan islands, and Great Britain is credited with similar aspirations as regards the Hawaiian group. If these conjectures be true, then it follows that Mr. BAYARD has been fooled to the top of his bent by BISMARCK, and that the assurances given to the Secretary that Germany had no design of absorbing Samoa, and the famous agreement which he claims was entered into by himself and the representatives of Great Britain and Germany, were all insincere, and designed only to hoodwink Mr. BAYARD into continuing a policy of inaction until Germany can find a reasonable pretext for taking possession of the islands.

The statements of our consul general at Apia, Mr. SEWELL, who was called to Washington to tell what he knew of German aggressions to the Senate committee on Foreign Relations, which is given in our news columns to-day, bear out strongly the view given above. In point of fact, there can be no reason for German interference in the politics of the little kingdom—for her espousal of the cause of the usurper TAMASESE, the deportation of King MALIETOA, and the active efforts to crush MATAAFA in his upholding of the cause of the captive King, save a design to absorb the islands. The steps yet to follow are plain. Claims of injury to the property of German residents will be trumped up, and be backed by BISMARCK; the people will be unable to pay the indemnity demanded, and the claim will be settled by German occupation. The game has been played often enough for the close observer to be familiar with the moves yet to come. Mr. BAYARD has been played with, deceived, and the United States government placed in an absurd position. Meanwhile, what is BAYARD going to do about it?

We believe that the halt called by BISMARCK in Samoa was due far less to Secretary BAYARD'S protests than to the triumph of BOULANGER the other day. The latter event points to possible complications in European politics, and the Iron Chancellor does not wish to have any quarrel elsewhere, if France is to again insist upon the wager of battle with her hereditary foe. But the duty of the United States government is plain in this matter. We have been given by treaty a coaling-station at Pago-Pago. It should be occupied at once, and in permanency. Our footing on the islands can not be questioned by anybody. Why has not BAYARD done this? It is silly to wait for a crisis that is clearly foreseen to be inevitable. If BAYARD had one iota of proper national feeling, he would move in the matter without delay, and he would have an overwhelming majority of public sentiment with him.

AND now Canada is going to vote on the question of being annexed to the United States. She seems to forget that leap year is over and it's the man's business to do the proposing. Still it would be just as well to know her mind in the matter.

DEMOCRATIC exchanges seem much exercised over the fact that Private Secretary HALFORD delivered a temperance lecture the other night. But then there would not be many Democrats if folks stopped drinking whisky.

SECRETARY BAYARD evidently did not know that Consul SEWALL was loaded.

OUR METHOD OF HANDLING THE NEWS.

With to-day's issue of the Weekly BLADE we begin a new arrangement of the weekly record of important news, which will be found on the eighth page. Of course it is impossible to give *everything;* hence a "sifting" method must be employed. We shall endeavor to take those things of general interest to readers everywhere—matters which are as important, in a news sense, to our subscribers in Kansas as in Pennsylvania—and so present them as to make them not only readable, but thoroughly understood, by the use of such explanations as may be needed to make them clear.

The eighth page to-day does not by any means realize our complete ideal. It is but a beginning, which we shall endeavor to improve upon, week by week, until it satisfies us, and also, we hope, our readers. We intend to keep them fully abreast of the times on all matters in which every intelligent person is interested. The busy man will have the news of the week in compact, readable and easily understood form. Toledo lies midway between the East and West, and our facilities for obtaining news are of the best. Hence our readers will get the news of the day up to the moment of going to press.

The teaching of news in the public schools is followed by an increasing number of the best teachers, and these will find the BLADE exactly what they desire for this purpose. Parents will also find it simply invaluable as a means of interesting their children in the world's progress, and we believe the new feature will add to the estimation in which the BLADE'S patrons hold their favorite paper. Open to the eighth page, give the "News of the Week" a careful perusal, and judge for yourselves of the improvement.

We may say that this policy is to be pursued in all the departments of the paper, and we hope to make them all so compact, so good, that each issue of the BLADE will be equal, in actual value and interest, to at least two papers of the same size, but of the ordinary kind. Our aim is to make the BLADE not only interesting, but valuable, to its patrons, and worth many times its price every year to every one of them.

Our story, too—"The Follett Curse"—we are glad to say, meets with general favor. We receive letters of commendation in every mail. We are glad to have these marks of satisfaction from the great BLADE family, and to know that our efforts and heavy expenditures are appreciated by our subscribers.

CHANGES IN THE DOW LIQUOR LAW IN OHIO.

Leading citizens of Alliance have sent out a petition for a change in the Dow law, which will insure its enforcement in localities where the local option feature has been adopted. The change asked is a simple one, and the demand most reasonable. The reason given is of the best, and consists in the simple argument, that if you pass a law by all means enforce it. There are of course a few people who have an idea that laws are simply passed for the purpose of giving employment to the legislators who pass them, the printers who read them and the lawyers who see that they are not enforced. But the people of Alliance look at it in another light. They believe that when the legislature of Ohio gave them the opportunity to express their will, and when they did so express it by voting that no intoxicating liquors would be sold in the bailiwick, that no such liquors were to be sold. It would certainly seem at least reasonable. But strange to say they find that, although according to every clause in every law in the state that bears on the conditions existing there no liquor should be sold, yet liquor is sold, and sold in a way that defies both decency and authority. So they ask that the law be so changed that when any contraband liquor be found it can be destroyed after sufficient proof of its character has been given, and that the offender be fined $1,000 when convicted. With this end in view, petitions to the legislature asking for the change are being circulated. They are being numerously signed, and the good people of Alliance promise that if the legislature will only give them the chance they will stamp out whisky selling in their locality or know the reason why.

ENGLAND'S WHEAT MARKETS.

These figures will prove of interest to every American. On January 17, 1889, wheat on passage from *all countries* to the United Kingdom amounted to 16,588,000 bushels. Of this amount Atlantic seaports contribute the insignificant amount of 28,000 bushels, while India alone contributes 2,128,000 bushels.

Exports of wheat from India in 1888, bushels, 31,360,000.

Exports of wheat from United States in 1888, bushels, 27,341,431.

Azov and Black Sea, Danube, Chili, Australasia, Persia and other countries are now discounting the United States in wheat exports.

The exports from India in 1888 show an increase of 6,760,000 bushels wheat over 1887.

ONCE in a long while a court puts a little common sense into its discussions. Whiskey dealers have been claiming and been allowed to bring liquor into the state if the original packages were not broken, thus completely nullifying the prohibition laws of the state. Finally the Supreme court took the bull by the horns. It announced that the law was passed to keep whisky out of the state. That it made little difference in what form it came in, that men could get just as drunk on it in one package as another. And consequently the whisky would have to stay out. Attorneys for the saloon men declare it is bad law, but the people seem to have an idea it is common sense.

PROHIBITION IN ILLINOIS.

People who desire prohibition in Illinois have devised a clever way of getting it. It would take a two-thirds vote to pass a proposition for a constitutional amendment through the legislature, and that is not obtainable, not this session at least. But there are so many changes which different interests want made in the organic law of Illinois that a proposition is pending to call a constitutional convention. If this is done, the prohibitionists can come in with their measure along with the others that are being agitated, and have a fair chance of getting it through.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S action in dismissing Commissioner EDGERTON was childish, but then the desire for revenge is a childish feeling which most men carry all through their lives.

LONDON police think they have the genuine Jack the Ripper at last. The manner of his arrest was that he had descended to so ordinary and every day a crime as murdering his own wife.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Another crank is to attempt to go through the Niagara rapids May 23.

The Emperor of China is allowed $2,500,000 a year for his household department.

A young man died in La Grande, Ore., recently from the effects of over-exertion in dancing.

A new magazine for the blind in raised Braille type will shortly make its appearance in London.

In the last days of Napoleon there were as many as 16,000 Americans in Paris. Now there are no more than 3,000.

The temperance members of the Brooklyn labor unions say that if there could be a strike without liquor it would succeed.

A case is engaging the attention of one of the courts at Springfield, Mo., in which the defendant stole ten cents worth of corn.

The biggest steam derrick in the world is at the Hamburg docks. It can pick up a ten-wheel locomotive and place it on a steamship.

Dr. Schliemann, the archæologist, is master of fourteen languages. In his youth he was a sailor before the mast on a German vessel.

King Otto of Bavaria, has had such prolonged lucid intervals lately that some hope is entertained of a permanent recovery of his reason.

"Unruly Girl—Wanted, a high-class school where the rod is used," is the wording of an advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of a London paper.

The Paris municipality reserves the right of revising every five years the maximum tariff of the electric lighting companies and of lowering the same.

The Homœopathic Hospital in Philadelphia was successful in restoring all patients from typhoid fever last year without the use of alcoholic stimulants.

Adam Forepaugh has been made an honorary member of the Philadelphia Zoological society. Chauncey M. Depew may yet be proud of his resemblance to Mr. Forepaugh.

Whittier says he never had a birthday that was more satisfactory to him than the last was. His first was more important, but that was so long ago that he has forgotten about it.

A Norwegian engineer locates leaks in a ship while in dry dock by filling the vessel with smoke. The leaks are soon shown by an escape of smoke, the process requiring only 30 or 40 minutes.

A San Francisco man agreed to marry his housekeeper if she proved herself competent. She burned the biscuit, lost a good husband, and has a breach of promise suit on her hands.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the wedding of Queen Victoria falls upon February 10. The Queen's household drink to her health. The day's ceremony is solemn and cheerless.

Queen Victoria has announced her intention of relaxing the strict requirement for decollete dresses at drawing rooms, from which so many ladies who have had to wait outside have caught cold.

John Bartlett, the compiler of the famous "Familiar Quotations" and "Shakespeare Quotations," has just retired from the firm of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, of which he was the senior member.

According to careful calculations made by a British clergyman of note and just published Protestants have increased during the last 100 years from 37,000,000 to 134,000,000, or nearly fourfold.

A lazy genius in Maryland has invented an automatic fishing pole, which, by the aid of stout spiral springs, yanks out the unwary denizens of the streams while the fisherman smokes and reads in peace.

In spite of the increased efficiency of the fire department made possible by the use of the telegraph, modern fires in England show a more destructive tendency and an increase in the percentage of lives lost.

The Empress Frederick will get 5,000,000 francs under the will of the duchess of Galicia. She receives an annuity of £40,000 as queen dowager of Prussia, and is richly provided for by her late husband.

Prof. Richards, of Yale, has made a study of the records of 2,425 students in order to determine the relation of athletics to scholarship, and finds that athletes fall a little below the non-athletes in the averages.

Hook has left on record what he considered his own best pun. It was made on seeing a defaced wall-chalker, bearing the inscription, "Warren's B——." "What ought to follow," Hook remarked, "is lacking."

Quaritch, the London bibliophile, wants £5,220 for a psalter of the fifteenth century he has in stock, and which he calls "the grandest work ever produced by typography, and one of the rarest of the early monuments of printing."

When we talk of war, who ever thought of this fact suggested by the Atlanta *Constitution?* "Speaking of war, has it ever occurred to anybody that those who held commissions in the Confederate army can not hold commissions in the Federal army?"

Dr. Schliemann, the noted Greek archæologist and excavator, is master of fourteen languages. In his youth he was a sailor before the mast on a German vessel. It is said that he gained a reading knowledge of English in six months of study.

The costliest book owned in Chicago is a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare published in 1623. It is regarded as the finest copy in America, and is valued at $10,000. Its owner is a man who made a fortune in the Chicago board of trade.

Little Tommy Elmore, of Micanopy, Fla., although only eight years old, is a prodigy with the violin. His execution of difficult selections from the operas is remarkable, and he is in great demand at parties because of his skill in playing dance music.

A gentleman who recently attended service at Whitehall Chapel, London, gives the following inventory of what he saw: Two clergymen, two pew-openers, two sextons, two organists, 16 choristers, 77 lighted candles, and a congregation of 33, including children.

At an Oxford local examination in Northamptonshire, a short time since, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the following question was asked and answer given: "Who wrote the 'Compleat Angler?'" "Izaak Walton; and therefore he was called the Judicious Hooker." This fact is not fiction.

The strike of the New York street car men has had a disastrous effect upon the theaters. For several evenings the audiences were so small as to suggest the advisability of closing up the more remote houses. Only those in the more central localities have earned enough to cover their expenses.

The words and music of the song "Marching Through Georgia," were composed by the late Henry C. Work, who was the author of many popular songs, patriotic and sentimental. He wrote the song in November or December, 1864, and it was copyrighted and published by Root & Cady, of Chicago, in March, 1865.

A placard placed on a window of a shoemaker's shop near Cripplegate, London, many years ago, is said to have read as follows: "Surgery performed on aged Boots and Shoes broken Legs sett and bound upright disordered feet repaired the wounded healed. The whole Constitution mended and the body supported by a new Sole. By T. T."

M. Jacques, the unsuccessful candidate in Paris against Boulanger, estimates that his election expenses amounted to 6,000,000 francs. The chief expense was for bill sticking, 100,000 being pasted up every day in competition, with a still larger number put up by Boulanger. But the question is where does the latter get his money?

General Sheridan's estate, it is said by those who claim to know, so far from being sufficient to maintain his family, is barely sufficient to meet the obligations against it. Mrs. Sheridan is left absolutely without any income, and the pension which is proposed by the pending bill will be the almost sole means of support for herself and children.

A Glasgow paper says: One of the persons worst hit by the Panama collapse is an American girl who some years ago married a French count. Being an enthusiastic admirer of M. de Lesseps she invested all her money in canal stock. Her handsome furs and wraps are now for sale by a well known coiffeur in the Champs Elysee.

The czar has been advised by his physicians to "do banting." For a man who—as a continental correspondent puts it—can eat his two pounds of meat and drink nearly a magnum of champagne at luncheon, the advice would in ordinary times not have been palatable, but the czar now suffers cruelly from insomnia, and the doctors think that an over-liberal diet is the cause of the mischief.

A young gentleman of Oconee, Ga., had a bone felon, for which a physician prescribed a blistering ointment. The remedy was applied in the evening just before retiring, and by an accident a small particle of the ointment was dropped unobserved in the heel of the shoe of the afflicted. The result was a blistered finger and a blistered heel, but the felon was cured.

A London dispatch to the New York *Post* says an English court has decided than any article, either original or compiled, which may appear in a newspaper can be copyrighted. At a recent meeting of London newspaper proprietors the editor of the *Telegraph* complained that on two occasions he paid $4,000 for a telegram which was reduced literally by other papers two hours afterward.

An ingenious person who was getting up a popular entertainment in London, "in aid of a well-known charity," wrote to a business man as follows: "It has occurred to me that you might be inclined to support so good a cause—say on these terms: If you will take seven 3s. tickets I will cause the ventriloquist to refer to your firm and business. If you agree to this, I will write the 'wheeze' myself, or will adopt any you may send."

The imitation of Western civilization by the Japanese has led them to regard Sunday, which in Japan has hitherto been decidedly continental in its character, as a day of rest. This began with the closing of the government establishments on Sunday. The Tokio citizens followed this example, and the closing spread from city to village, and now on a fine Sunday business is nearly suspended and the places of popular resort are crowded.

A London physician is of opinion that a turpentine bath is good for rheumatism, gout, insomnia, laryngitis and bronchitis, and recommends the following method of preparing it: Make a saturated solution of six ounces of yellow soap and add to it three or four ounces of oil of turpentine. Shake well and then put it into the bath, which should be filled with warm water. After fifteen minutes' immersion the patient should be put to bed.

RUM IN THE SOUTH.

A Southern Correspondent's View of the Matter—Its Relation to the Race Question.

LA GRANGE, TENN., Feb. 6.—EDITOR BLADE:—The whisky question is a bigger one in the South than in the North, as it is mixed with the negro question. If you could see how hard they are to manage in a whisky election, you would certainly change your ideas about the dusky brother and the South. I do not see now how we are ever to have prohibition in the South while the negro is allowed to vote, and to think of educating him above it is the work of many centuries.

Seventy five per cent of the white people in all the Southern states are right on this question; but, oh! the negro is as solid as a stump, and you might as well try to reason with a mule. It is the disposition of the negro to vote with the veriest rascal that he can find in preference to voting with his friends on any question; and the prohibition question gives these rascals a good chance to unite the negro against the better classes in the South. And such an argument as they make! I wish you, or some of the Republicans in the North that have so much love for the negro, would undertake his enlightenment on this question. G. T. H.

Big Corn.

EDITOR BLADE:—In your issue of January 17, I saw an article from Southern Illinois about some large corn—fifteen ears weighing 16½ pounds. I can beat that; for the day that I read the article I got fifteen ears of corn that I raised myself and on weighing them they pulled down just 17 pounds.—HENRY FLING, Ben Davis, Ind.

TWAIN'S EMBARRASSING FIX.

What He Suffered for Forgetting the Face of an Old Friend.

Several years ago, while Mark Twain was collecting retrospective materials for his "Life on the Mississippi," he stopped one day at Arkansaw City. He had years before known the place at Campbell's Bend, and naturally had a desire to poke about unattended by persons who would be likely to break in upon his musings; so, avoiding the committee that had been appointed to receive him, he wandered off into the woods. He thought nothing of the distance he was traversing. There was music among the tree tops, and flowers, in deep coloring, perfumed the air, says the *Arkansaw Traveler*. After a long walk he came to a cabin, and upon entering found an old and tangled bearded man sitting near the empty fireplace. The old fellow glanced at Twain, and then, springing between the visitor and the door, snatched down a gun, cocked it, and said:

"So Ive got you, have I?"

"I don't understand you," Twain gasped.

"Oh, no, I reckon not. Er man never understands a thing when he don't wanter. Didn't stop your steamboat down yander below the bend the other day and steal six sheep that belonged to me, did you?"

"I will swear upon the honor of a gentleman that I did not. I haven't been in this neighborhood before in twenty years."

"Set down thar." Twain obeyed. The old man continued: "It mout have been a good while sense you was here before the other day, but you got here just in time ter steal the sheep, an' I'm goin ter have your skelp. Hear me?"

"My dear sir, you are laboring under a frightful mistake. I never owned a sheep in my life—"

"No, I don't reckon you ever did own one, an' mo'n that, nobody else ain't apt to own nary one whar you hang out. Yas, sah, come right here an' tuck my sheep, an' ermong them wuz er pet lamb that my little gran'daughter loves better'n she does her life, an' she ain't slep' 'er wink sense fur eryin' about it. Oh, you needn't blink, fur I am goin' ter hold you here till my little gal comes, and then I'm goin' to blow yo' head off. It won't be long fo' she comes, an' ef you've got any pra'rs that you reckon oughter be said, why you better say 'em, that's all."

"My dear sir—"

"Don't 'dear sir' me. I've got you, an' I'm goin' ter use you."

"But how do you know that I stole your sheep?"

"You know how I know it. You know that jest ez soon ez you seed me er comin' you shoved off, an' mo'n that, you know that when I jumped in a canoe an' started ter paddle out ter yer, w'y you shot at me. You know all that well enough."

"Merciful heavens!" Twain exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, yas; that's erbout what I 'lowed, but the boat puffed on away."

A stick snapped outside. "Great heavens!" Twain thought, "is the girl coming?" No, it was only a calf. The expression on the old fellow's face grew harder. There was a cruel twitching about the old fellow's mouth.

"Oh, don't you fret, she'll be here d'reckly."

"My friend," said Twain, with an effort to be calm, "if you will go with me over to Arkansaw City I will prove to you that I would not steal a sheep."

"I don't want no proof that comes from that place. You tell a lie, an' them fellers over thar would sw'ar ter it. I see my little gal comin' through yander. Ez I said jest now, ef you've got any pra'rs you want said, w'y, I reckon you better say 'em."

"Would you commit murder?"

"Would you steal sheep?"

"Surely not."

"Ah, ha, an' sholy I wouldn't be committin' murder by killin' sich a feller ez you air. Don't move now, fer ef you do I'll drop you. Come, quick, now, befo' the gal comes, tel me ef you know who did steal them sheep; that is ef you didn't."

"I think I do," Twain quickly rejoined, and then, remembering the name of a steamboat engineer whom he had known before the war, he added, "Jo Billings stole your sheep."

The old fellow looked sharply at him, and replied:

"Are you shore?"

"I am certain."

"Was you on his boat at the time?"

"Yes, and tried to keep him from stealing them, but could not."

"Will you help me to find him?"

"Yes."

"Wall, then, scoot. Quick, befo' the gal comes."

When Twain reached Arkansaw City he found the perplexed and disappointed committee. He was nervous and depressed. While he was standing in the office of the hotel some one said:

"Mr. Clemens, you used to know Jo Billings, didn't you?"

Twain felt an uneasiness crawling over him. "Yes," he replied.

"There he is."

Twain looked around and started. The old fellow who had held him in the cabin came forward, snorted and then said:

"Sam, I orter shot you fur not knowin' me, but I reckon I've changed some. Sheep, w'y, I never had one in my life. Haw, haw. Come, fellers, here's ter Sam an' his erbility ter still hedge on the truth."

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A gerah was 1 cent.
A cab was three pints.
An omer was six pints.
A farthing was 3 cents.
A shekel of gold was $8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A talent of gold was $13,809.
A mite was less than a ¼-cent.
A talent of silver was $538.30.
A hin was one gallon and two pints.
A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.
A finger's breadth was equal to one inch.
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.
A epeah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.
A hand's breadth was equal to three and five-eighths inches.
A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

Points on Advertising.

Boston Press.

Don't advertise unless you have something worth buying. A great many persons suppose advertising alone is sufficient. This is nearly as bad an error as to suppose that having the goods is sufficient alone. It reminds us of a little story we once heard of a little boy who was sent out in the summer with a bag of green corn to sell. The boy was gone all day and returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying: "There is your corn, go and sell it yourself—I can't." "Sold any?" "No," replied the boy; "I've been all over the city with it and nobody said anything about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I'd got in my bag and I told them it was none of their business." The boy reminds us of some business men we know of who do not recognize the benefits of advertising.

Mrs. Lucy Stone says: "We shall never have the churches full of men until the pulpits are filled by women."

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world my lass, my love—what can it do?
I am thine and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins
All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins.

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

NEWGATE PRISON DESCRIBED.

An Interesting History of the Famous Prison of Populous London.

It is deemed certain that Newgate Prison will soon be torn down. A London newspaper gives its history. So far back as the reign of King John there was a prison there, maintained by the corporation of the city of London, who had also the Compter, in the Poultry, for the detention of minor offenders, and who, at a much later period, used Bridewell, near Blackfriars, for the punishment of disorderly apprentices and women. The ancient prison at Newgate was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666; another prison was then erected, which was that out of which Jack Sheppard, the notorious housebreaker, contrived to make his escape in the reign of George II. This building was pulled down in 1782 and the one now standing was erected, in different portions, between that date and 1872 the architect being Mr. George Dance, R. A.; but one part was burned away as soon as it was built in the Gordon riots of 1780. The outer walls of granite are three feet thick; the front in Newgate street is 115 feet long, and that in the Old Bailey is 295 feet, with a stern, imposing aspect. There are two lodges for turnkeys and the keeper's house in the center of the Old Bailey front, behind which is the chapel. The interior of the prison was rearranged in 1857 and 1858 from the designs of Mr. Bunning, the city architect. The quadrangle, occupied by men convicted of felony, is 124x64 feet, and each of the two wings form another quadrangle. There are 168 ordinary cells, each measuring 13x7 feet, nine feet high, with a barred window three feet six inches high and two feet six inches wide; the cells were warmed with hot air, and the furniture was a hammock bed, slung at night across the width of the cell, a washstand with basin, a close-pan, a folding table fixed to the wall, a stool, and shelves of slate. Besides these there are eight punishment cells for the refractory, and sixteen reception cells.

The prison is calculated only for the accommodation of 123 male and 45 female prisoners on the separate system, which is a small number for the extent of the buildings. In former times, before the separate system was introduced, Newgate was horribly overcrowded, and the condition excited the strong disapproval of John Howard. There was no classification of the inmates; criminals and debtors, the old and the young, convicts and those awaiting trial, were confined together; some who had money could bribe the warders, buy liquor, and indulge in drunkenness and gambling; the free conversation, with profane songs and tales of vice, was most corrupting. At one time nearly 800 persons of both sexes and all ages were huddled up in Newgate, and a contagious fever broke out which caused many deaths. Mrs. Fry's benevolent labors were begun among the female prisoners here, of whom there were 150 at that period. By the removal of the debtors to Giltspur Street Compter some of the grosser disorders were checked, but the place was found unsuitable for any proper course of prison discipline. It was, therefore, resolved in 1818 to use it only for the safe custody of prisoners committed for trial, and the house of correction at Coldbath Fields and that at Holloway were erected for penal establishments, in which those undergoing their sentence are confined. Newgate, however, still remained in an unsatisfactory state, and the reports of the government inspector of Prisons from 1836 to 1843 repeatedly urged the need of its alteration. There can be no doubt that the City Lands committee of the London corporation has acted judiciously in proposing to demolish the building, which is ill adapted for its purpose, and is not now required, and to make a profitable use of its site. The old associations of Newgate are dismal and detestable. Many Londoners can remember seeing murderers hanged over the gateway in the open street, before the act of Parliament in 1868, which provided that executions should be privately performed within the prison. Five or six persons at the same time were occasionally hanged there in the "good old days" of the reign of George III.

WHAT TO DO,

In Case the Baby Gets a Tooth.

1. Telegraph at once to his grandfather and maternal aunts.

2. Ask the baby if he really has it, taking care not to address him in English undefiled.

3. Send word to the office that you will not be down to-day.

4. Avoid any jest that requires you to say that baby is now old enough to chews for himself.

5. Make an entry in your diary to the effect that a tooth is born unto you.

6. Do not temper your joy with such pessimistic thoughts as dentist's bills inspire.

7. Swear off letting the little one chew your watch, unless you like your hunting case to have dents in it.

8. Do not ask the child's mother if she doesn't think it strange that the other teeth don't appear.

9. If you are a poor man don't buy the youngster a silver-backed tooth brush on the strength of the first molar.

10. Do not tell an experienced father that you think it is a wisdom tooth. He will know better, and will probably go home and tell his wife what an unsophisticated cow you are.

11. Do not insist upon feeding the boy on beefsteak right away.

12. Do not imagine that that is the only tooth in the world, and eschew undue personal vanity because of the newcomer. You didn't grow the tooth. Leave conceit to the baby.

13. Remember that there are more teeth to come, and do not lavish too much enthusiasm on the first.

14. Make the youngster stop biting the piano legs and newspapers.

15. Never give theater parties in honor of a first tooth.

16. Get the baby a toy to mark the occasion, if you like, but do not move into a more commodious house because of it.

17. Do not waste your money on newspapers to see what they have to say about the new arrival.

18. Do not tell your friends about it more than eight times a day.

19. Do not charge admission to ladies who want to see it, or overestimate its drawing attractions by taking it on a starring tour through the suburbs. There are some things that suburban residents won't pay to see, and of them is the first tooth of another man's baby.

20. If you deposit $100 in the bank in the child's name, as a reward for his gallant feat, do not draw it out again under six months if you want to get interest on it.

21. Do not ask your wife to let you take the tooth down to the club with you to show to the boys. You'll have to take the baby with you if you do, and if there is one thing that is more out of place than another in a club it is a one-toothed baby.

22. Do not overtax the tooth, and see that baby does not bite off more than he can chew.

23. If the tooth is loose don't pull it out and have it set in a ring, nor must you fasten it in more firmly with stratina. Let nature take its course.

24. Do not be disappointed if the first tooth comes without gold filling in it.

By a judicious observance of these two dozen vital regulations your baby may have a tooth without subjecting the world to any undue excitement and without disturbance to the stock market.—*New York Evening Sun.*

But Bayard's In Yet.

Chicago News.

The American flag has been insulted. An American captain of an American whaling vessel was arrested last October by a Portuguese official and made to pay a fine for smuggling tobacco. Portugal is a little one-night stand on a cheap circuit, and we can wallop the life out of her. Vengeance! Let slip the dogs of war, and let us find out how much Portugal is willing to give up instead of having her face broken in.

The total output of the Lake Superior mines for 1888 was 5,023,279 tons, the largest annual product since ore was discovered there.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

A Plea with Christian Ministers for a More Independent Outlook.

A correspondent of the BLADE sends the following article, taken from a Western paper, with an earnest request for its publication in these columns:

Why is it the ministers of the gospel are so severe in their denunciation of some sins and seem to have closed eyes as they pass by others? For instance, they condemn in a wholesale manner the saloon man, right enough, but it often causes them to avoid entering the very place, of all others, where they expect, but find little, charity and thus precludes the opportunity or possibility of reaching them with the word of God. For the preacher does not often step into their place of business, as they should, and grasp them by the hand as a fellow-man, and exhort them in God's name to consider the harm they are doing. Why be so unmerciful in condemnation when perhaps this man saw "the wolf at the door," all around him wealth, ease, and indifference on all sides to his wants, a cool stare perhaps from a so-called Christian when applied to for simple advice or a hand-turn toward assistance. Then the devil presented this easy avenue to a living, and the temptation, which comes to so many, is yielded to, and his soul is lead captive by the devil. Remember, God sees the motive. The poor drunkard is cast cast out of the church, while his wife, or any other church member, is allowed to enter the millinery saloon, get drunk on pride, and sail up the church aisle unmolested or dealt with, while the Bible says, "A high look, and a proud heart, is sin," Pro. 21: 4. "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord," Prov. 16: 5. Ah! it is these populor little sins (so called) that are so hard to exterminate, and should they be attacked the preacher would have a small congregation and not a paying one.

The devil doesn't care how near right we are, so we are a little wrong. Read the third chapter of Isaiah, from the sixteenth to the twenty-fifth verse; see the woes pronounced against the haughty daughters of Zion, and compare them with the congregations of to-day, arrayed in silks, satins, velvets, beads, crowned and almost borne down by the weight of slaughtered birds, God's beautiful little creatures given to inhabit the groves and forests, but now doomed to die by millions yearly to satisfy woman's pride, the wearing of them first started by a scarlet woman.

Think and read the Bible for yourself, church people, and don't throw so much responsibility on the preacher, for many of them have this popular sin. The Bible is very explicit on this subject, and pride is denounced oftener than drunkenness. So get your churches right, and these men will be easier reached. "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

OUR SENATORS.

They May Be Great Statesmen, but Some of Them Are Slaves of Tobacco.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has conceded to taste what he never would to style. He smokes cigarettes. Lest somebody might say he was cultivating fashionable habits, he enjoys cigarettes only in the privacy of his room.

Senator Eustis smokes cigarettes almost exclusively. They are of the finest Turkish tobacco, and each cigarette is provided with a holder. They are expensive, but those Senator Coke affects are the plainest and cheapest of American make—five cents a box.

Senator Kenna has his cigars made in West Virginia, of a select quality of the natural leaf. He prefers them to imported cigars.

Senator McPherson chews cigars in preference to tobacco. He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites off a comfortable chew and replaces the remainder for future chewing. He does not chew any other kind of tobacco.

Senator Gorman chews in a delicate and sparing manner. He prefers the natural tobacco without flavoring or sweetening, and pinches off for a chew a small piece not larger than a vest button.

Senator Edmunds chews strong tobacco, and is rarely ever without a supply in his mouth; as a matter of fact he does not chew it, but simply keeps it securely resting in his mouth.

Senator Daniel keeps an unlighted cigar in his mouth almost continually. He never lights it, but chews vigorously on the end, and when he is busy writing a small stream of amber-colored saliva steals down from each side of his mouth. In his seat on the floor he munches at his unlighted cigar.

Senator Vance chews as he does everything, with earnest vigor. He likes the plain North Carolina leaf best, but can chew anything called tobacco.

Senator Hampton takes his tobacco in the shape of snuff, or rather he lets it dry thoroughly, pulverizes it with his fingers, and then snuffs it.

When Senator Cockrell gets his feet into a pair of carpet slippers and puts on his working coat he takes down one of those cob pipes, of which hundreds of thousands are turned out by a Missouri factory, and looks the intense satisfaction he feels. The senator would not exchange his cob pipe and Chariton county leaf for the finest thing in a Washington tobacconist's stock.—*Washington Letter.*

WORK AND WORKERS.

Only citizens of the United States are employed on Reading (Pa.) city work.

For the first time in many years all the blast furnaces of the Pittsburg district are in operation.

Those who work on South Carolina rice plantations labor all the year for, in many cases, less than $100.

Of the 6,501 bricklayers, stone-masons, and stone cutters in New York city, 4,354 are of foreign birth.

From New Orleans there comes a statement that German is rapidly supplanting colored labor in that region.

It is estimated that the paper-making industry ranks fourteenth in the country in the matter of labor employed and capital invested.

Work on the new steel-plate factory has begun at Joliet. It will make passenger and freight car trucks under the Fox patents and employ 1,000 men.

It has been settled that the Grant locomotive works will be removed from their present location at Paterson, N. J. It is belived the company will decide upon Indianapolis or Chicago.

Labor statistics collected in Connecticut show that long hours, slow payments, and child labor go together. In the counties in the state where the largest proportion of the laborers are children the hours are longest and the hands are paid once a month.

In some parts of Germany the average salary earned by men working on machine-made shoes is about $3 60 per week. For the same class of work Austrian operatives get $4 30 to $9.60, English operatives $5.76 to $8.40, and Massachusetts operatives $12 weekly.

The number of full-grown men out of employment in Georgia is incredible. Eleven stalwart citizens of Atlanta were recently seen loafing about the stores, whittling, whistling, and otherwise spending time, while inside a neighboring factory their children, all under 10, were working twelve to twenty-four hours a day. When asked what their fathers did toward earning a living those children answered: "He brings our dinners to us." That was actually all their able-bodied fathers had to do.

Juneau's Important Citizen.

Juneau, Alaska, boasts of a human being of more than ordinary importance. His name is Jules Carle, and several years ago he died, to all intents, purposes and appearances, and in due time his remains were deposited in their last resting place. Before the earth began to hide his coffin from sight he showed signs of life and was resurrected. Carle now avers that during his limited stay in the spirit land he learned how to make a superior cup of coffee, having the property of comforting and cheering mankind. Juneau is to be congratulated on such an acquisition to its population. Mr. Carle would be welcome in many towns, and particularly in many hotels.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Servant of the Monopoly.

"Are you the superintendent of this railway?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"I want a pass."

"Are you employed by this road?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"I'm a member of the Nebraska legislature."—*Lincoln Call.*

A Forcible Objection.

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—You Western girls are dreadfully slangy. Do you know I heard a Chicago girl say the other day that she would "get there with both feet."

Miss Dearborn—Yes; we are somewhat given to that sort of thing. Is it true that Boston girls are—ah—as deficient of beauty as they are said to be?

Miss Beacon—We may not be handsome; but in the matter of culture we arrive at our destination with both of our pedal extremities.—*America.*

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

I hear the songs they sing to-day,
But never one is sweet
As those my mother sang to me
When sitting at her feet.
My thoughts go back to childhood years,
When hope and I were young,
And as of old I hear to-day
The songs my mother sung.

At twilight's hour I often dream
I am a child once more;
I seek the house where I was born,
I pass the open door.
There mother rocks beside the hearth,
Her little ones among,
And life forgets its cares to hear
The songs my mother sung.

O, long the grass has grown above
That loving mother's face,
But still in faithful hearts she keeps
Her old, her dear old place.
No other songs can be so sweet
As those we heard when young,
When sitting at our mother's knee—
The songs our mother sung.

UNHAPPY MRS. CLEVELAND.

Washington Society is Profoundly Sorry for Her.

Everybody is sorry for poor Mrs. Cleveland. Society says she will be unhappy as the wife of a plodding New York lawyer. Mr. Cleveland is a plodder, and everbody knows it. He cares absolutely nothing for society, and those persons who know him well declare he will be a greater plodder than ever as an office counselor. His habits are now so well formed that he will not find it easy to change them. A man who for seven years has sat down to his desk at 9 o'clock, not to leave it except on rare occasions and for brief intervals till after midnight, is not the one to become an easy-going lawyer and a proper gallant for a young wife.

Mr. Cleveland is dreadfully slow and practical. Mrs. Cleveland is inclined to gayety. As a girl she was "jolly," and even under the repression of the White House has found opportunity for a few enjoyable, but of course entirely innocent, larks with her young women friends. The question which the Mrs. Grundy of the capital is now asking herself has to do with Mrs. Cleveland's future happiness.

The truth is, and everybody who has been intimate at the White House knows it, Mrs. Cleveland was more hurt by the failure of the people to elect her husband to a second term than Cleveland himself. For several weeks after the disaster she was positively miserable. Mrs. Grundy says the President lacks the adaptability which his wife has displayed so conspicuously and charmingly, and predicts that as a New York lawyer he will plod and plod from early morning till late at night, the first man at his office and the last to leave it, while his young wife pines for attention and gayety. All this is impertinent in Mrs. Grundy. That insatiable old hag insists she has a right not only to meddle with the domestic affairs of the President while he is President, but to indulge in forebodings concerning his future as a private citizen. Mrs. Grundy is a nuisance.

Saints, and What They Were For.

Catholic News.

St. Joseph, spouse of the blessed Virgin Mary, is the patron of the universal church.

St. Pancras is the patron of childhood.

St. Aloysius is the patron of youth, purity, and students.

St. Agnes is the patron of maidens.

St. Monica is the patron of matrons.

St. Maxima is the patron of virgins and wives.

St. Vincent de Paul is the patron of charities.

St. Cammillus of Lehis is the patron of hospitals.

St. Sabine is evoked against gout and rheumatism.

St. Apollonia is invoked against toothache.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre is invoked against lightning.

St. Roch is invoked against contagious disease.

St. Barbara is invoked for the last sacraments.

St. Blaise prevents and cures sore throats.

St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers.

St. Hubert is the patron of hunters.

St. Thomas Aquinas is the patron of schools.

Hebrew Thoughts.

Do not live near a pious fool.

If the fox is king, bow before him.

A miser is as wicked as an idolator.

Teach thy tongue to say "I do not know."

Forget other people's faults by remembering your own.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Despise no man and deem nothing impossible; every man has his hour and everything its place.

To pray loudly is not a necessity of devotion; when we pray we must direct our heart toward heaven.

He or she who gives charity becomes blest, or, as it is written: "A beneficent soul will be abundantly blest."

Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or of cursing; unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

There are three crowns—of the law, the priesthood and the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all.

Defining an Impression.

One day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said:

"Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression!"

"Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What! No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dint in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Very Close to It.

"I'll bet you a dinner that I have traveled more than you have," said one tourist to another.

"I'll bet you haven't; where have you been?"

"Well, for a starter, I've been to Sitka, Alaska. Ever up there?"

"Yes."

"Ever to South America?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever to Asia?"

"Yes."

"Ever to Africa."

"No. Were you?"

"Er—Not exactly. But I've been in Washington, D. C., on Emancipation Day."—*Merchant Traveler.*

This Must be True.

Cincinnati Post.

I have it from an intimate lady friend of Mrs. Gen. Harrison, who was told by Mrs. Harrison herself, that the President-elect confided to her privately that Murat Halstead would receive the appointment of the Paris mission and that the general regarded Gov. Foraker as a man eminently qualified for the Cabinet in the position of secretary of War.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison but relieved the Rheumatism, which was caused by the poisonous minerals.—GEO. BOVELL, 2422 Third avenue, N. Y.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lumps on her neck. We gave her SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt. S. A. DEARMOND, Cleveland, Tenn.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

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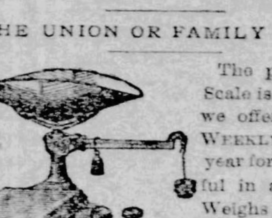
Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

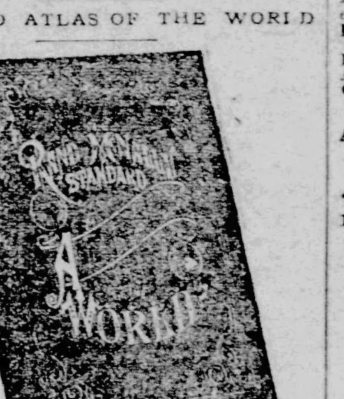
THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munokacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to Agents on our New Book. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS; also their widows, children, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO A PENSION. You can learn whether you are or not by writing to me. If you are now a pensioner it is possible that you are not getting all you are entitled to. If you are not, I can get it for you. NO FEE UNTIL CLAIM IS ALLOWED. Advice free. Nine years' experience in the Pension Bureau. THEO. SMITH, late Supervising Examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C. (P. O. Box 500).

SEE HERE! Why not save one-half on 100 Useful Articles. Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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GOOD BOOKS

FOR

Winter Reading or Holiday Presents.

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

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L.S.L.

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Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,
For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,
Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
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GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, March 12, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at $20 each: Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of	$500 are	$50,000
100 do.	300 are	30,000
100 do.	200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do.	$100 are	$99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

$30 to $40 PER WEEK for the next six months, to active agents. An article that sells at every house. No family rights but a staple article. Send 10c. (silver) or stamps for sample and full particulars. F. F. HENRY, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

IF YOU WANT AN ORGAN,
THAN BUY THE BEST.
THE PACKARD ORGAN.
HANDSOMEST CASES, FINEST TONE AND BEST FINISH.
Catalogue Free.
FORT WAYNE ORGAN CO.,
(Name this paper.) Fort Wayne, Ind.

A NEW GUIDE to OIL COLOR PAINTING (self-instructive,) for sale at our office or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, $1.00. S. W. TILTON & CO., 29 Temple Place, Boston. Descriptive circular sent on receipt of stamp.

ANARCHY! THE book of the day is "ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS," by CAPTAIN SCHAACK. It treats of Socialism, Communism, Nihilism and Anarchy, in all countries, from the French Revolution to the present day. The inside history of the Haymarket Massacre Conspiracy. A thrilling narrative, by one of the greatest detectives of modern times. An original historical work of greatest value. "Truth stranger than Fiction." Several hundred original illustrations. The handsomest and most attractive book ever published at a reasonable price. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. $1.50 Outfit Free to Working Canvassers. A rare chance to make money. THERE IS NO SIMILAR BOOK, and this is A BOOK WHICH EVERYBODY WANTS. Wise agents will apply at once for territory. Experience is not necessary, however. If you are out of employment, or desire to add to your income, write us, giving references as to character and honesty, and we will make you a proposition guaranteeing a steady income without the investment of capital. Address F. J. SCHULTE & CO., 323 325 Dearborn Street, Chicago. We are a responsible house and refer, by permission, to Chicago National Bank.

Get Married!—7,000,000 people to select from. Confidential particulars free. Climax Co., Chicago.

WANTED—A good salesman to sell Nursery Stock. Salary $40 per month and expenses paid. Address, with references, D. H. Patty, Nurseryman, Geneva, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' & SAILORS' PENSIONS. Send for full information. No charge for advice. Geo. P. Goff, Att'y-at-Law, Washington, D.C.

FOR SALE—Finely improved, well watered, 480 acre farm, five miles from railroad and county seat. Abundant hay and pasture—$3,500, easy terms. Also, stock and tools. E. Brain, administrator, Bassett, Rock Co., Nebraska.

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ADVANCE IN PRICE.
TELL YOUR FRIENDS
The Ladies' Home Journal
is to be made BETTER and LARGER. It can be had now for only 50 Cents per year; another year it will cost $1.00. We shall double the price because we cannot afford to furnish so good a paper as the JOURNAL is to be for less than One Dollar, but we shall double its value, and give you more of it for your money. AGENTS can make hundreds of dollars securing subscriptions at
Half Price up to July 1st, 1889.
We offer them good pay for every subscriber secured, and an extra Prize of $500 to the person who shall send us the largest number; $400 for the second largest list, and so on. Sample copies and posters will be furnished, so that a great demand can be created in any neighborhood.
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AMERICAN CYCLES ALL STYLES & PRICES 64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

$300 to $500 a month made by working for us. We guarantee energetic persons $500 a Year, with the opportunity of making 6 times that amount. Men who can furnish their own horses preferred. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Holloway & Co., 112 N. 8th St., St. Louis.

ERRORS OF YOUTH

The Woful Curse of Life, the common cause of Weakness and Early Decay of Mind, Nerves and Body, Producing Sexual Decay, Lost Power, Drains, Night Losses, Falling Fits, Weak Memory, Pimples, Clammy Hands, Weak Eyes, Insanity, Torpor, Bashfulness, Paralysis, Wasting and Smallness of Organs, Varicocele, &c. PERFECT CURE AND FULL VIGOR, Full Strength, Potency and Development of Parts, with new Brain and Nerve Power, or we forfeit $1,000. POSITIVE PROOFS, Doctors' Evidence, Discovery, List of Cases, References, Symptoms, Method and Prices mailed FREE. Strictest Secrecy. Consultation Free. Address Deslon-Dupre Clinique, 165 Tremont St., Boston.

$300 Cash will be distributed among the first 67 persons who return this advertisement showing by plain ink lines how to reach the center of the puzzle by entering at any edge and not crossing a line. The first three persons showing three ways to enter will receive $25 each, the first five persons showing two ways to enter will receive $10 each, the first 50 persons, should there be that many, showing one way to reach the center will receive $3 each. If you do not win one of the largest amounts you have 60 chances for one of the others. This offer is made to introduce The Chimney Corner, a new ... Lose no time but write at once and cut the big prize. One cent stamps taken same as cash. Address, THE CHIMNEY CORNER, 67 and 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$300 REWARD FOR A LOST GIRL.

This sum is offered to the first 34 persons informing us where in the Bible the word girl is first found. The first person answering correctly will receive $50 in cash. If more than one correct answer the second one will receive $25, the third $15, the fourth $10, the next 15 $5 each, the next 15 $2 each, the last fifty $1 each. Competitors must send 30 cts. for which they will receive The Young Ladies' Magazine three months. It is nicely printed on cream laid paper elegantly illustrated and excels as a magazine of literature, art and fashion. Every number contains one novelette complete, original short stories by the best authors, fashion plates, latest fashion notes, etc. All replies must be received by April 15, when contest closes. Names and addresses of winners will appear in May number. Write quick and get the first prize. If you do not receive the first award you have 83 chances for one of the others. Stamps taken same as cash. Address The Young Ladies Magazine, Kansas City, Mo. (National Block.)

SOLID GOLD WATCHES FREE!

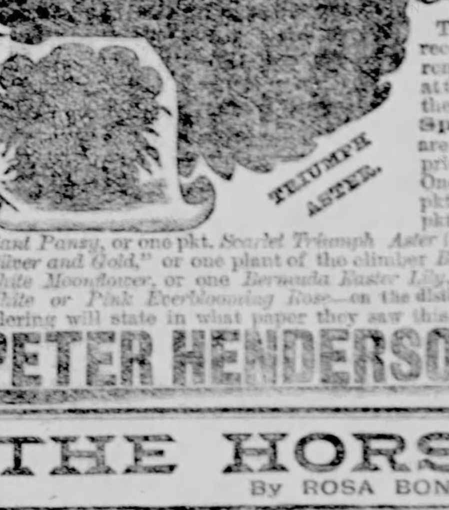
OUR COUNTRY HOME is an elegant and refined monthly paper for the Home and Farm. Each number contains 16 pages, 64 columns of instructive and entertaining reading matter and is handsomely illustrated. It contains serial and short stories, poems, poultry department, stock, dairy, flowers, fancy work, dress, housekeeping and childrens' departments. Every home is delighted with this charming paper. We desire to at once double its already mammoth circulation, and in order to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already known, we, the publishers of this paper, will give away absolutely free thousands of genuine Solid Gold, stem-winding and stem-setting watches (in order to get new subscribers and agents), to those and persons, as stated in our advertisement in our paper. These watches come in ladies' or gent's sizes, and we guarantee our picture here to be a correct illustration of the watch itself. We warrant every watch to be Solid Gold, and to contain a fine American movement, full jeweled, patent lever. We give a ten year's written guarantee with every watch. This is one of the grandest offers ever made by a reliable publishing house. HOW CAN WE DO ALL THIS? This is a question that thousands who read our advertisement will ask. WE WILL TELL YOU HOW WE CAN DO IT. OUR COUNTRY HOME is not a new paper just started but is now in its 7th year, and is fast becoming a national paper. It is read at the present time by more than one-quarter of a million people each month. All papers of a national reputation spend each year from $15,000 to $50,000 in advertising, to make known their publication and increase their advertising patronage. (We spent ourselves last year over $30,000 for this very purpose.) Of course no paper can possibly make money, or even exist, without advertising; consequently, by giving away thousands of genuine Solid Gold American Watches, we expect to get a very large circulation. With our present circulation we get $10.00 per inch for advertising space taken by our advertisers; now if we can double or triple our circulation (which we surely ought to by giving away beautiful Solid Gold American Watches), we can easily get from $21.00 to $30.00 per inch, or from $25 to $50 per column for our advertising space alone, (there are thousands of dollars in advertising), to say nothing about the income from subscriptions. See! What we want is a large circulation and that we must have (at whatever expense). During 1888 we gave away in premiums and spent in advertising many thousands of dollars. So well were we satisfied with the returns of this investment that this year we have decided to spend in advertising, and give away in premiums, double the amount we did last year. We have had made for us especially the beautiful Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Watch that we illustrate here. We are going to push the circulation of Our Country Home until it stands at the top of the ladder. By giving away beautiful Solid Gold Watches, we expect to secure from 50 to 60 new subscribers in every town where our paper goes. Don't fail to take advantage of a Golden opportunity.

READ OUR WONDERFUL 90 DAYS OFFER.

To every person who will cut this advertisement out, and send it to us with $1.00 (Bill, Postal Note, Money Order, Express Money Order, Postage Stamps, Bank Draft or Registered Letter) for one year's subscription to OUR COUNTRY HOME, we will send you absolutely free and postpaid, by mail, the handsome premium we illustrate here. The cases are of the beautiful Shell pattern, stem-setting and hunting case, securely packed in a nice satin lined case. OUR COUNTRY HOME will be sent you regularly each month as issued (about the 15th of the month) for one year. We consider our publication among the best and most complete family monthlies in America, and you'll say so too when you see it. Reference: We have been so long before the public as enterprising publishers that we are well-known to most newspaper publishers, and no doubt to many of their readers. Any Bank, Merchant or Publisher can tell you of our reliability. We will cheerfully refund the money to any subscriber not perfectly satisfied with OUR COUNTRY HOME. Write to-day. Cut this advertisement out and send with $1.00.

Address PUBLISHERS
OUR COUNTRY HOME, 75 Fulton Street, New York City.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN



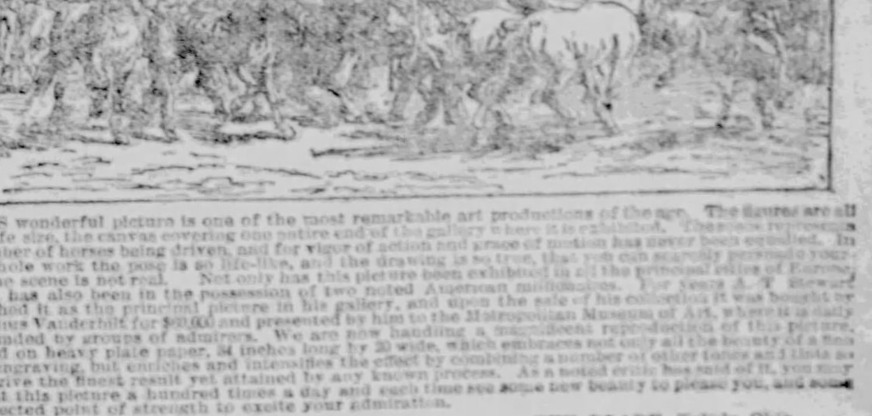
For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, contains three colored plates, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits and Plants, with plain directions "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson

This manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cents for the manual, we will at the same time send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following Splendid Novelties, most of which are now offered for the first time, and the price of either of which is 25 cts.: One packet of Autumn King Cabbage, or one pkt. of Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean, or one pkt. Delmonico Musk Melon, or one pkt. Giant Pansy, or one pkt. Scarlet Triumph Aster (see illustration,) or one pkt. Sunflower "Silver and Gold," or one plant of the climber Blue Dawn Flower, or one plant of the White Moonflower, or one Bermuda Easter Lily, or one plant of either a Red, Yellow, White or Pink Everblooming Rose—on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

"THE HORSE FAIR."

By ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. The scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equaled. In the whole work the pose is so life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. T. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 34 inches long by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S NEW WATCH.

For some time the BLADE has been negotiating for a Good Cheap Watch to take the place of the Waterbury, of which we sold 10,000 in two years. We have all along insisted on having a Watch BETTER than the Waterbury, with a SHORT WIND, and modern in every respect. At last we have it. We have contracted with a factory in New York to manufacture for us a Special Lot of Nickel-plated Open-face Watches, which we shall call

THE MASCOT WATCH.

IT IS A

STEM-WINDER, STEM-SETTER,

Dust-proof, Strong, Handsome and Warranted a Perfect Time-keeper. It is a watch that retails at $6.50, and well worth it. On receipt of FOUR DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will send one of these watches by registered mail, and a copy of the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. Or we will mail, postpaid, one of these watches free to any person who will send us a club of Fifteen Yearly Subscribers at one time, with $15.00.

Each watch is adjusted and regulated at the factory, securely packed in a box for carrying safely in the mails, accompanied with printed instructions and a guarantee. If not as represented, or if it fails to keep accurate time, it may be returned to the factory where it will be properly adjusted without charge. Bear in mind this is not a Waterbury watch, but a better one in every respect. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS
NO RISK, NO CAPITAL REQUIRED.
An Honorable and Praiseworthy business within any possible chance of loss. Twenty-eight Dollars worth of the fastest selling goods ever placed before the public, sent to reliable parties to be sold ON COMMISSION. No money required until goods are sold. References given and references positively required. Send postal for terms, etc. Address FRANKLIN HART, 88 Warren St., New York City.

THE I X L COIL SPRING ROAD CART. Beyond a doubt is the easiest riding cart made. Springs can be adjusted for one or two passengers. Before purchasing write for wholesale prices. A. L. PRATT & CO., No. 75 Willard St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

10 CENTS pays for plain directions ... CLIMAX, 18C Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A PERMANENT POSITION TO SALESMEN ON SALARY to sell our goods by sample to dealers. CLIPPER MFG. CO. (Limited) Cincinnati, O.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Who Wrote the First Serial Published in This Country.

THE record of a successful life is always interesting. There is a power back of the words in which the story is conveyed that fills trembling hearts with hope, and inspires them with courage to fight with difficulties. What has been done can be done again is the thought which is a silent, unseen, yet most powerful force in urging on to greater effort the timid, hesitating venturer into the world's broad fields of labor.

Let it be understood that by success I do not refer simply to the acquirement of wealth through intellectual pre-eminence. I call that the most successful life which has made itself felt outside of its own individual ken, through attainments in art, literature, a profession, or by some philanthropic work for humanity. If money comes with advancement, it is well, but it is only a circumstance of accompaniment, and by no means the emphasis of the highest successful accomplishment.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

may be ranked as one of the most successful novelists which this country has ever produced. Perhaps she might be said to belong to a generation just past, rather than to the present which affects the realistic and philosophical type of romantic writing more than any other. Apart from the latter sort, a new school has more recently arisen, which, for the good of society ought to be suppressed. Highly sensational in plot, wrought to intensity in style, the sole object appears to be an appeal to the animal part of human nature. These authors seem to aim, not to refine and elevate while amusing, nor simply to afford enjoyment, but to play with the passions, exciting and stimulating under the guise of entertainment. And, strange to say, the majority of them are women, who seek notoriety and money by pandering to vice.

Mrs. Southworth's stories, sensational as they have often been called, have no trace of this quality in either plot or execution. They are prolific in incident, dramatic in composition and vitally alive from beginning to end, but they are never impure. Their popularity has been won by these characteristics and in no sense by ministering to an already depraved taste, or what is worse, vitiating that of the young or hitherto pure-minded.

HER EARLY DAYS.

The birthplace of Mrs. Southworth was in Washington, in those earlier days when the capital city of the nation was not, as now, one of the most beautiful places of residence in the world. Yet there was even then a charm in its sunny skies, its blossoming flowers, and its soft airs which holds the memory of those who made their home there in those years.

Of her childhood and youth I have been able to learn but little. Doubtless they had their lights and shadows, like those of most people. That she received a fair education, her work shows. In 1843 we hear of her as a young teacher in the schools of Washington. That she was successful in this profession, goes without saying, for the same enthusiasm and energy which have carried her literary life forward must have been felt in the school-room advantageously.

HER FIRST STORIES.

Her taste for story writing had shown itself at a very early date, but it was about the time we speak of that she began to write for the public. These efforts appeared in a paper called the *Baltimore Visitor*, which was published in that city. Its editor was Dr. Snodgrass, whose anti-slavery sentiments rendered him extremely unpopular with the people of Baltimore, and he was finally obliged to sell out to Dr. Bailey, the proprietor of the *National Era* of Washington, the paper in which first appeared "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

This change took place after Mrs. Southworth had begun the story entitled "Retribution," which was the first serial ever published in this country. She did not dream in its beginning of its attaining to such a length, but it grew upon her week by week, the public became more and more interested, encomiums poured in, and it was an unmistakable success. Thus was her path of work pointed out to her in a way that could not be mistaken. "Retribution" was afterwards sent to Harper & Brothers, who brought it out in book form.

For two or three years longer she went on with her teaching, writing her stories in the interval of her school duties. Strange to say all this had been done gratuitously. There came a day, however, when an individual strike occurred, and she refused to write any longer without pay. It is needless to say that it was at once forthcoming.

Continuing her labors upon the *Era*, she was also offered an engagement upon the Saturday *Evening Post*, then published in Philadelphia by Henry Peterson. He foresaw that her stories would constitute a great element of popularity, and the result showed his shrewdness, for the subscription ran up from 1,200 subscribers at the time of her engagement to over 30,000 before she left, an increase largely attributable to her pen. She gave up teaching, and gave her whole attention to her writing.

It was at this time that the dark days of ill health and discouragement came upon her. Exhausted with her arduous labors for the support of dependent ones, her health gave way, and it seemed for a time as if her work in this life were about finished. Light came into the darkness in a most unexpected way.

UPON THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

There is scarcely anyone who has not heard of and sometime read the New York *Ledger*. I can remember when it was a bonanza of pleasure to me, because of its stories, and Mrs. Southworth's were the greatest attraction of all. At the time I speak of, when the darkness was the deepest, Robert Bonner, who had just come into possession of the *Ledger*, and turned it into a family story paper, came to her home in Georgetown and offered her double the pay she was receiving from other papers, providing that her writings should belong exclusively to the *Ledger*. This would be ten dollars a column, and as she furnished four columns a week, it made her income a comfortable one of $40 a week. With ease of mind health returned, and with it the power of work.

From this time on her stories appeared in rapid succession in this paper, and were for years republished in book form by the Petersons, of Philadelphia. Her acquaintance with this firm came about in this way: To its head, Mr. T. B. Peterson, Mrs. Southworth went, a stranger, and offered him the manuscript of a novel. A brief examination convinced him of its merit and originality, and he at once made a contract with her for the publication, not only of this volume, but for all other stories she might write for years to come. Then, with an enterprise that deserved its subsequent success, he went to books and published the book she brought him in manuscript, spending thousands of dollars in its advertising. The result proved the excellence of his judgment. There was an immediate call for more works from her pen, and during all the years since, there has never been a time when her books have not had a steady and advantageous sale, each year one or two volumes having been published by the Petersons. It is due to the latter to say that their engagement with Mrs. Southworth ante-dates the one with Mr. Bonner, and before she had won the wide recognition which her *Ledger* stories gave her. By a later arrangement still, Mr. Bonner became sole proprietor of her serials which were not afterward issued in book form. When he transferred the paper to his sons something over a year ago, and retired from its management and control, Mrs. Southworth withdrew, and is no longer connected with it in any way. Since that, however, she has written a novel of Southern life before the war, which is not yet published, and is now engaged upon a series of short stories and sketches, but is not connected with any paper or magazine.

GOES TO ENGLAND.

Mrs. Southworth has made one trip across the water. This was in compliance with the wish of an English publisher who desired to secure a monopoly of her writings in England as Mr. Bonner had in the United States, and thought this would be possible if she would take up her residence in London. This she did, but the scheme was a failure, for other papers would publish her stories as soon as they appeared, and there was no law that could prevent it. When the civil war broke out in the United States, she hastened homeward.

MOST POPULAR WORKS.

Perhaps the two works which have added most to her reputation are "Ishmael" and "The Hidden Hand." The first she looks upon with the most favor as containing her strongest work. The latter, however, has been dramatized forty different times in this country, and many times in Great Britain, and played everywhere.

Mrs. Southworth has been a most industrious writer, as may be readily understood from the fact that her published books number 44, while she has besides these, written 23 serials, and, as said before, her pen is still busy. She is at her desk a portion of each day, never waiting for inspiration, but demanding of herself to do whatever she feels ought to be done. Looking back over all that she has accomplished, and thinking of the great changes in American literature since she wrote her first serial in 1843, one must agree with a recent writer, who was reviewing her life and work, that contemplating "this remarkable career—this continuous stream of story telling—of entertaining popular fiction running through a period of 40 years, we cannot resist the conclusion that her pen has been a potent factor in the education of the popular mind." One thing is certain, which is, that never in all these years has this author been guilty of writing anything approaching immorality. Her imagination, luxuriant as it has always been, has never run riot in scenes that a pure-minded woman might not enter, and, however tragic or dramatic her tales may be, they always contain a clean and wholesome lesson.

For many years Mrs. Southworth's home was in a pleasant place upon the banks of the Potomac River, not far from Washington, but in 1876 she removed to Yonkers, N. Y. which is her present residence. That she may live yet many years to enjoy the fruit of her labors, is the wish of the thousands to whom this pioneer in the field of American novel-writing brought such vivid enjoyment.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

TOBACCO POUCH.—Cut out a round piece of chamois skin or velvet, the size of a large plate. Embroider or paint upon it a design of pipes and an initial or monogram. In the exact center sew a handsome silk tassel or plush ornament. The top can be pinked or faced with satin. An inch below the edge punch tiny holes half an inch apart, and run in two strings of silk cord to draw up by. Put a smaller tassel or ornament on each cord.

Another way is to make a bag out of two pieces 11x5½ inches. Sew it across the bottom two inches up, and then embroider in briar stitch. Cut the two inches into a fine fringe. Turn over the top on the right side two and a half inches, and stitch to form a place to run in draw strings. Cut into fringe 1½ inches deep. One side should be embroidered with a design of pipes and an appropriate motto, such as "All ends in smoke," "There must be fire where so much smoke is." Run in silk cords to draw up by.

CIGAR BOX.—Take a common cigar box carefully to pieces, and cover each piece (except the bottom) upon one side with plush, letting it come well over. Cover as many pieces of thin card as there are pieces in the box with quilled or plain satin, and carefully glue together, placing under a heavy weight for 24 hours to dry. The bottom piece has cambric upon the under side. Carefully glue the four sides and bottom together, and then tack at regular intervals with tiny gold-headed tacks. Put the top on with tiny gilt hinges. (Most cigar boxes have hinges and gilt fastenings which were removed when taken to pieces) and add a gilt fastening to the front. It can be decorated in any way chosen, a pretty way being to paint or embroider the initials or a favorite brand of cigars upon a two inch ribbon, which is placed diagonally across the top before it is lined. If lined with plain satin a spray of flowers should be painted or embroidered upon the cover. Handkerchief and glove boxes can be made in the same way at little expense, and be as handsome as boughten ones. In giving a cigar box to a gentleman, if unmarried, a place can be divided off at one end to hold a cigar holder, and the holder can be added; also the box can be filled with choice cigars. Again a box can be simply lined with satin and painted upon the outside. Three coats of white paint with delicate lines of gold, and tiny sprigs of wild roses and forget-me-nots, makes a lovely one. The inside can also be painted, if desired in some delicate color. Varnish lastly with some good white varnish.—MONTANA MAY.

DECORATIVE WORK ON FABRICS.—PATTERN FOR SMALL PANEL ROSEBUDS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.—This pattern, No. 2052, size 4x7, is an easy, and quite a pretty design. It may be painted on a pane of glass or on a Japanned tin panel. Two red sable brushes, one No. 2 and one No. 4, will be needed; small bottle of pale drying oil, and the following tube oil paints: One tube emerald green, one tube light zinnober green, one tube lemon yellow, one tube permanent blue, one tube rose madder, and one tube kremmitz white. In the first place, after stamping your design, paint it in white. Add just enough of your drying oil to your paint to make it smooth. Lay it on in smooth, even strokes. This will soon dry, when the natural shades may be laid on. For the leaves, stems and calyxes of buds, use two shades of green. One made of emerald, with the addition of a little zinnober. One made of zinnober, with the addition of a little lemon yellow. Use rose madder, toned down with white for the tips of buds. Use permanent blue toned down with white for the forget-me-nots. Make center of forget-me-nots with a dab of lemon yellow. Should you paint this pattern on a small pane of glass, when the flowers are dry, paint a background of burnt sienna on the other side. Put this background on with a good sized brush and then blend it well, giving a second coat if it seems necessary.

BORDER FOR TABLE COVER.—This pattern, No. 1546, wild rose design, is 3½ inches wide, and is very fine painted on French felt of a light brown shade. The same brushes and drying oil as for the other design, and the following tube oil colors: Rose madder, silver white, burnt sienna, lemon yellow, high zinnober green. Stamp with white powder, just the length of the pattern at one time. Stamping another length as you require it. Paint all in white first. Let this dry, and then paint the wild rose petals with a delicate shade of pink made by adding rose madder to white. On some petals make the shade more vivid by working in a little more madder. Paint the tips of buds pink. Paint leaves and stems with zinnober green, shading in a little burnt sienna. Make your stamens of lemon yellow after the petals are dry.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

WIDE NORMANDY LACE.—Cast on 39 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 5—o—n—k 9—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 9—n—o—k 3—o—k 2; 2d row—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—k 7—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 7—n—o—k 6; 3d row—k 7—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—k 2; 4th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 8; 5th row—k 9—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 2; 6th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 10; 7th row—k 8—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n; 8th row—cast off 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 7; 9th row—k 6—n—o—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 1—n—o—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n; 10th row—cast off 1—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 9—o—n—k—3—n—o—k 9—o—n—k 5; 11th row—k 4—n—o—k 11—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 11—o—n—k 1—n—o—k—1—n; 12th row—cast off 1—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 13—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 13—o—n—k 3. Begin again at first row.

The pattern for Normandy lace in BLADE of January 10 is very pretty, but thought perhaps some one would like wider, so send this.

WHEEL TIDY.—A little more than three spools of No 36 cotton required. Make 16 large wheels; join 4 in a row, sewing 3 shells of each wheel together overseam. This leaves a space between the wheels; make 9 small wheels; make same as large only stop at 10 chain and sew these in spaces. Very pretty.

Chain 6 join with s c to form a ring, into this put 16 d c.

First row—Between 1st and 2d stitch make 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c in same stitch; ch 3, 3 d c between 3d and 4th stitch, and so on all around, skipping every other stitch; this makes 8 shells; join with s c in top of 1st shell; 2d row—3 d c in center of shell, ch 3, 3 d c in same place, 1 d c caught down in the 1st row, and so on around; 3d row—1 d c in center of shell, ch 10, 1 d c in center of next sh ch 10, and so on around; have 8 of these 10 chains; 4th row—Make 1 d c in every stitch of these chains all around; make 4 of these plain rows; 8th row—3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c in same stitch, miss 3, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c in same, and so around, making 23 shells; 9th row—3 d c in center of sh, ch 3, 3 d c in same sh, ch 3, and repeat shells all around; 10th row—3 d c in center of sh, ch 3,3 d c in same, ch 1, 1 d c, catching up both rows of chains below it, ch 1, 3 d c in center of next sh, ch 3, 3 d c in same sh; pull thread through stitch to finish off.—L. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—I wish that all the readers of this dear paper might have been here with me this morning. When I arose I looked out of my window as I always do, and I saw the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. Across the river the palisades were lit up with the most beautiful light, cast by the sun, which was just rising. I don't think I ever saw a more delicate shade of pink, while contrasting strangely with it, far below lay the majestic Hudson bay, blue as the sky above, while on our side of the river the land was overspead with a gray fog.

And as I gazed on this, I thought of the artist, our God, who can paint such pictures as these, and some do not appreciate them, while these same people will almost idolize a new human artist such as Verestchagin, over whom New York has been raving for the last few months.

Those of you who have ever been in this part of the country know how delightful it is, and how different from the west, even so short a distance west as Ohio and Michigan.—HELEN OF TROY.

REAL FRIENDS.—Well, sisters, have you settled the visiting question? Is it not strange how differently different people will look at the same question, but it is circumstances which alter cases. I think of all good gifts in this world, no other is equal to a firm, true friend and, let them come when they will, they must always be welcome; but such an one will take care to time her visits with some consideration, for your convenience as well as her own.

I think sometimes it is only through suffering we can learn the dearest and sweetest lessons of life. I know that if trouble never came to us we should never know the full value of the little kindnesses that go so far, and I cannot see and understand how any one can mingle with the truly good and helpful (for we surely meet some of them everywhere) without having their faith in humanity strengthened, instead of destroyed, as some claim they have.

Ah! God bless the faithful ones who are looking for some opportunity to scatter

Hope's fair blossoms
O'er some fellow traveler's way,
To help some brother upward
While they climb to heights of day.

—C. O. L., Ossian, Ind.

Will our correspondent accept the warm thanks of the editor of the HOUSEHOLD for the pleasant words of appreciation of her efforts with which the above letter opened. To know that one has really accomplished something of the good which it is so earnestly desired to do, inspires the heart with renewed energy for future work.—ED.

WAYS FOR GIRLS TO EARN MONEY.—Anyone who lives where roses grow can make a neat little sum of pocket money by gathering rose petals and drying them. They can then be sold to druggists or dealers in fancy goods, to be put in rose jars. Any sweet flowers, such as mignonettes, sweet alyssum, sweet peas, heliotropes, lilacs, etc., can be dried in the same way to sell. Dry them in a close jar or box, with a handful of salt. Do not put very many in at a time, or they will molder or become sour. Twigs of spruce, hemlock and cedar, for stuffing pillows, also is a way to get spending money. The way is to send samples to several dealers, and ask what they will pay per pound for the articles. Pressed ferns also sell well. A good way to make a press for them is as follows: It must be remembered that ferns must be put into a press as soon as picked, therefore take your press when you go to gather them. Take two thin boards, say 30 inches by 18. Often one can [illegible] boards at a store that goods come [illegible]d on, and as they are thin and light, are easily carried. Cut leaves to fit the press out of newspaper or brown manilla paper. Cut at least 50. Open the press and lay the lower board with about three thicknesses of paper upon your lap. If the ferns are large, lay one on a page—if small, several. Lay them face downwards and carefully strengthen out the sections with a hair pin. Lay three thicknesses of paper on it, and on the last one arrange more ferns, and so on until full. Lay the other board on and fasten firmly together with a strap. A good strap can be made by strips of stout cloth and suspender buckles. These straps are required, and they should be tacked to the back of the bottom board. A press can be made as ornamental as the owner wishes. The next day open the press carefully, and take up two papers with ferns between. Take out the next paper and lay a dry one on; then two more papers with ferns between. Or you can take out the center paper and the top one too, if care is used; put in plenty of dry papers and strap the press up again. The papers taken out can be ironed dry and used again. To press flowers have sheets of cotton batting to lay on both sides. This sticks to the flowers so they cannot draw up. In sending ferns to dealers put them up carefully between papers and lastly between sheet pasteboard or boards. If you live in or near a town of any kind, try raising flowers. Violets are all the rage now, and are easy to cultivate. You can find out what kinds sell best and raise them. Only do not try to be too extensive, beginning with a few.

Here let me say a word in regard to woman's exchanges. Before becoming a member, make up your mind what you will make or do for it, and take some samples in, and find out if they will be accepted. Unless you do, in all probability they will return your goods, stating the committee will not accept them, as they are not salable. It has been done in many cases under my notice. They are like all other societies, the committee always have friends who are favored. It is better, if possible, to have goods sold at reliable stores on commission.—MONTANA MAY.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—I often wonder if all the young housewives become as perplexed in their work as I do. For instance the making of a carpet. I have just gotten through with my first, and considered it quite an accomplishment for one who never helped with one before. But there are thousands of things that come up in everyday life that one could do to much more advantage if they had the advice of a more experienced person. Of course, a great many have a mother near them to advise and help them, but I have not this blessing.

I gather lots of useful hints from THE BLADE, but I think some subjects can be discussed at more length by private correspondence and between those they interest, without taking up valuable space and boring uninterested parties, and for that purpose, I am going to ask the married ladies to write me. I should like so much to have a lady correspondent in every state, and think we could make it very profitable.

I have made one very important discovery which I think a great many would appreciate. How to iron a fine shirt so that our husbands will surely feel proud of them. It saves much trouble and equals any laundried shirt.

I used to write quite often for THE BLADE when I was a "Miss." How many of you recognize me? With success to THE BLADE. MRS. J. T. FARRIS, P. O. Box 178.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to make a screen to put in front of a bed in the sitting room? We are living on a claim and have only three rooms, but I am going to make them as homelike as possible.

Am much interested in "The King's Daughters." Will be greatly obliged if some one who knows will write to me and tell me all about them. Do they have regular meetings, elect officers, etc.? And where can any badges be obtained, and at what price?

One more question: Is there an 18-year-old girl in Florida who will correspond with a Kansas girl of the same age? —NELL J. SENCENICK, West Plains, Kan.

The subject of King's Daughters has already been written up in "Answers to Inquiries." The editor would be very glad however, to have some one familiar with the society send a description of its purposes, its manner of organization and mode of procedure, etc.—ED.

Will some of those that have Sabbath school papers or other religious reading matter in plenty, please to send it to my address? I think I could distribute it where it might do good.—E. HADLEY, Afton, Indian Ter.

I would like to have "Montana May," or any one else who can, tell me how to do arasene, ribbon and chennille work. I want minute directions in every part of the work.—BROWNIE.

An orphan girl of 16 wants a home in a childless home. Would appreciate a kind mother. Education good. Address Miss E. J. Kline, Indianapolis, Ind.

I come to the HOUSEHOLD for advice. I have fine wool that I took out of an old comforter. Can I color it different colors and draw it through a rug? Will some good sister help me in this?

What has become of "Barbra Allen?" I like to read her writings. I always cut her pieces out and save them. Come forward, "Barbara," and let us hear from you. —BETSY.

Will "Mollie," who gave recipes for citron preserves, please tell what kind of syrup she uses? VINA.

In the QUESTION BUREAU of THE BLADE November 1st Mrs. C. A. W., of Chatham, N. Y., writes for information of public lands. If she will address Mrs. A. A. R., box 235, Amboy, Ill., I can give her some valuable informations of lands in southern Dakota.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Someone writes to the HOUSEHOLD complaining that too much space is given to fancy work which does no good. There is a wide difference of opinion upon this matter. Certainly, unless extravagantly indulged in, the making of pretty things can do no harm, and there is no more reason why those who desire this department should not have their wishes consulted, within bounds, than that others, who wish to hear about something else that seems to them more important, should not be gratified. The HOUSEHOLD is made for all alike, and it is the earnest wish of the editor to gratify everybody as far as possible. To-day is given a description of some articles for gentlemen.

I see by THE BLADE of the 10th that you wish to learn in regard to the Blade machine. Will say I secured one of their first machines; have used it now for over two years; am used to several other kinds, and will say: The Blade is as good as the best, will do anything that any other machine will, runs easily, not liable to get out of order, makes but little noise, and any school girl can operate it.—MRS. LAURA MACK, Bartlesville, Cherokee Nation, I. T.

Answer to Mrs. M. A. Parker, clay work on vases.—1 teacupful whiting, 2 tablespoonfuls Venice turpentine, and melt glue enough to work it like putty. Cover the vase with it, and poke it all up rough with a sharp stick. Let dry and paint with oil paints, shaded dark at the bottom and up to light. Then make roses and leaves. Roll and press out the leaves one at a times in the fingers, or cut out with wax flower moulds the desired shape, and put on the vase one at a time. Be very quick or the glue on them won't stick to the vase. Mix but a very little at a time, as it is like plaster paris, sets so quick. If it does set before it is put in place it is good for nothing. Paint the stems, flowers and leaves the natural color, then sprinkle the whole with diamond dust. I have made some lovely inexpensive vases in this way. The beauty of them is they are made by yourself.—MATTIE W. S.

I find in your column of the HOUSEHOLD Mrs. L. C. Chardon, of Ohio, wishes to know whether the Blade machine is what it is claimed to be. I purchased one of the Blade machines four months ago, and it exceeded my expectations in quality and being simple to operate, and for doing good work cannot be beaten. Would not be without one for twice the money.—JOHN HANSELL, Bainbridge, Ind.

Please tell "Kate Montana" to take equal parts of brown sugar and molasses (any kind) and boil till it hardens quickly in cold water. Then pour in a flat, broad pan over a layer of shelled peanuts. If boiled sufficiently it will harden quickly, and before quite hard mark in squares with knife.

If directions are followed she will find this equal to the peanut candy sold in stores. Of course the pan should first be buttered.—VIOLET.

RECIPES.

SILVER CAKE.—One-half cupful of butter; 1 cupful of sugar; ½ cupful of milk; whites of 3 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; ½ teaspoonful soda; 1 cupful flour; ½ of a cupful of corn starch; flavor with lemon.

TO TAKE OUT TEA AND COFFEE STAINS.—Pour on boiling hot water before applying soup.—KITTY CLOVER.

LEMON PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—Mix 1 large tablespoonful of corn starch or 2 tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water. Pour it into 1 teacupful of boiling water, and boil till it is clear or a thick paste. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon, and the remainder of same cut in small pieces and put in with 1 cupful of sugar. Stir all together: bake between two crusts.—MRS. E. E. JUDD, Judd, Minn.

RECEPTION CAKE.—For white part: Take a lb. of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, ½ lb. of flour, whites of 6 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 grated cocoanut and 1 lb. of chopped almons. Flavor with extract of almond. Bake on thin jelly pans. For dark part: Half a lb. of brown sugar, ¼ lb. of butter, ½ lb. of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, yolks of 6 eggs, ½ lb of seeded raisins and currants each, ¼ of lb. each of chopped citron and figs, with ½ an oz. each of allspice, mace, cloves, nutmeg, and a glass of grape jelly. Bake in jelly pans. Make icing of 3 cupfuls of sugar and 1 of water. Boil until brittle, take from the fire and stir in the whites of 3 eggs, and ½ cupful a minced hickory nuts and grated cocoanut. Spread alternately on the black and white cake and put together. Ice the top with plain icing.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FANDON, NEB.
Alice Jones
Harry Jones
Clara Russell
Nellie Jones
Vina Orcutt
Venonie Geines
Libbie Russell
Amos Kohl
Edwin S Jones
Alfred Jones
Elijah Conklin
Emery Conklin
Doc Conklin
HAVENSVILLE, KAS.
Ruth Ellis
Robert B Elledge
Ernest Peck
Tom Woodman
Luke Shove
Lucy Ellis
Carl Coverdale
Sarah Slocum
LYNNVILLE, IND.
Charlie Zimmerman
Dolpia Zimmerman
Ralph Zimmerman
EAST LIVERPOOL, O.
Hugh O Ferguson
Charley M Ferguson
Agnes Ferguson
Willie Ferguson
Willie Scullen
John Paul
Blanche Paul
Wilksie Paul
James Webber
Charley Wood
Willie Freymark
George Brown
Elmer Cary
Pet Paul

Names this week, 38. Total 25,199.

The above embraces all names received up to February 7.

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies, and like their toys,
And talk of something beside the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old in mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes.
They never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

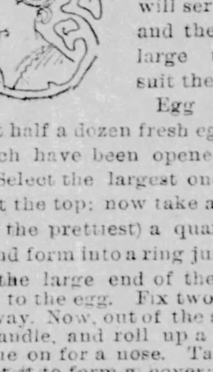
Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them, anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

—*Ella Wheeler.*

For the Young Folks.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

BY MONTANA MAY.



IT takes but little to amuse children generally, but they like a variety, and nothing gives them more pleasure than to manufacture their own playthings. A few hints will serve to start them and then they can enlarge upon them to suit their fancy.

Egg Shell Tea Set.—Collect half a dozen fresh egg shells, three of which have been opened at the small end. Select the largest one, and trim off even at the top; now take a strip of paper (gilt is the prettiest) a quarter of an inch wide and form into a ring just large enough to set the large end of the egg into, and glue it to the egg. Fix two other eggs the same way. Now, out of the same paper put on a handle, and roll up a piece of paper and glue on for a nose. Take a half shell and cut it to form a cover; put on a gilt band and tiny loop at the top, and you have a cover which finishes a cute little tea pot. Make a cover and two handles for the sugar bowl, and a handle and slip for the cream pitcher. Cut another shell nearly half down, put on a bottom and a gilt band at the top. This is the slop bowl. Little side dishes can be made of eggs cut lengthwise. Fruit dishes can be made by connecting two shells, one a little more than half and the other a little less. Cute little baskets can be made by adding a bail. Saucers are made of the ends, made quite shallow.

A Barn-Yard—Make a house out of pasteboard or wood. A small box will do, with a roof added. Fasten it to a board the size you wish your barn yard, and make a fence around it by gluing twigs, straws or paper around it. Now collect a lot of chicken feathers, for we must make some chickens. Take large corks or pieces of soft wood and cut as near the shape of a chicken's head and body as you can, or cut them out of cloth and stuff. Roll up a bit of paper for the bill and glue it into place. Now carefully glue on little feathers all over it, putting in two or three large feathers for the tail. Glue on small beads for eyes, or stick in black pins, and put on red cloth for comb and gills. For feet, use wire or pins. If the former, bend to form toes. If pins are used stick them through bits of paper cut to represent feet. A rooster and six hens are enough for one barn yard. Glue them into place if they don't stand up good. A nest can be made in one corner and a hen put on it. You can make them any size you wish, and after a while you will be able to make real natural looking ones. A little boy I know of, makes the bodies out of dough that is kneaded very stiff, and lets them dry before putting on the feathers.

Paper dolls are a fund of endless enjoyment to girls. Cut out a body to suit, and add a head from a colored fashion plate or an embossed picture. Now cut out dresses with a fold at the shoulders and a slit for the head to slip through. Hats can be made to fit the head and put off and on. All sorts of bits of pretty paper can be used to dress them with, and the dresses and dolls can be numerous. Tiny bits of gold or silver paper form buttons, and the narrow lace paper to be found in various boxes, comes into use for trimmings. Old laid aside valentines can be hunted up to furnish lace dresses. Tissue paper can be bought by the dozen sheets, assorted colors. Ruffles for dresses made of tissue paper, are gathered on a fine thread gummed into place and then the thread is drawn out. A sheet of tiny embossed flowers furnishes trimmings for hats and dresses. These paper ladies can live in pasteboard houses, have pasteboard furniture, and ride in pasteboard carriages drawn by paper horses. Now, my dear children, when you are through making or playing with your paper dolls, put them carefully away in a box, and clean up any litter you have made, so that mother will not have it to do.

Perhaps some little reader has had the misfortune to break off dolly's head at the neck, and finds it impossible to fasten it on securely. Here is a new and satisfactory way for doing it. Take a piece of strong muslin large enough to cover the head, and curve down over the shoulders. Place a pencil or stick in the center of this piece and poke it up into the head as far as possible. Withdraw the stick and proceed to stuff the head with rags, taking care to put them inside of the cloth. Now stuff as full as you can, and you will find upon trying that you cannot pull out the cloth for the ball of rags is inside. Place the head in position upon the body and pull the edges of the cloth as far over the shoulders as possible, and sew firmly to the body. If you have done the work well, dolly's head is on so it will not shake or come loose. Put a high ruffle around her neck to conceal where she is broken.

Bean Bag.—This game is good on a rainy afternoon to pass the time and keep little folks out of mischief. Make any number of little bags (twelve is a good number) four inches square, out of gay cloth, and fill half full of beans, corn, wheat or gravel. Take as large a board as you can get, (five by three feet is a good size) and cut out five oblong holes; one six by four and a half inches, one five by four, one four by three, and two three by two; and number them one hundred, fifty, forty, thirty and ten. The smallest number is marked one hundred, and five hundred is the game. The board must be made with supports at the back so as to place it at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The aim of each player is to throw his or her bean bag through as small a hole as possible; the one who succeeds in getting five hundred first wins the game. It is a game that is played by both old and young with equal enjoyment, and is as fascinating as croquet, lawn tennis or quoits. It can be played indoors or out. If in a parlor, it would be well to remove all bric-a-brac from the end of the room where it is placed, thereby saving all danger of accidents.

A JOURNEY TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Let us for a moment suppose certain railways to be built: one round the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system. And we will further suppose that the trains on these railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time; that their passengers could do without food or could be supplied with an abundance of it; that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature, and other climatic conditions, to which they would be exposed.

And on our world this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twenty-four hours the passenger could travel 1,440 miles, or considerably farther than from New York to Chicago. In forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool; and in less than seventeen days he could go round the world. But, as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space, the traveler on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very greatly prolonged. Were they to set out for any distant part of the system, they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus, or to Mars would, under the above conditions, be possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible.

The journey to the moon would be comparatively short. Our companion is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference.

Traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with other heavenly distances, this is a mere nothing; but compared with the distances actually traversed by the average man, it is very great indeed. Few ever travel at 60 miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to a good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or engineer of an express train, it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary railways, the traveler could circle the world in less than three weeks. We have seen, not only that a journey to the moon is quite possible to the passengers by our celestial railway, but that equal and even greater distances are often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. Venus, as already stated, is about 26,000,000 miles away; or, at 60 miles an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks, or six months, but of some fifty years. On the imaginary railway, such a journey would be possible, for a great many persons live longer than 50 years. But in real life no one ever has traveled, and no one ever will travel, anything like so far. No human being ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles; and it is safe to say that no one ever will. To complete this measure of journeying would require an average of 100,000 miles a year for 50 years. Some few, perhaps, in all their lives, may have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but these are probably very rare exceptions. So we see that no one ever has lived who has traveled more than a small part of the distance to Venus. Yet, compared with other bodies in the system, this star may be said to be almost a next-door neighbor.—*From "The Distances in Space," by D. C. Robertson, in St. Nicholas for January.*

A PET HUMMING-BIRD.

His name was "Dot," and he was the tiniest mite, not larger than a good-sized bumble bee.

I found him one morning last summer after a severe wind-storm, lying helpless, with one of his gauzy wings injured in such a way that he could not use it in flying. He was not at all frightened when I approached and picked him up, but looked appealingly at me out of his very small, black eyes. I could not but admire the elegance of his dress, showing green and gold with a glowing patch of red on his breast, while his feathers were perfumed with the scent of many flowers.

Naturally, so small a bird did not require a mansion to live in. Indeed, "Dot" tried to tell me, in the way birds have of talking, that a cozy abode would meet with his approval. I found that a paste-board box would answer the purpose, and when I had strewn the box with sweet-smelling leaves, and put a twig across it, in the way of furniture, "Dot" was installed in his new home.

He would rest quietly on his little perch, dreaming, as I imagined, of the days that were gone, of the blue sky, the sweet June breeze, until, recollection proving too strong, he would try to use his wings. Then, alas! instead of bearing him up as they were wont to do, they could give him no support, but left him to fall to the floor of his house, there to lie patiently waiting for some one to replace him in an upright position. Every morning "Dot" and I made a tour of the garden, his specks of feet resting confidently on my enormous fore finger. We visited every blossom in turn, and he took a little honey from each. Many a time I thought I had lost him, he went so deep down into the huge morning glories. When the season of flowers was over, I made a mixture of sugar and water to take the place of his natural food. He did not appear to distinguish any lack in the flavor of this make-believe honey; and when I let a drop of it form on the end of my finger, he was always ready to run out his long tongue (which looked like a thread of silver) and sip it off. He seemed to thrive on this artificial diet, and would no doubt be living now had I not on one fatal day placed the dish containing it too near him. I left him musing in his quiet way over past delights, but returned to find his body floating on this sticky sea, with his dear little feathers in sad disarray.

Poor "Dot!" His trials were over, and I consoled myself by fancying that he was in the humming-birds' heaven, happy in a garden of flowers, of which we have never seen the like.—*St Nicholas for January.*

Thunderstruck or Lightning Struck.

A lady teacher who tells the story was in the habit of giving her small pupils talks on various topics, scientific, historical or general, and then calling on some of them at a subsequent time to tell her the story as she had told it to them. One day the state superintendent came in, and among other classes called was the class of little fellows to whom she had been giving these talks. She had but recently given them the story of the capture of Quebec, and, as they had all seemed to be much interested, she concluded to have one of the little ones give her the story. So one of them began telling all about the situation, and how the English had stealthily scaled the Heighths of Abraham.

"And," said he, "when the French saw what had been done they were struck by lightning."

"Struck by lightning!" exclaimed the amazed teacher.

"Yes marm," said he; "you told us that they were stricken by thunder. But you told us one day that thunder never struck anybody. So we concluded you had made a mistake, and meant they were struck by lightning. She had told them the French were thunderstruck.—*Chicago Advance.*

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So there need be no question, after this statement, why it is we so persistently present these little bulletins of Compound Oxygen for your consideration.

RICHMOND, VA., March 26, 1887.

"I am happy to tell you that my husband has greatly improved since taking this second treatment; and has been relieved of his *rheumatism*. He finds his digestion almost perfect now and no pains save from rheumatism."

MRS. W. L. WARING.

RICHMOND, VA., May 18, 1887.

"Mr. W.'s improvement from your Compound Oxygen is so perceptible that my nieces decided that they must have it as a trial for their difficulties. Our friends see for themselves the marked improvement in him."

MRS. W. L. WARING.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Is He Reforming?

"I see that Bismarck takes water," said Mr. Snaggs, glancing over the Samoan news.

"O, that's certainly a mistake," replied Mrs. Snaggs. "I read the other day that he always has a glass of brandy handy when making a speech."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

MONEY MADE.

Agents wanted in all parts of the U.S. to sell new attachment for sewing machine. No family will be without it if once its work is seen. Quick sales. Star Standard Co., 510 Cherry st., Toledo, O.

The Sunday School

The Great Teacher.

LESSON VIII, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1889.

Golden Text.—And they went out and preached that men should repent.—Mark 6: 12.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 6: 1-13.)

1. And he went out from thence, and came into his own country; and his disciples followed him.

2. And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands!

3. Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him.

4. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

5. And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them.

6. And he marveled because of their unbelief. And he went round about the villages teaching.

7. And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits;

8. And commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse;

9. But be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats.

10. And he said unto them, in what place soever ye enter into a house, there abide till ye depart from that place.

11. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart hence, shake off the dust under your feet for testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city.

12. And they went out, and preached that men should repent.

13. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He went out from thence (v. 1). Opportunities go as well as come. The choicest privileges which are ours are ours only for a season. If we improve them, they enable us to mount higher, as by successive steps on a stairway. If we fail to make them available while they are before us, we can never be as well off as if we had used them aright in their season. If only we had this truth in mind in every interview with a friend, in every hour of study, in every season of worship, in every moment of spiritual communion with God, how much more we should gain than we do gain, with our present forgetfulness of the high privilege of each passing opportunity of attainment.

He cometh into his own country. Jesus Christ would have lacked in true humanity if he had loved all the world alike. No man can be a real lover of his race as a whole, while he has no special attachment to any particular member of that race. No man can love his whole country as he ought to, unless he loves his own portion of it peculiarly. Jesus loved his people the Jews, loved their capital Jerusalem, loved Nazareth his boyhood's home, loved his family and chosen friends. Just so far as we are like Jesus, shall we have our own country, our own neighborhood, our own people, our own friends; yet be ready to yield them all for his sake and the gospel's.

When the Sabbath was come, he began to teach in the synagogue (v. 2). God's day, God's house, God's work, were peculiarly dear to Jesus. Because he served and honored God every day, and everywhere, and in everything, he did not make that an excuse for staying at home on the Sabbath, and failing to have a share in worship and Bible study in the sanctuary. It is in this matter as it is in the love of country; if it is all-inclusive, it will have a special regard to particulars. Whoever thinks he can find God, and honor God, and worship God, and study the word of God, as well in one place as in another, and who neglects the day and place and service of public worship on that account, differs greatly from Jesus in both spirit and conduct; and the real trouble with him is, that he does not know what it is to find God, or honor God, or worship God, or study the word of God—anywhere.

Whence hath this man these things? That is a fair question, under the circumstances. It is always fair to take it for granted that he who does well in any line has gained in some way the ability to do well. There is evidence of a fitting preparation as back of an admirable performance, in every success in life. Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God; but his testimony of himself, while here in the flesh, was: "I do nothing of myself, but as the Father taught me, I speak of these things." He had thirty years of special preparation for his three years of public ministry. He was accustomed to study the Bible, and what he was now saying at Nazareth gave evidence of his Bible study,—of a more thorough study of the text itself than the scribes were accustomed to give to it. The question, "Whence hath this man these things?" shows that the words of Jesus evidenced the results of preparation. Such a question will not be asked of the man who thinks it unnecessary for him to go to the teachers' meeting, or to make preparation for his part in the prayer meeting, or in the pulpit. None of his friends will have to tell of his midnight studies, or to explain that he is specially inspired.

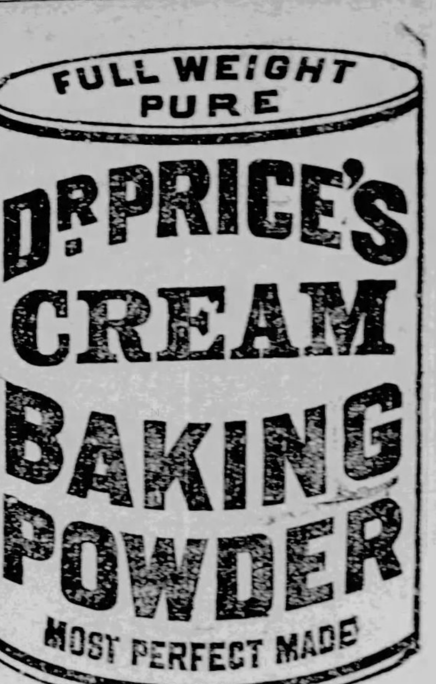
Is not this the carpenter? (v. 3). There is no meaner way of having a fling at another, or of showing our contempt and contemptibleness, than by "just asking a question, you know." "Do your folks live in that wretched neighborhood, where they used to?" "What has become of that cross-eyed sister of yours?" "Aren't you getting a little better of your awkwardness, when you come into company of an evening?" Any kindness of heart and nobleness of soul may show themselves in seemingly trifling questions. "Are you not the son of that farmer who always brought the best butter and eggs, and who always seemed so bright and cheerful?" "How is it that you always have the right thing to say, no matter where you are?" "Are all the others of your family as bright as those I have already met?" The spirit which prompts a question concerning one's self or one's relatives instinctively shapes the question. A despicable spirit recognizes the faults or the lack of another, and questions accordingly. A noble spirit recognizes nobleness, and its questions evidence this. He who has royal discernment sees the King in one whom others call a carpenter. He whose nature grovels, sees only the carpenter-beginning of One whom all the world ought to hail as King.

He could there do no mighty work (v. 5). Not even Jesus could give the results of faith to those who had no faith, any more than he could teach those who did not learn. There can be no giving a blessing, unless there is also a receiving of a blessing. "According to your faith" is always the measure of your blessings. If the power of Jesus is not felt and shown in your heart, in your home, in your class, in your congregation, in your community, the trouble is not that Christ is unwilling to be there in power, but that there is an unreadiness just there to have him present in power. There is a great deal of waste prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and for a special reviving of God's work, in fields where the difficulty is the same as at Nazareth,—in the unbelief of the people of Jesus, not in his unwillingness to do a mighty work there.

He marveled because of their unbelief (v. 6). There were two ways of making Jesus marvel, while he was here on earth; one by showing great faith, as in the case of the Roman soldier; the other by showing an entire lack of faith, as in the case of his neighbors in Nazareth. In which way should we be most likely to make Jesus marvel, if we were face to face with him to-day? It was a cause for wonder, that those people who saw Jesus, and heard him, and had such proof of his goodness and power, did not believe in him. It is a greater cause for wonder that, with all the added proofs which these nineteen centuries have furnished, there should still be any one who know about Jesus, and yet do not believe in him. With his own people refusing to give him their confidence, it was marvelous that a Roman soldier should trust Jesus so fully. It is even now a wonder—and it is strange that it should be a wonder—that some with few advantages have so much greater faith in Jesus than many of his more favored people.

He began to send them by two and two (v. 7). "Two are better than one" in toil and in trial. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Men stimulate and cheer one another to their best work. And men help one another to stand, or to rise again when they have fallen. "If they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth." Men keep one another from being disheartened, and they restrain one another from evil. No man was ever so vile in the presence of another as he might be if wholly alone. There are such dangers in solitude as there can never be in companionship. Those who shrink from all companionship imperil their souls. Even the inspired apostles were sent out by two and two, because it was not good for one to be alone.

They should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no bread, no wallet, no money (v. 8). Jesus can take care of his followers without any dependence on human means; and he wants them to realize that he is able and ready to do this.



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All the wealth of the world can give no assurance of another day's earthly support. But the hand of Jesus can uphold and supply the faintest and most destitute of his children. Faith is better than the funds for the life that now is. A promise of Jesus is such an earnest of to-morrow's sustenance as no certificate of deposit in any bank can be. The only persons on earth who are sure of a future earthly support, are those who have faith in Jesus as their Provider as well as their Saviour.

They preached that men should repent (v. 12). It was a plain, blunt message that the apostles carried from Jesus. A great deal is said about the love side of the gospel; but it musn't be forgotten that, when the disciples started out to tell of that gospel they conditioned its offer on the quitting and repenting of sin. They insisted on the poisoned arrow being drawn out before they put salve over the wound. And there is no other right or reasonable way of urging an acceptance of salvation. Jesus comes to save men *from* their sins, not to save them *in* their sins. Those who want a Savior must repent of their sins and forsake them in order to accept a Savior from the guilt and penalty of sin.

They anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them (v. 13). Even in working a miracle the disciples did not disdain the use of fitting means. Rubbing, or smearing, with oil was and is the commonest medical treatment of the sick among the dwellers in Palestine and Syria. The word there translated "anointed" is not the word which is translated "anointed," when Jesus says that he is "anointed" of God to preach the gospel. As Trench says, the one word is "the mundane and profane" anointing, and the other is "the sacred and religious" anointing. When the disciples anointed the sick with oil, they employed "the mundane and profane" mode of smearing with oil as a means of cure, on which they sought the divine blessing. "Anointing with oil" in their day meant much as "using physic" would mean in our day. And no disciple of Jesus is justified in seeking a cure of the sick without the use of human means of treatment.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

A FUNNY WORLD.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it, and be hard up all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up, without attaining,
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness complete,
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles
For his outgo then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
Flush to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financiering every which way to postpone the day of doom;
Spending money 'ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good.

—*St. Paul News.*

Styles in Canes.

Experts in such matters announce that the cane of the past is doomed. Hereafter sticks that are odd, unique and valuable will be sought for by men who study the details of their personal belonging. The big cane has been relegated to the smaller towns, and the whipper-snapper malacca stick, with its small silver handle, is no longer in order. Canes have match boxes, card cases, pipes, swords and almost everything else concealed about them nowadays, and $50 is by no means an unusual sum to pay for a walking stick. One gentleman carries a cane in which a small watch is set. The watch is wound by twisting the handle, and the face of the timepiece is visible through a hole in the side of the cane.—*New York Press.*

Might Thus Save Him.

Uncle George—I believe in always letting a boy choose his own vocation.

Brown—But, uncle, my boy thinks just now that he would like to be a pirate.

Uncle George—Apprentice him to a plumber, or if you don't wish him to learn a trade put him into a broker's office.—*Exchange.*

—In cases where Quinine utterly fails to have any effect, and where the patient cannot take it by reason of its unpleasant influence, a cure is promptly obtained by Shallenberger's Antidote. It cures *immediately*. In no case will there be more than one chill after the first dose, and in the majority of cases not even that. Sold by druggists.

A Sweet Revenge.

Charles (in street car, whispering to Jackson, sitting near him)—"Jack, don't you know that young lady standing up?"

Jackson—"Yes, that's Miss Simbley."

"Why don't you offer her your seat?"

"I'm getting back at her."

"Getting back at her?"

"Yes; she refused to dance with me at the charity ball."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Have You Catarrh?

There is one remedy you can try without danger or humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

Power of Religion.

Mrs. Winks—Folks say Mr. Weed, the cigar manufacturer, was converted at the revival last night.

Mr. Winks—Guess it's true. I stepped in this morning for my favorite brand of two-for-five cigars and I noticed the card "Pure Havana" had been moved over to the 15-cent box.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Mourning Carried Even to the Cook.

"You want a servant girl?"

"Yes, a colored one."

"Are you particular about having a colored one?"

"Yes, we've had a death in the family and we're in mourning."—*Boston Courier.*

Like the Perfume Wafted

From beds of flowers is the breath that has been rendered agreeably oderous with SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth a marble whiteness, and to the gums a roseate tint. Use it, and beautify your mouth.

An Artist's Mistake.

"Rosa Bonheur, as an artist, is not true to nature," remarked the snake editor.

"How is that?" asked the horse editor.

"In her picture, 'The Horse Fair,' appear several white horses, but not a single red-haired girl."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Pulpit.

TALMAGE SPEAKS OF MUTUAL HELP.

Text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, After He Had Served His Own Generation by the Will of God, Fell on Sleep."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an arch-angelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on asleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer, and there was perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, perhaps a thousand generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophies, their triumphs. We will in no wise effect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, this is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a forced march at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eight generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will soon be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he feel on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girded the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for the lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can see it right.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute seventy thousand human skulls and Bagdad ninety thousand human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts, and feel that they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist call tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers, and all the doctors, and all the ministers, and all the reformers, and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! no! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who, through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes, have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes in Asia Minor, multiplying the leaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the ax, from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax, glittering and sharp, with the edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along, lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. I am glad to know the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold, the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is, it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

I have read that the battle field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle field of Leipsic, 160 000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 under Schwarzeberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through, and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread." And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each; and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every one on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet, and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string, or a button, or a hook, or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The one fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be, and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the distribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country, are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for thousands of years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations.

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right! What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We can not stop. They can not stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come, now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject;" but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel, and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these 365 wheels turn 24 smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these 24 smaller wheels turn 60 smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these 60 smaller wheels turn 60 more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine, and fountains rainbowed, and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was. Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he lay down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam, or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work. It takes all of the aching out of the head, and all the weariness out of the limbs, and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning, and it is a new world. And if we like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. It will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fever so that the attendant must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin-blooded and shivering with ague, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses, and doctors, and mothers, who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing me from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest college, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the gospel ministry and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture and stepped back again, but after a while went in and touched him, and, lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey, and he died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knee.s He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwhich hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Artic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of book was turned down at the words: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep. Transporting sleep. And what a glorious awakening. You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friends house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment, and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like heaven. It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled-off flames of martyrdom must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer."

But I must not look any longer at these gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way, and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! Never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words: "Never more to part! Never more to part!" Then our glorified friends say: "Come out with us and see heaven!" And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And, as we are all making obeisance to this great one of heaven I cry out: "Who is he?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the kings of Israel. It is David, who, after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

You are feeling weak and languid,
You sickly are and sore;
Existence is a burden,
And working is a bore.

You need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful blood-purifying and invigorating, or tonic properties, will quickly start the torpid liver into healthful action, and cleanse and purify the system, thus restoring the ebbing vitality, repairing and strengthening the system and warding off threatened sickness. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases arising from Torpid Liver and from impure blood, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, and kindred ailments.

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$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, *or drive the disease to the lungs*, as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but *it produces* **perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh,** as thousands can testify. **"Cold in the Head"** is cured with a few applications. **Catarrhal Headache** is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. By druggists, 50 cents.

WHISKY KNOCKED OUT.

Iowa's Supreme Court Lets a Little Common Sense in on the Law.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 11.—The Supreme Court has decided the famous "original package" cases, representing the last prop upon which Iowa liquor dealers had relied. The decision is against them and in favor of the state. The case in point was that of Collins vs. Hills and others from Keokuk, both parties having appealed, though the lower court had decided in favor of the liquor dealers on one point.

The evidence showed that he had been selling whisky and beer for use as a beverage, having purchased his liquors in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri and imported them to Iowa. The beer had been sold in cases just as they were delivered to him by the carrier and the whisky was sold by the single bottle, some of it in pints and some in quart bottles, just as it was put up by the manufacturer, but was shipped in boxes or barrels.

The lower court held, in effect, that the transaction of selling the beer in the manner in which it was done was beyond the power of the state to control or prohibit, but was purely a matter of commerce between the states, which could be regulated only by the Congress of the United States; also that when the boxes and barrels in which the bottles of whisky were shipped to and received by defendant were opened and they were removed therefrom, the transaction as a matter of interstate commerce was fully consummated and that subsequent dealing with the liquors were governed by the statutes of this state.

The opinion of the Supreme court is by Judge Reed, and holds that the distinction made between the sale of the beer and the whisky is not sound. The way in which it was packed does not materially alter the character of the transaction.

In both cases, he says, the liquor was bought to be sold in Iowa, and it would be absurd to say that it would be right in the one case to import it and sell it, and in the other it would be right to import, but not to sell it, because to get at it it might be necessary to smash a box or barrel.

The court says the decision turns upon the question whether the defendant had the right, notwithstanding the statute, to sell the liquor in the state. As to that the judge holds that there can be no doubt, in view of the uniform ruling of the United States Supreme Court, and in the opinion of the court the prohibitory law does no infringe upon the commercial provisions of the Federal constitution. Therefore, the lower court is reversed. This decision bears upon a number of similar cases, and settles the last hope of Iowa liquor dealers, who had thought they might still be allowed to sell if they sold only in the original package in which the liquors were imported.

THE CENTENNIAL.

The Report of the Committee on Plan and Scope.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—A meeting of the Plan and Scope committee on the centennial of Washington's inauguration was held in this city. It was decided that troops from the regular army should conduct the President from the foot of Wall street to the Equitable building on April 29. The naval display in the morning and reception given to the President, especially by the commissioners from the different states, would therefore represent the national aspect of the celebration, as the militia on the next day, the 30th, would represent the city and states.

The committee also decided that the committees on General Government and Transportation should have charge of the President from Washington to Elizabeth the committee on Navy from Elizabeth to Wall street, the committee on States from the foot of Wall street to the reception in the Equitable building, and afterwards to the public reception in the city hall, and the Entertainment committee until the afternoon.

On Tuesday morning the committee of States will escort the President to the services in St. Paul's church, where he will be taken charge of by the St. Paul's church committee. The committee on Literary Exercises will conduct the President from St. Paul's church to the steps of the subtreasury. The President will then be turned over to the Army committee, who will have charge of him during the military parade, and then turn him over to the Entertainment committee in the afternoon. The Army committee will also have charge of the President the next day, on the occasion of the industrial parade.

Earthquake on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7.—Light earthquake shocks, occurring at 9:20 last night, are reported from Los Angeles and San Bernardino. At Colton, Cal., two distinct shocks were felt. No damage was done.

The *Tradesman* reports officially the total output of coal in Tennessee in 1888 to be 1,967,297 tons against 1,714,290 tons in 1866. Total value of coal mined $2,262,351.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

We this week give a number of communications on various subjects, which will, no doubt, be read with interest. We have several communications on hand that will appear next week. The readers of this department of THE BLADE are taking hold in a way that promises good results, because they write upon subjects information on which is beneficial. They are stripped of verbiage and high sounding words, and go directly to the point aimed to reach. The editor of this department extends an invitation to every-one engaged in farming, stock raising, poultry raising, fruit culture, etc. We shall be pleased to have you make it a family affair, so to speak, and tell each other anything that will be helpful. The editor will at all times be in the circle, and when the conversation is not animated, will do his best to say something that will interest.

NOTE.—The editor of this department at all times feels a pleasure in serving the patrons of THE BLADE who wish information, and he will reply to all questions asked as promptly as possible, consistent with correctness. But there are many who simply give initials of name, without state. We do not know whether they are subscribers or not. The editor is serving patrons of THE BLADE—not those who do not take the paper, and expect to have questions answered. To subscribers we say, send your questions and you shall receive prompt replies; but to those who do not subscribe, no attention will be paid. They who pay their money for THE BLADE are entitled to receive all the benefits. We give only the initials in answers, and omit the state, if so requested. In communications the name and state are given unless we are directed not to do so by the writer.—ED.]

Girdling Trees.

J. M., Oregon: About the best time to girdle trees is in June. This should be thoroughly done, leaving no connection anywhere around the part girdled.

Bit By a Rattlesnake.

Mrs. L. A. M., W. T.: For your horse that was bitten by a rattlesnake, and whose leg is swollen and sore, the process of healing will be slow. Get his blood in good condition by giving him a dose of aloes, 2½ drachms, and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Feed him regularly on easily digested food, and give him a bran mash (bran one-half peck with boiling water to scald it thoroughly) twice a week for two or three week, or until the passages (feces) are soft. If there is laxation, stop the bran. The bowels must be kept regular. For the sore, first bathe for two days with vinegar. Then for four days poultice with linseed meal sprinkled with half a teaspoonful of charcoal on the surface. After this wash with castile soap and warm water. Dress with fresh lard and a little powdered rosin. If there is swelling after the above treatment, mix at gentle heat and apply iodine 1 drachm, iodide of potash 2 drachms, lard 2 ounces to the part where the skin is not broken.

Curb in Horses.

H. C. L., Himrods, N. Y.: For your horse that has curb, give him a high heeled shoe, and bathe the part with cold vinegar for two days, or until all inflammation is out. Cut the hair off over the part affected, and rub in a little of this every night: Biniodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz. Rub each evening until there is a free watery discharge. Foment with hot water to encourage the flow. If after a week's time the curb has not disappeared, repeat.

Nothing Serious.

W. J. E., Parsons, Pa.: Beyond a little indigestion, we think there is nothing the matter with your horse. If you will give him 2½ drachms of powdered aloes and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger in a pint of warm water, and after it has operated change his diet, and feed at regular intervals, the animal will brighten up. All horses should be fed at regular hours, and not sufficient to cause engorgement. If you are feeding corn, change to oats. Feed sweet hay, and give a bran mash three times a week for two or three weeks. Look into his mouth and see if his teeth are all sound.

Sores on Little Pigs.

Mrs. J. C. P., Shane's Crossing, Ohio: For the sores on your little pigs, sponge the parts affected and a space of three or four inches around them with kerosene. Let it remain for about two days, and then wash off with soap and water. The soap suds should be strong. Give the pigs in their feed once a day for three days flour or sulphur, ½oz.; nitrate of potash, ¼ dr. This much at a time. If the sores are not all gone in a week or two, sprinkle a little burnt alum on them.

Hair Coming Out Slowly on A Horse That Was Burned.

W. S., Kansas: You do not say on what part of the body your horse was burned, nor do you tell how large the space is that was burned over. The annexed gentle stimulant will cause the hair to grow on parts where the hair bulbs have not been destroyed. It may be that these are destroyed. If so, there is no application that will cover the part burned with hair. Take of strong mercurial ointment ½ oz.; castor oil, 2 ozs.; oil of origanum ¼ oz.; cacoa butter, 3 ozs. Melt the butter and then rub all down together in a mortar that has been well warmed. Apply thinly on the part burned. It will depend upon the size of the part burned whether the above is too much. If small, less will answer.

Chickens for Profit.

J. M. K., Perry, Dakota: If you want a general purpose fowl, for weight and eggs, the Plymouth Rock is as good as any. The light Brahmas are good layers, especially in winter, and are a large bird. If you want "egg machines," there are none better than the White Leghorns or White Minorcas. They are great layers. The objection to them is that they are not a large fowl, and can fly into a neighbor's yard or up to the limb of a tree with ease. Their flesh is good, but they are nothing like the P. Rocks or Light Brahmas in weight. There are white P. Rorcks, which are now popular. The word chicken, properly speaking, signifies a bird not over a year old.

Cleaning Horses in Spring Time—Lice on Cattle.

J. F., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania: To bring a horse out in good trim in the spring, feed, say in March, bran mashes twice a week; also roots, such as turnips, once a week. Keep the bowels cool and in good condition, but do not let them become loose. Give exercise, feet at regular hours and apply the curry comb frequently. We are opposed to condition powders, but at times a little of them is beneficial. If the coat is rough and the skin harsh, give every other day for three times, Fowler's solution of arsenic, ½ oz.; iodide of potash, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. Mix into a draught with water or gruel. For lice on cattle, clean the stalls thoroughly, sprinkle them with carbolic acid, 1 oz., water, 1 gallon. Curry the cattle, and saturate the hides with a strong decoction of tobacco leaves saturated with rock salt. Wash three times at intervals of four days.

Mare Cut on Barbed Wire.

Old Subscriber, Muscatine, Iowa: The cut on your mare's pastern may not have been properly cleaned out before it was allowed to heal. The first thing to be done is to get all the fever out. This may be done by applying warm-water bandages for two days and then poulticing with linseed meal on which there is sprinkled a little charcoal and powdered alum. Keep the poultice on for three or four days, renewing it every day. If there is any proud flesh in the sores after the poultice has been applied wash the part with castile soap and water and sprinkle with powdered alum, burnt. Clean every part of the postern affected, leaving nothing to irritate. Then spread vaseline on a soft rag and after sprinkling the part that has proud flesh in it with the alum, apply the vaseline rag. Keep a watch on the proud flesh. It must be got rid of. If the alum will not do it, touch the proud flesh with a stick of nitrate of silver. Continue the vaseline until the part is healed. To reduce the swelling around the joint, apply iodine, 1 dr.; iodide of potash, 2 drs.; lard, 3 ozs. Mix at a gentle heat.

"What Ailed My Cow?"

F. W. H., (no state): Your cow that aborted a six-months calf, died from blood-poisoning. There were no doubt clots left in the womb, which should first have been removed by introducing the hand gently and removing them, after which a sponge dipped in vinegar and water should have been wrung out in the uterus. A full dose of ergot of rye, say an ounce and a half, should have been given without delay. A teaspoonful of powdered alum stirred in a teacupful of milk and squeezed out in the womb, might have stopped the flooding without using the ergot. As to the attentions of the bull, this arose from the abnormal condition of the cow. Regarding bone, a very little is of benefit at times. It should be very fine (bone meal) and not more than a teaspoonful at a time given. When cattle are seen gnawing at old bones, etc., they are debilitated. Their blood is impoverished. In such cases they should first be examined for lice. If found these should be cleaned out. Then give each animal, every day for a week, sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm, powdered gentian, 1 oz. After giving for a week, omit for a week and repeat. Give this in dry feed, or as a drench. Before commencing the above, each animal should be given half a pound of salts and a cupful of molasses, stirred in a quart of warm water as a drench.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Horse.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—At the head of those animals which have been domesticated by or rendered useful to man—whether we regard his noble form, his great sagacity, or the manner in which he is connected with our profit and our pleasure—stands the horse. To man, whether as a civilized being or as a barbarian, no animal is more useful than the horse. The beauty, grace and dignity of this noble creature, when in a properly developed state, are as marked as his utility. As a domestic animal the horse is found among almost every people on the globe, and his uses vary with the degree of civilization enjoyed by his owner. Among the Arabs, where his condition approaches more nearly to a natural state than among any other people except the Indians, and where his laborious service to his master is limited almost exclusively to carrying a single rider, he displays his greatest perfection as a domestic animal and enjoys the greatest immunity from disease. It is said by good authority that in countries where the horse is most oppressed and abused, and where he is made literally a beast of burden, and where man practices almost unrestrained, not only his active cruelties, but many unwitting enormities, he is said to be constantly deteriorating, and becoming more subject to disease and to premature death. There is no animal, when subjected to judicious care, less liable to disease than the horse, and there is no profession so shamefully abused as veterinary sargery. The horse was destined to be the servant of man, and when properly cared for, and humanely treated, man has no trustier friend than this noble animal. When we see a man unmercifully beating his horse we may be assured that man will beat his wife and children. We have not much faith in a man's Christianity when he hitches to his sled or sleigh on a cold and frosty night, and drives as though it was a case of life or death, ties his horses up to the fence all reeking with sweat, leaves them without blankets to shiver and chill for an hour or more, while he worships God. If the horse could talk his language would be something like this: Give me a good clean stable, with proper ventilation. Give me pure water to drink and sound food to eat, and give it to me regularly. Give my feet proper care and attention, and I will not be troubled with navicular diseases. Do not rush me soon after eating, while my stomach is distended with food, or you will affect my breathing. When I am swelled with flatulent colic do not take me out and run me, expecting to benefit me. Do not pour hot medicines down my throat until you have first tasted them yourself. Do not be eternally giving me condition powders to make my coat look sleek. When I am sick do not give me what every fool prescribes, but give me the proper medicine, and as little of that as possible. Do not confine me on corn, but give me an occasional mash. Let me have a few apples now and then, as I like a little luxury as well as my master. Treat me in all things as your obedient servant.—DR. IKE HUSTLER, V. S., from Hustlersville.

What was the Matter?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We have been feeding German millet, cut about ripe, to cattle, and one day three horses, a mule and two colts were allowed to eat of it, and one filley seemed to be poisoned. She was covered with blotches about the size of a silver quarter. Her legs were swollen, her head was double size, her eyes closed entirely. She seemed in no pain, and missed none of her regular feed, and was all over it in 24 hours. None of the others were afflicted. We have fed no more millet to horses. Since that time we have heard of several others similarly affected that never saw millet. We feed timothy hay and cover with plenty of salt. Will some one tell us the cause and cure or a preventative?—H. G. Q.

Plan for a Barn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Build 40x60, with posts 22 feet long; run a partition lengthwise of the barn, 22 feet from the south side (supposing the barn to stand east and west). Commencing on the west end, put four horse stalls, and one in the southwest corner facing west; then a small alley and then his cow stalls, and I would say, have the drops cemented. Have the drop twelve inches wide and then another row of stalls for the young stock facing south. This will leave him an alley in front of young stock, also in front of horses and cows and will give him more stable room in the same space than any other way, and he will have a bay 18 feet wide, the length of the barn, with the exception of the barn floor.

I would advise him to raise the barn floor 7 feet, and build a drive up to it, and under this floor have the grainery, and if he wants plenty of room, build a round top roof. If this plan meets his approval, and he will send his address, will send a draft.—B. P. SCHOONMAKER, Hurleyville, New York.

To Break an Egg-Sucking Dog.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see that some one wants to know to break a dog of sucking eggs. Here is my plan; it worked like a charm: I broke a hole in the egg, took out half the contents, and put in about a tablespoonful of powdered ipecac, then put some court plaster over the hole in the egg, laid it in the nest and awaited results, and they were not long coming. The dog retired to the barn, and the result was, that when he came out of the barn, he looked very lank but not at all egg-hungry. From that time on his health was better and he never was known to touch an egg.—JAS. R. GREGORY.

Another Way to Break an Egg-Sucker.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in BLADE of January 24, "D. W. D.," Trenton, O., asks for a remedy to break a dog from sucking eggs. I have raised four dogs, and had all of them to break of the habit, and herewith give my experience. I first provide myself with an egg in my pocket, then catch the dog in the act, lay hold of him by the forefoot, and with a good-sized stick administer a sound thrashing. I lay my licks on, and make him believe I intend to kill. I then take the egg I have in my pocket, lay it on the ground, catch the dog by both ears, ram his nose on the egg, break it, and then mop it up with his nose, then take my stick and finish the thrashing. If it is done in the right spirit and don't break him, next best thing is to tan his hide.—W. E. LANE, Greenville, Tenn.

Growing Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of the readers of THE BLADE give information about growing potatoes, cutting the seed, planting, and best methods of destroying the potato bug?—HERMAN MARIN.

Fodder Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to Joe, would say: 1. Sow your corn so that it looks as thick on the ground as field peas, if you ever saw any, as I cannot give any particular amount per acre, although I have sowed some. 2. Cut in July. 3. Yes, but will not cure if cut and bound. Better cut with binder and drop without binding and let lay until it gets properly cured; then bind by hand, or put in loose. I bound mine by hand taking sheaves of oats in the field for that purpose.—S. H. W., Salem, Ore.

A New Apple.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A new apple has been discovered in Southwestern Iowa, on the farm of N. N. Roush, esq., of Taylor county. This new discovery is likely to prove of great value and of general utility. It is attracting much attention, and trial tests, recently made, have demonstrated beyond a doubt that this new apple is destined to fill a valuable place that has never been filled by any other apple known to the fruit world. The peculiarity of this apple is its remarkable jelly quality, inasmuch as when the body of this apple is subjected to the ordinary process of preserving, it at once becomes a mass of the most beautiful translucent jelly, while the jelly made from the cider of this apple far excels anything heretofore known. It now looks as if this new discovery will shortly revolutionize the apple-butter and jelly product of the world. Mr. Raush says the tree seems hardy and vigorous, and an annual and prolific bearer.

History and Description.—The only account, as to history, is given by Mr. N. and his wife, and from the facts thus obtained it is quite certain the apple is a seedling.

Description—In size medium, slightly shouldered, with a gradual incline to the blossom, a little oval and slightly oblong; in color a bright yellow, interspersed with numerous red specks; sub-acid, with a rich, spicy flavor.—R. B. R[illegible]s, Siam, Ia.

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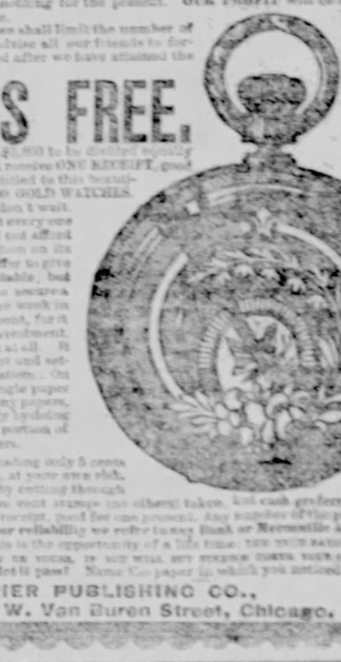

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CRAZE FOR OKLAHOMA.

Kansas City Full of Boomers Ready to Enter the Promised Land.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 6.—The Oklahoma fever has reached Kansas City and the railroads leading out of the city to the West are preparing for a great increase of travel toward that promised land.

Hundreds of men with families are out of work. Young men from the East, who came here last fall expecting to get rich immediately, have been disappointed and many have not even been fortunate enough to secure positions any kind.

They are planning, together with a vast horde of dwellers in tents in the suburbs, to move to free homes and independence. The ex-real estate agents are getting their boards ready to go up and possess the land. Several Oklahoma land companies have already been projected by well-known capitalists in and about the Gate City, and an exodus may be looked for at any moment. Newspaper men, grocery men, lawyers, bankers and men representing almost every class of business are earnestly talking about Oklahoma and how to get there.

Hundreds of letters come daily from the territory tributary to Kansas City in regard to the opening of Oklahoma, all filled with inquiries, and many who have written such letters are already in that city purchasing supplies and arranging to leave as soon as the opening is made, and the first exodus from the city shall begin.

The political side of the discussion is not being neglected, and a Kansas City man is already spoken of for the first governor.

THE "SQUAW MEN."

A Test Case to Settle Their Rights on the Reservation.

BILLINGS, Mont., Feb. 8.—A United States deputy marshal, acting under the orders of Indian Agent Briscoe, yesterday went to the Crow reservation and arrested Barney Brave, a "squaw man," and arraigned him before United States Commissioner Bates.

The "squaw men" were ordered by Briscoe to leave the reservation, because, as he interprets the law, they have no right to a residence there.

They all refused to leave, and Brave was selected as a fitting subject for a test case. He has lived on the reservation for 25 years, and about 16 years ago married a squaw. He has lived peaceably and quietly and holds a government patent to his land. The case is set for hearing Feb. 18 and excites much interest.

Briscoe succeeded Agent Williams here about a year ago, and is the first officer to raise the question of the right of squaw men to reside on the reservation.

The Indians are wrought up over his arrest and the indications are that Agent Briscoe will precipitate trouble on the Crow reservation.

SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

Belle Starr was Murdered by Two Men Who Fired on Her From Ambush.

EUFAULA, I. T., Feb. 7.—The latest advices from the home of Belle Starr, the noted female outlaw, says she was assassinated in a most cowardly manner. Her murderer is still at large.

The woman lived in a desolate spot on the Canadian river, and she was murdered while returning from a visit to some neighbors a few miles in the Choctow nation.

She was mounted on the horse which she had used for years, and was within a few hundred yards of her home.

Just as she was about to ford the river on the Chocaw side, a man, or possibly two, fired on her from ambush.

The assassin, or assassins, were only a few yards from her, and the big birdshot used struck her full in the face, killing her instantly.

TO MARRY BOULANGER.

A St. Louis Lady Liable to Be the Wife of the French General.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 11.—The *Republic* this morning announces that it has good reasons to believe that if Gen. Boulanger, the central political figure in France at present, obtains a divorce from his wife, he will shortly thereafter marry the divorced wife of John D. Lucas, of this city.

The lady in question was, before marriage, Miss Fannie McLaran, daughter of Col. Chas. McLaran, one of the old and prominent citizens of St. Louis.

The union with Mr. Lucas, whose father, James H. Lucas, was the wealthiest man in this city before his death, was an unhappy one, and she obtained a divorce a year or two ago, since when she has been in Europe and is now in Italy. She is a very handsome and accomplished woman and first met the general in New York.

Woman Suffrage Defeated.

BISMARCK, Dak., Feb. 9.—The House defeated the woman suffrage bill yesterday by a vote of 26 to 22.

Advices from Ching Kiang Foo say that Chinese soldiers occupy that place, and that quiet now prevails. The riots originated in the antipathy of the populace to an unpopular police inspector.

NIAGARA'S POWER.

A Chicago Man Who Thinks He Can Harness It Up and Make Use of It—Letters Patent Granted.

NIAGARA FALLS, Feb. 7.—The problem of how to utilize the power of Niagara river for manufacturing and other purposes, is in a fair way of being solved by a Chicago man. Practical engineers have declared the project feasible, and plans have been formulated with the object of undertaking the work. C. R. Bartlett, an engineer and contractor of that city, has been for some time engaged upon the preparatory work, and the result of his labors have not only received the approval of capitalists, but is protected by letters patent, issued by the government last month. During the current week application will be made to the state legislature for the necessary authority to undertake the work. The application is indorsed by prominent citizens of Chicago, and it is not thought there will be any difficulty in securing the legislation desired.

The bed of Niagara river at the foot of the falls is said to be 160 feet from the bed at the brink of the cataract. Mr. Bartlett proposes to first tunnel a series of tail races from the river bed at the foot of the falls, a distance of from 200 to 600 feet up the river, on either the American or Canadian side. These completed, he will commence excavating on a direct line to the upper bed of the river. When the work has reached a given point between the upper and lower beds coffer dams 100 by 600 feet in dimensions will be employed for the purpose of obtaining space in the former to continue the excavation from the upper bed of the river, and the same will be prosecuted until a junction is made with the excavation from below.

This completed, heavy iron beams will be anchored in the solid stone walls composing the sides of the shaft to prevent clogging by debris, ice, etc., caught in the river current in its course from Lake Erie. The same course of operations will be continued until a tunnel, so to speak, of a parallel width of 42 feet, has been excavated from the American to the Canadian shore. Ten feet below these girders a water-tight reservoir will be constructed of durable material, extending longitudinally from shore to shore. It will be 40 feet in width and otherwise sufficient in size for the service. It will be supported in the center by the bottom of the excavation and securely held in place. Six feet below the reservoir the workroom of the hands will be built on another set of girders, and also mortised into the rocky sides of the passage.

From the working floor a double row of iron pipes, five feet in diameter, will be located at a distance of sixteen feet apart throughout the entire length of the tunnel, extending from top to bottom. The interior of each will be equipped with a turbine wheel of the latest improved pattern, and each of the pipes will connect with the reservoir by means of ten-inch pipes supplied with valves to regulate the flow of water. Dynamos to the number of 100 will be placed at the bottom of the shaft. By opening the valves a flow of water of incalculable force will pass through the ten-inch pipes into five-foot pipes, starting the turbine wheels, and the power thus applied to the dynamos is transmitted over wires to any given point within a radius of fifty miles, where it can be utilized as a cheap substitute for steam or other motive agency. If the right of way is secured in New York and Canada a company will be organized for the development of this invention, and the preliminary work upon the excavation will be commenced. The work, it is claimed, can be concluded and in operation within a year.

THE FAITH MUST BE STRONG.

Men and Woman Baptized in a Creek During a Blizzard.

DANVILLE, Ill., Feb. 11.—Fannie Mann, Annie Lee, Douglas Cole, Jacob Grimes and wife, of Blount township, this county, were baptized by immersion yesterday, a few miles west of this city. The Rev. Mr. Hodge, of Catlin, and John Lee of this city, performed the ceremony.

A large hole had been cut in the ice and the minister took the thinly clad and shivering converts, one of whom is a chronic invalid and another a young mother, one at a time into the water which was five feet deep.

A blizzard and snow storm was raging, and it was so cold that the ice formed on top of the pool and stiffened their garments as soon as they came out of the water. On completion of the ceremony, they walked in their stocking feet a quarter of a mile through the fields to the nearest residence to change their garments.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A Railroad Liable for Damage Caused by Sparks.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—The board of referees consisting of George Shattuck and R. S. Hopkins, to whom was left the matter of establishing the liability for the Somerville bleachery fire of 1884, which was said to have been caused by a spark from a locomotive, have decided against the Fitchburg railroad. The road is therefore liable for the damages, which it is reported may exceed $250,000.

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MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

News of the Week.

[Under this head, we begin this week a new method of presenting the news, that we believe will be appreciated by all. We expect to improve upon this plan constantly, until it becomes a mirror of all the really important news of the week—that is, those matters on which every well-informed person is supposed to be informed. Read this page, and see if it is not better than anything that has preceded it. —ED. BLADE.]

SAMOA AND UNCLE SAM.

A RENEWAL

Of the Former Conference of 1877 With Germany.

The President on Saturday transmitted to Congress the proposal of Prince Bismarck for a renewal of the conference on Samoan affairs, at Berlin, with Mr. Bayard's acceptance. The secretary of State expresses his willingness to meet representatives of the British and German governments at any time, but he insists that the status quo must be restored in Samoa before any other steps can be taken.

SEWELL BOUNCED.

Secretary Bayard Asks for Consul Sewall's Resignation.

On Thursday, Secretary Bayard requested Howell W. Sewall, consul-general to the Samoan Islands, to hand in his resignation. This was because Sewall's views on the situation there, before the Congressional committee, did not not please Bayard's fossil ideas. Sewall recognized the fact that Germany has determined to possess the Samoan islands by hook or crook, and he said so. He also said that he believed the English government favored the steal, and that it was only the precursor of an Anglo-German attempt to secure supremacy in the Hawaiian islands. Accompanying this statement Mr. Sewall gava his views on the United States' part in the row, and the whole attitude of the consul-general was so radically at variance with the milk-sop policy of Mr. Bayard, possessing, as it did, an element of spinal rigidity, that the secretary of state was shocked. Then he had Mr. Sewall removed.

Sewall Explains the Samoan Situation.

Having been on the ground and carefully observed the conditions obtaining in Samoa, Mr. Sewall is naturally well qualified to give an intelligent opinion on the American outlook. But an honest expression of his ideas is rewarded with dismissal from the service. He was very indignant over Bayard's request, and, feeling at liberty to talk after his removal, related the following to an Associated Press reporter:

"I believe," said Mr. Sewall, with deliberation, "that the deposition of Malietoa was determined upon before the conference of the three powers began, and that it was the German intention to carry out the policy it had decided upon regardless of that conference. The purpose of Germany is to secure control of Samoa in defiance of the solemn and repeated assurances it has given to our government. Furthermore, I believe that Lord Salisbury is a party to this scheme, and that the movement against Samoa is only the precursor of an Anglo-German attempt to secure supremacy in the Hawaiian islands."

In reply to an inquiry, as to whether German aggression had been going on for so long a time, Mr. Sewall said that the recent news from Samoa which had so aroused the country was only a repetition of what had happened before. "Why," said he, "a great stir has been made by the announcement that martial law had been declared by Germany in Apia, but this is not the first time the German consul has declared martial law in force. German sentries, even before the Americans had been deprived of their right to a joint vote in the government of the town, had been commanded to shoot 'until dead' men not answering the challenge, and the notice giving warning of this was posted in German script only.

Sewall on the New Conference.

"Bismarck proposes to renew the conference now on German ground. This means much. Mr. Pendleton, our minister, is is sick, and whoever represents us is to be removed from American public feeling, and moreover, he is not likely to be well acquainted with the subject. Weber, for years the German consul in Samoa, and Becker, the late German consul there, together with a host of other officials who know Samoan politics, are in Berlin and will aid Bismarck. Without Weber, Bismarck would be unable to negotiate at all. It is known positively that Weber was in Washington during the conference held here coaching the German minister. In the present state of feeling, Germany would hardly dare send him over here again.

"Besides, the history of our negotiations with Germany in regard to Samoa, as pointed out by Mr. Bates, should caution us and make us reluctant to accept any assurances from Germany, for they have been made most freely on the eve of her most important movements here."

THAT SAMOAN BATTLE.

The Germans Were the Real Aggressors.

A Samoan correspondent, who is an officer of the natives, after describing the battle of December 18, between the Germans and Mataafa's soldiers, says: "This is an exact and truthful statement of the battle as related to me by one of the natives who participated in it all, and also by Mr. Klein, the New York correspondent, who was there and did his best to prevent bloodshed, notwithstanding the fact that all his sympathies are with the rightful claimant of the throne.

"Though the killing of these poor German sailors may be condemned by the German press, they met exactly the fate they merited for their brazen attempt to assist a usurper whom they hope to use for German advantage if it so be that they can place him firmly in a seat to which they, and all the world well know, he is not entitled.

"The German consul here has said in public that the natives fired first, and that they were instigated to the act by an American (Mr. Klein), but the statement is made out of whole cloth for the purpose of covering up his own imbecility, or getting aid and sympathy from a quarter whence Germany must have both in order to accomplish her aim.

"A man who is fool enough to imagine that 100 German sailors can whip 4,000 determined Samoans is also capable of coining a malicious falsehood to cover up his ridiculous want of judgment, or curry aid and favor from a people to whose good opinion and sympathy neither his conduct nor his cause is justly entitled."

WHAT GERMANY SAYS.

The Official Minutes of the Conference of 1887.

On Saturday, the 9th, the President sent to Congress the official minutes of the conference on the Samoan question held in Washington in 1887, accompanied by a statement that Germany and Great Britain have consented to their publication.

The instructions of the Berlin government to the German minister at Washington were as follows:

"The present situation in Samoa regarding the interests of the three treaty powers renders it necessary to renew the attempt to bring the future of those islands to an understanding. The position of the three treaty powers in the civilized world makes it their duty to stop the bloody combat accompanied by the barbarous customs of these not numerous tribes, for whose welfare, according to the judgment of the civilized world, it is a duty of the treaty powers to provide.

"Prince Bismarck, in consequence, considers it a duty of the participating governments to put an end by the agreement of the treaty powers to the troubles which have originated in Samoa by restitution of peace among the Samoans themselves, and so make an end of future bloodshed and the horrors of a civil war conducted with barbarous cruelty among the natives.

"The best remedy seems to be a resumption of the consultation which took place between the representatives of Germany, England and the United States in the year 1887 at Washington, and at that time adjourned without possibility of their representatives coming to an agreement. In consequence I have been requested by Prince Bismarck to propose to you to resume with Germany and the British government the consultation regarding the Samoan question.

"The last conference took place at Washington. According to the equal rights of the three treaty powers it seems proper the place for the negotiations should change in regular turn. Based upon this opinion, I am directed to invite the government of the United States to a conference regarding Samoa to take place at Berlin and a similar invitation has been sent to the British government.

"I am also directed to declare that any supposition that Germany would not feel satisfied with a neutral position in the Samoan islands is unfounded, as we have already declared in the last conference (of 1877) it is neither our intention to put in question the independence of the island group nor the equal rights of the treaty powers. We simply desire to create a condition which offers permanent security for bringing to an end bloodshed and decapitation and which grants permanent safety to the commercial interests of the three treaty powers in Samoa."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

THE NEW CABINET.

The Way The Talk Runs in Indianapolis.

On Wednesday, February 13, the electoral vote of the several states was counted in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, and Benjamin Harrison declared elected to the Presidency for four years from March 4, next. Gen. Harrison may, after that day, consider himself the duly elected chief magistrate, and he can hereafter without any breach of delicacy or constitutional propriety, announce or permit to be announced definitely who will form his official family.

The only thing that seems really certain is that James G. Blaine will be secretary of State. Gen. Harrison may defer completing his Cabinet until he gets to Washington. The mention of Windom for the treasury has awakened considerable opposition.

The authority for saying that General Harrison had made up his mind to offer him the appointment is of the most undoubted character, and it has been confirmed by subsequent events. The offer may not yet have been formally given him. It is understood here his selection is indorsed by both Blaine and Allison.

No one here doubts that Mr. Blaine will go in. There was an opposition to his appointment among some of the Indiana politicians, but within the past two or three days it has ceased, the opposers reaching the conclusion that further strife was useless.

The Foster idea is gaining strength, and it is not the most unlikely thing in the world that he will be one of the seven. If so, the slate, if made to day beyond reyond recall, would be Blaine, Windom, Rusk, Wanamaker, Foster, Estee and Evarts, or at least such is the belief of the wise ones. There are many, however, who do not take kindly to the Wanamaker appointment, and will not admit that it is probable.

It is said that Evarts will only be appointed if it will settle the difficulties in New York. Platt has been regarded here as out of the range of possibilities for some time.

Senator Plumb got a light lift in the Cabinet direction Friday. A party of a half dozen Kansas statesmen came over here this morning, prepared to present to General Harrison sundry and various reasons why the Senator should be given a seat at the official board. They are Kansans through and through, and believe that when the star of empire took its way westward, it called a halt when it reached that state.

Foster for the Cabinet.

On the 7th, a little delegation of Ohio state senators came in, headed by Major Rathbone. They did not register, but took dinner at the Denison, and immediately afterwards went to Gen. Harrison's.

Another Rumor.

An Indianapolis dispatch on Saturday says that information of the most positive kind has been received, which places Representative Thomas, of Illinois, in the Harrison Cabinet as secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Thomas on Saturday mailed his letter of acceptance to Gen. Harrison.

This appointment may knock Wanamaker out.

More Speculations.

William Walter Phelps, and that is as good a Blaine authority as can be had, stated on Saturday most positively that Platt will not be in the Harrison Cabinet. This conclusion he told a friend who had only that morning arrived from Indianapolis. Miller men are very jubilant and there is a corresponding gloom in the local Platt camp.

Major McKinley declares that his desire is to stay in the House, and a number of his friends are urging him to remain there.

More Rumors.

Rusk's boom for a Cabinet place took a fresh start Tuesday, and it looks as though the Wisconsin governor might really reach the War department.

Sen. Stockbridge on Monday received a letter from Governor Alger stating that he was not and would not be a candidate for the vacancy which Mr. Endicott will leave on March 4.

This news soon reached Senator Spooner's ears and he at once made preparations for a trip to Indianapolis, where he hopes to clinch the matter in Rusk's favor.

This withdrawal of Gov. Alger, who seemed to be a dangerous rival for the War department candidates, has given Gov. Foster's friends new hope, and they are going to push him for all he is worth.

THE INAUGURAL.

Gen. Harrison Reported to Have It Finished.

It is now reported that Gen. Harrison has finished his inaugural address. Local gossips know all about it, of course. Whether they are right will be better known after it is delivered, but the reports are that matters of minor importance have not been enlarged upon, and many which might seem to demand more extended notice have been dropped with a bare reference. The civil service, development of the south, which he refers to as "a section of our great republic," and the admission of certain territories to the sisterhood of states are discussed in separate paragraphs, and views given on each.

The subject of protection to American industries is treated at greater length than any other, and the utterances will prove more moderate than is generally expected. He will concede that the tariff laws should be revised and will suggest that careful study of its provisions show irregularities that should be remedied by proper legislation. A short paragraph is devoted to the Chinese question, and the subject of Mormonism is handled as one of more than subordinate importance.

He will take the ground that the law prohibiting Chinese immigration should be strictly enforced; that all violations of it should be severely punished, and that under no circumstances should protection thus afforded to American laborers be abridged. The spec. of polygamy in territories adjoining Utah is discussed, and legislation to prevent it from obtaining the foothold obtained in Utah is recommended.

There is no truth, so Harrison's personal friends say, in the report that parts of the address have been submitted to distinguished Republican visitors, and other parts sent East for the purpose of asking advice as to the pertinency of the subject matter and advisability of the utterances. Harrison, they say, has not shown the address or any part of it to his callers, and discussed the subject matter only with his law partner, who has told confidential friends certain points that it would contain. From these it is known that the subjects quoted will be discussed, but it is impossible to get fuller details.

Gen. Harrison's Car.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 12.—An Altoona, Pa., special says: The car that is to convey President-elect Harrison and his family from Indianapolis to Washington is being upholstered and refitted at the Pennsylvania railroad shops in this city. The car is No. 120, and is the private car of President Roberts.

AUSTRIA'S TROUBLE.

HOW RUDOLF DIED.

Probably the Truth Leaks Out at Last.

There have been at least a half-dozen stories put in circulation as to the real cause of the death of Prince Rudolf, the hair apparent to the throne of Austro-Hungary. The one which is generally credited in Europe is the last, which is herewith given:

It was a double suicide, Rudolf's companion being the beautiful young Baroness Marie Vetsera, with whom he had been on intimate terms for four months. The liaison, it is stated, was encouraged by Countess Wallersee-Larisch, a niece of the Empress. Marie, who was of a romantic disposition and nervous temperament, was devoted to Rudolf. On January 28 the pair started in a two-horse closed carriage for Meyerling, where they passed the next day together. On the morning of January 30 the two were found dead in bed. Marie had been shot through the forehead. Rudolf had also been shot as already described. It was evident that the two had resolved to die together. The coverlet was strewn with flowers. The body of Marie was secretly taken to a cottage and thence removed for interment. The Vetsera family left Vienna on Saturday for Venice.

RUDOLF'S FUNERAL.

The Corpse Placed in Charge of the Monks of St. Augustine.

Tuesday was a day of sadness in Vienna. All the shops were closed and blinds down. Enormous crowds assembled, and the emblems of mourning were seen on all sides. The requiem mass closed at 2 o'clock, and the key to the coffin lid confided to Prince Hohenlohe.

On the stroke of 4 o'clock the coffin was lifted from the bier, blessed and carried to the funeral car. The cortege then started from the Hofburg. Upon reaching the Augustine church, the priests assembled there placed themselves at the head of the procession and were followed by the court and state officials and the municipal authorities.

When the car bearing the body arrived at the cloister gates, Emperor Francis Joseph and the king and queen of the Belgians followed by the other mourners entered the body of the church. The ministers of the empire, headed by Count Kalnoky, Count Von Taafe and Her Von Tisza, and accompanied by the privy councillors, took up a position to the right of the catafalque. Next to them, nearer the main entrance, came in order the presidents and vice presidents of the Reichsrath, the Hungarian Diet and the provincial committee of lower Austria, the burgomasters of Vienna and Pesth, the delegates of both capitals and other deputations.

Archbishop Gangelbaurs awaited the coffin at the entrance of the church and preceded it to the interior. Amid a solemn silence he blessed the remains, sprinkling holy water on the coffin, upon which the emperor, during the whole ceremony, kept a fixed gaze in deep abstraction. After the final blessing Prince Hohenlohe delivered the remains to the father guardian.

RUDOLF'S SUCCESSOR.

Objections to Karl Ludwig—A Voice From Italy.

The official announcement that Archduke Charles Louis, (Karl Ludwig) brother of the present sovereign and uncle of Rudolf, will be heir to the throne, as given in last week's BLADE, to the exclusion of Rudolf's little daughter, has created much discussion in official and diplomatic circles. The papers quote an article from the *Italia*, the official journal of Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, declaring that the Salic law has been virtually abolished in Austria-Hungary since the Pragmatic Sanction, over 160 years ago, and, therefore Crown Prince Rudolf's daughter is the heir to the throne. It is certain that Premier Crispi does not relish the prospect of the heir of the duke of Modena, who was dispossessed by the unification of Italy, becoming the presumptive heir to the throne of Austria.

Furthermore, both Archduke Karl and and his son Franz are ultra Catholic foes of the house of Savoy and enemies of Italian unity, and are ardent allies of the Vatican. Apart from these enmities, even if class interests did not raise the question of succession, it would be doubtful if official opinion here would maintain the right of Emperor Francis Joseph, in following precedent, to declare, through an act of succession, the Princess Elisabeth the heiress to the throne. Advices from Pesth say the question already engages the anxious attention of the ministers, although no official notification respecting the succession will be made until the end of the year. The government organ, the *Pester Lloyd*, vaguely suggested recently the right of Princess Elisabeth to succeed to the throne.

The Vienna press in the meantime treats the right of Archduke Karl as inscrutable. Austrian politicians share in the existing derangement of the public mind. When the excitement abates and a clearer vision comes of the results of Rudolf's death, it will be seen that it involves a probability of a formidable conflict over the succession.

THE "SALIC LAW."

What It Is, And Why It Is So Called.

The Salians, or Salic Franks, were a tribe of Germans who in the fifth century invaded Gaul (now France) and by its conquest, under Clovis, founded the French monarchy. Their code of laws was called the Salic. These Salic laws forbade females from inheriting landed property, or the crown. Hence the reference to the "Salic law" in European politics is to be understood to mean that the females are excluded from the succession to the throne.

As will be seen by the remarks of *Italia*, which is the official organ of the italian government, the Salic law has never obtained in Austria proper since Maria Theresa succeeded to, and so gloriously filled, the throne of the Hapsburgs. But Austro-Hungary is peculiar in its makeup. It is virtually two kingdoms, Austria and Hungary, united only through the ruler and the Imperial Diet. The Austro-Hungarian constitution, which dates only from 1867, is not quite clear upon the subject. It makes "the King of Austria" the Emperor of Austro-Hungary. Does the word King include a Queen? That is a problem for the lawyers. Meanwhile, the Hungarians are understood to prefer a masculine ruler. There is going to be trouble in Austria.

FROM JAPAN.

New Constitution for the Empire of the Mikado.

The Japanese minister in Washington, on Tuesday, received a cable from Tokio, announcing that the constitution of the empire had been proclaimed by the emperor in person amid great enthusiasm. Mr. Mutsuhito communicated the telegram to Mr. Bayard, who assured him that the people of Japan had the best wishes of the government and people of the United States.

[Though no draft of the constitution has been cabled across the ocean, it is known that the new constitution is elective in form, based in part upon the ancient customs of the country, in part upon the constitutions of Germany, Great Britain and the United States. The general character of the clauses relating to legislative authority are based upon the German model. That is to say, the constitution is specious rather than effective, the real power being carefully retained in the bureaucracy. The text of the constitution declares the mikado (Mutsuhito) sovereign, and the crown hereditary. It continues the council of three and the ministerial council, but the latter will not be responsible to the assembly. In place of the consultative council, created in 1875, there will be two houses, the first nominated by the crown, and the second elective. It is not clear whether the upper house, or senate, will be composed of the old nobility, or the newer nobility, which is a species of official aristocracy. It is one of the probabilities that the upper house may be recruited as in France and Germany, from the people who have won distinction in the country. For members of the lower house, the only restriction is a property qualification. The German complexion of the new constitution is fairly manifest. The whole law system of Japan is in a state of transition. Iyeyasu left behind him a code based on the feudal observances of his time, and on the ancient precepts of Confucius and Mencius. The family, rather than the individual, was and still is the unit of the state. With the introduction of Western ideas a notable change has been effected in the character of the law. A criminal code, and a code of criminal procedure, mainly on the model of the code Napoleon, have been brought into use, and a civil code has been drawn up on the lines of existing codes in Europe. Education under the new constitution, as well as the old, is compulsory and something like 3,500,000 children are in regular attendance at school. Western education is now a part of the regular school work, and in the higher schools modern language and history, science and arts find a large number of students. The system of the government of Japan has been that of an absolute monarchy. The power of the Mikado has been absolute in legislative, executive and judicial matters, and there is no sign in the new constitution to show that Mutsuhito has relinquished any of his old powers.]

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE

In the Manner of Electing Deputies in France.

The French chamber of Deputies Monday adopted the scrutin d'arrondissement bill.

There are two methods of voting—by the scrutin de liste, and the scrutin d'arrondissement. To take a parallel case: Our present method of electing Representatives in Congress by separate districts is the same as the scrutin de liste; if the people of Ohio, for example, all voted for the 21 Representatives from the state, that would be the same as the scrutin d'arrondissement.

The *Republique Francaise* says: "We armed the republic yesterday, we will not disarm it to-morrow by voting for a revision of the constitution."

The *Journal Des Debats* says: The establishment of the scrutin d' arrondissement system of voting can only result favorably with a moderate cabinet in office.

Gen. Boulanger has postponed his intended electoral tour through Corsica and Algeria until October. He will be accompanied on the ttour by several members of the chamber of deputies.

O'BRIEN.

He Is at Last Removed to Killarney for Trial.

Mr. William O'Brien was taken from Tralee to Killarney on Tuesday, where he was arraigned on the last summons issued against him for violating the Crimes act.

Mr. O'Brien looked haggard. When his case was called in court he asked for an adjournment on the ground that he had not been able to consult counsel.

The court granted the request and set the hearing for Monday.

The government had posted a proclamation along the route from Tralee to Killarney forbidding the gathering of crowds. Mr. O'Brien was escorted by a force of military.

OTHER FOREIGN FACTS.

Destroyed the Town.

CAIRO, Feb. 12.—The Soudanese have evacuated Handoub, after destroying the town by fire.

Alex. Told to Go.

BERLIN, Feb. 12.—Emperor William has officially notified Prince Alexander of Battenberg that he does not desire his presence in Berlin, either in connection with the settlement of the affairs of his father, the late Prince Alexander of Hesse, or any other business.

Ended in Disorder.

MADRID, Feb. 12.—At the banquet given by the Republican club in this city last night, to celebrate the proclamation of the Republic in 1873, the discussion ended in disorder. The officers of the club were compelled to dissolve the meeting.

Vesuvius Again Active.

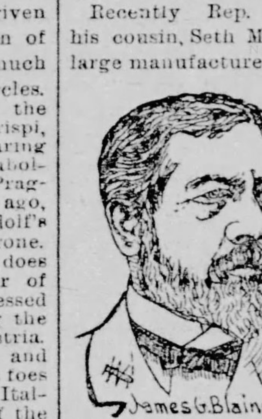
NAPLES, Feb. 12.—A shock of earthquake was felt in this city to-day. Vesuvius is again active.

WASHINGTON.

BLAINE ON CUBA.

He Believes We Must Have It, and Canada Also.

Recently Rep. Milliken, of Maine, his cousin, Seth Milliken, of New York, a large manufacturer, who has investments in the South, called on Mr. Blaine on private business. During the conversation, the merchant, who has known Mr. Blaine for years, asked him if he was in favor of the annexation of Canada. Mr. Milliken says that Mr. Blaine replied that he was, but that he did not think it would be brought about by agitation. In the course of time, he thought, the Dominion would naturally gravitate into the American Union.



"Canada," said Mr. Blaine, "is like an apple on a tree just beyond our reach. We may strive to grasp it, but the bough recedes from our hold just in proportion to our efforts to catch on to it. Let it alone and in due time it will fall into our hands.

"If we were reaching after territory to increase our wealth and strength, as well also to protect the health of our people, I should say that Cuba is the outlying island, which the interests of the United States would naturally seek.

First, as to its relation to health, Cuba is the natural home of pestilential diseases, especially yellow fever. Under the direction of our eminent sanitaries I have not the slightest doubt that the existing cause of this dreaded disease could be exterminated from every part of the territory of Cuba.

The knowledge which science makes as to the propagation of the germs of yellow fever has put it in the power of health officers, well provided with means, to remove the breeding spots from the face of the earth.

"I have not the least doubt but what it could be done were the island under our control.

"In point of economy it would be cheaper for the United States to purchase the island from Spain at almost any cost rather than that it should be a constant menance to the health and prosperity of the Southern states. The cost directly and indirectly to the business of the country during the last yellow fever epidemic in the Mississippi valley was greater than the value of Cuba, even if you put it on a mere money basis.

"But when you consider the peril to life which the fever constantly brings, its purchase would not be dear at any price.

"The next object which makes it valuable is its relation to the United States as a strategic point. It lies close, very close, to the Southern extremity of Florida, and its western end is still nearer Yucatan. In this way it practically controls the Gulf of Mexico. It actually commands positions which we ought, in the natural order of things, to possess and control.

"In regard to its contributing to our wealth, Cuba in the hands of the Yankee people, and by that I mean the thrifty, energetic, inventive American race, would add immensely to our property. It is a fertile island, and under the control of skilled labor, its productive resources would doubtless be increased a hundred fold."

EDGERTON REMOVED,

And H. S. Thompson Appointed in His Place.

The President on Saturday sent the following nomination to the Senate: H. S. Thompson, of South Carolina, to be United States Civil Service commissioner, in place of A. P. Edgerton, removed.

The President had, in the meantime, requested Mr. Edgerton to resign. This he refused to do, and Grover forthwith sent in the name of his successor.

Commissioner Edgerton got himself into bad odor with the administration through an interview published some time ago in which he was quoted as saying that President Cleveland was insincere in his civil service reform professions, and a number of other things which were calculated to make an unpleasant impression at the White House. On his return to Washington Commissioner Edgerton denied the interview, saying he had been misquoted, but the present action of the President would argue that the denial was not considered sufficient.

THE NEW OFFICE.

The Bill Passed Adding a Secretary of Agriculture to the Cabinet.

The President on Monday approved the act to enlarge the powers and duties of the department of Agriculture and to create an executive department to be known as the department of Agriculture.

He also sent the following nomination to the Senate: Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, to be secretary of Agriculture.

Thompson Will Be Confirmed, But Not Stevenson.

In executive session of the Senate on Tuesday Sen. Plumb from the committee on Agriculture, favorably reported the nomination of Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, to be secretary of Agriculture.

Objection was made by a Republican senator to consideration at this time, and a Democratic senator then objected to a discussion of the nomination, and under the rule it went over until the next executive session.

It is understood that the nomination will be confirmed, however, when it again comes before the Senate.

The nominations of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Thompson to be civil service commissioner in place of Edgerton, removed, and of First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson to be judge of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia, will be subject to the general rule adopted by the majority of the Senate respecting political nominations.

Mr. Stevenson will be objected to because the policy of the party is against filling territorial offices with non-residents.

Mr. Thompson will be objected to because of his extreme partisanship in South Carolina.

ON THE ISTHMUS.

An Opinion in Official Circles That Trouble May Occur.

There is a growing opinion in Congressional circles that the incoming administration expects trouble on the Isthmus of Panama. On Monday, the Senate, in executive session, spent nearly three hours in heated debate, and as the result $250,000 was appropriated to aid the President in protecting American interests there. Men high up in the councils of both parties expect an outbreak when the French companies cease work, and the fact that the Mohican has sailed for Panama only tends to increase the belief that trouble is imminent.

Itching Skin Diseases

I scratched 28 years. Body covered with scales. Scratched all the time. Suffering endless and without relief. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies. Skin now as clear as a baby's.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ring worm, psoriasis, etc. I took .... and .... Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200 you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (Picture No. 2 "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it. DENNIS DOWNING,

WATERBURY, VT., Jan. 20, 1887.

Every night I scratched until the skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. An awful Spectacle. Entirely cured by the Cuticura Remedies in five weeks.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary cure your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words my thanks to you. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's. GEO. COTEY.

MERRILL, WIS., Sept. 21, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure. GEO. COTEY.

Cuticura Remedies

To cleanse the skin and blood of every blemish and impurity, no agency in the world of medicine is so speedy and infallible as the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensible in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

THE SPRINGER BILL

For the Admission Together of Five New Territories.

The Springer Omnibus bill, providing for the admission of both Dakotas, Washington, Montana and New Mexico, finds little favor with the members of the Senate committee on Territories. The Democratic members of the committee agree with the Republicans that in its present form the bill ought not to become a law. Aside from any political reasons which might control the decision of the committeemen, it is admitted by both parties that as the draft of a bill it is extremely faulty. Some of its advocates admit its ambiguity in certain features. One of the most eminent lawyers of the Senate, who has examined it, says that it is very doubtful whether, if enacted just as it stands, the law could be operative at all, or whether any territory could be admitted under it.

There are some provisions of the bill, the object of which no one seems to understand. One of them is in regard to the sale of the school lands. Delegate Gifford says that there is one school section in Dakota, which would undoubtedly bring $100 per acre in cash; yet under the operations of the bill it would probably be sold for $30 an acre. Another serious difficulty which has been raised by the lawyers in the Senate is that the bill would operate as a wholesale jail delivery as well as an abatement of all pending suits of a civil character of whatever nature. This may not have been the intention of the framers of the bill, and doubtless was not, but the Senate lawyers say that, if enacted every criminal would be set loose from the Dakota jails, and every civil suit in the territory or in the United States Supreme court originating in the territory would also abate.

FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

What the Two Houses Have Been Doing This Week.

Feb. 6.—Senate.—The bill granting the Big Horn Southern railroad the right of way across the Fort Custer reservation was passed, and goes to the House. The main debate of the day was on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, in the course of which Senator Daniel (Va.) furiously attacked civil service reform as being un-American. He implied that Cleveland's civil service policy had been one factor in his defeat, and hoped that the new administration might abandon the system.

House—Representative Posey, of Indiana, elected to fill the vacancy caused by Gov. Hovey's resignation, was sworn in and took his seat. A message of the President, giving the agreement with the Creek Indians, by which a portion of their lands in the Indian Territory is ceded to the government, was received and referred to the proper committee. The conference report on the Nicaragua canal bill was then discussed, and agreed to—yeas 177, nays 70. The committee on merchant marine and fisheries reported a resolution calling on the secretary of the Treasury for information as to the orders given the revenue cutter Richard Rush regarding the protection of our seal fisheries last summer, and also in 1887, and the reason for any change therein. [This is to ascertain whether the charge of the American sealers is true that instructions were given last year not to molest British vessels, which obtained many thousand skins in American waters without any interference on the part of our vessels.]

FEB. 7.—Senate—The naval and fortification appropriation bills were reported with amendments. The resolution of inquiry as to the number of railway postal clerks removed since January, 1885, with the reasons for removal, was adopted, and also a similar one as to the office-holders under the control of the commissioners of the District of Columbia. The bill to quiet title of settlers to lands on the Des Moines river, Iowa, was passed. The legislative appropriation bill was taken up and passed. The pension appropriation bill was amended by providing for the payment for portions of a quarter up to the death of a pensioner, and also in relation to checks, and passed. It now goes to the House for concurrence in these amendments. The conference committee on the bill to admit South Dakota reported a failure to agree. The Senate insisted on its points, and reappointed the same conferees. The Union Pacific funding bill was discussed, and went over without action. Fifty-two private pension bills were passed.

House—The Senate amendment to the bill regarding the federal judicial districts of Georgia was agreed to, and the bill goes to the President. It creates a new division of the district, and provides for holding U. S. district court at Augusta. The army appropriation bill and the agricultural appropriation bill passed, and both go to the Senate.

FEB 8.—Senate.—The Nicaragua canal bill, as it came from the Conference committee, was agreed to, and sent to the President for his approval. Senator Blair reported favorably from his committee the joint resolution for an amendment to the federal constitution to prohibit the denial of the right to vote, on account of sex, by any state. A minority report will be made from the same committee against the measure, which would give women the right to vote on exactly the same conditions as men. The committee on Military Affairs reported a substitute for the bill passed by the House, to remove the charge of desertion from soldiers of the Mexican war and the rebellion, who served faithfully till their term of enlistment was up. The substitute was passed, and the House was asked to appoint a committee of conference on the measure. The House amendment to the bill as to cutting timber on Indian lands was concurred in, and this bill goes to the President for approval. The legislative appropriation bill was then discussed. An amendment was adopted giving the board of pension appeals six members instead of three, and the bill went over.

House—The committee on public lands reported back the bill already passed by the Senate to dispose of public lands now subject to private entry, or valuable chiefly for farming, only under the homestead laws, and not by sale. Amendments were adopted extending the act to lands in Missouri; repealing the commutation clause of the homestead laws; and allowing persons who have abandoned or relinquished homestead entries to make another entry. The bill then passed, and goes to the Senate for concurrence in the amendments. A bill was passed increasing the pension of Gen. Emery's widow to $50 a month. The army appropriation bill was discussed, and went over.

FEB 9.—Senate.—The Senate bill to establish an United States court in the Indian Territory was substituted for the House bill of similar tenor, and then passed. It now goes back to the House for agreement on the substitution. Conferees were asked for by the House, and Senator Vest, Edmunds and Wilson (Iowa) appointed. A resolution of inquiry as to the Alaska salmon fisheries was adopted. The Senate refused to concur in the House amendments to the direct tax refunding bill, and a conference committe was asked for, the Senate appointing Sherman, Morrill and Harris as its confrees. The fortifications appropriation bill was passed with amendments. It now goes back to the House for concurrence in there. The Pacific railroad refunding bill was discussed without action.

House.—The Senate bill giving right of way through the Fort Scott reservation, Montana, was passed, and now goes to the President. The Senate bill for a bridge across the Mississippi at Lacrosse, Wis., also goes to the President. The postoffice appropriation bill was discussed without action.

FEB. 11.—Senate.—Senator Coke's credentials were presented. The naval appropriation bill was discussed, without action.

House.—The bill was passed authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river at Leavenworth, Kas. The House insisted on its amendments to the direct tax bill, and a conference was orderd. The Smalls-Elliott election case was taken up and debated, but not disposed of. The speaker appointed Messrs. Caswell, Seney and Oates as conferrees on the direct tax bill.

FEB. 12.—Senate.—Senate bill to enforce the quarantine regulations and provide for a national board of health, was adopted and placed on the calendar. The following House bills were passed: To authorize the court of claims to render final judgments upon claims of "old settlers," or Western Cherokee Indians; to pay $8,000 to Capt. C. F. Swain for valuable services in saving a ship-wrecked crew off Cape Horn; granting right of way to the Pine Land and Water company across Ft. Lowell military reservation. After an executive session of five minutes the Senate took up and discussed the Naval Appropriation bill.

House—Routine business gave way for a continuance of the debate on the Smalls-Elliott contested election case; in the discussion of the Postoffice Appropriation bill.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The Week's Record of the Notable Dead.

On February 6, in St. Joseph, Mo., Maria F. Montgomery, widow of the late Gen. Bacon Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery rendered most valuable services to the Union cause during the war. Gen. Gneisenau, of the Germany army, is dead.

On the 8th, in Manchester, N. H., ex-Congressman Samuel N. Bell, aged 60. In Aiken, S. C., William Knabe, of the famous piano firm, aged 47. In New York city, Cornelius H. Delamater, founder of the Delamater iron works, aged 68.

On February 10, at Hong Kong, Rear Admiral Chandler, commanding the Asiatic squadron, U. S. navy.

On February 11, at Washington, Col. Henry J. Hunt, governor of the Soldiers' Home of the district of Columbia, aged 69.

On February 11, in Rome, Cardinal Pitra, second in rank in the sacred college.

FIRE RECORD.

The Larger Fires for the Week Just Past

On February 5, in Topeka, Kan., the furniture establishment of W. M. Dignon, $33,000; in New York city, large building, 841 Broadway, damaged $50,000.

On February 6, in Bath, Me., Joseph Varney's saw mill and a large amount of lumber, $30,000; at Oxford Junction, Ia., the Carter and Moore block, $30,000.

On February 7, in Sutherland, Fla., the new Hotel Sutherland, $40,000; in Auburn, N. Y., several stores, $60,000; in Pawtucket, R. I., the spool cotton mill of Johnson & Lennon, $10,000; in Upson county, Ga., the Flint River Cotton factory, $100,000; in Terre Haute, Ind., the kitchen of St. Mary's of the Woods, a leading Catholic educational institution, $10,000; in Cleveland, O., the Northern Ohio Blanket mill, $100,000; in Newago, a row of business blocks, $20,000; at Niagara Falls, N. Y., brewery of J. P. Curry & Co., $30,000; in Newark, N. J., Simon Bro.'s Brush factory, $25,000.

On February 8, in Northbridge, Mass., the Riverdale Cotton mill, $40,000; in Vandalia, Fla., twenty business houses, $50,000.

On February 11, in Philadelphia, James Wyeth & Bro.'s drug manufactory, $600,000; in Minot, Dak., six buildings used as stores, $12,000.

The Work of Making Ready for the Inaugural Parade.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—(Special.)—The sounds of political execution are in the President's ears. The huge stands for reviewing and witnessing the inaugural parade are going up in front of and on either side of the White House. The work does not progress as did that on Solomon's temple, without the noise of hammer or saw, but from early morning until sundown there is a veritable din of blows resounding in the President's ears.

They must come to him with something of the sensation with which the hammering together of a scaffold smites on the ear of one condemned and awaiting execution.

These stands, like everything else connected with the approaching inauguration, are on a greater scale than those of former years. The reviewing stand in the White House grounds, looking out on the avenue in front, will be of the usual size. But those opposite, and those about the Treasury, indicate the grander proportions of the coming demonstration. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are having their goods packed ready for shipment to New York.

Big Failure.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 12.—The continuous rush of creditors of the Ohio & Western Coal and Iron company pressing their claims, which began Monday night and kept on increasing, caused the company to make an assignment. The assignee is Gen. James A. Hall. Schedules of the assets and liabilities have not been completed.

The failure of Glidden & Curtiss, of Boston, Mass., and the subsequent assignment of the property of the Ohio & Western Coal company, has created considerable excitement and uneasiness in the Hocking Valley, where the property of the company is located. Saturday was payday with the Ohio & Western, but the men received nothing. The shutting down of the Ohio & Western Coal and Iron company will throw from 600 to 700 men out of employment.

The Governor and the Legislature Engaged in the Trouble.

BISMARCK, Dak., Feb. 11.—In a message to the House of Representatives Governor Church has attacked his predecessor bitterly, and the legislature returned the attack with equal warmth, and then postponed their formal answer, to get it in better shape.

After sending in his message the governor closed up his office, which is considered as a direct snub by the legislature, then in session, and could not be found by the officers of the House. As his message was considered very insulting there has been much talk about the matter, and the indications of action looking to his prompt removal by the incoming president are very pronounced.

Killing the Wheat.

MONTICELLO, Ill., Feb. 12.—The Hessian fly is destroying the wheat crop in central Illinois. In some places whole fields have been destroyed. The dry, freezing weather is also aiding in the killing of the wheat. The farmers are greatly alarmed at the work of the insects, which gather thick on the wheat, and should the warm weather continue, will destroy the entire crop.

Kenna Falling Off.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 12.—There were two ballots taken to-day for United States senator without any change, except that Merrill, of Wirt, deserted from Kenna on the second ballot.

A large meteor fell on a farm in Highland county, N. Y., Sunday. It is described as very brilliant, and in color yellow, tinged with green. It broke into many small pieces and the snow, covering about an acre, was found perforated as with gravel stones. Snow has since fallen, covering the traces, but an investigation is to be made when it disappears.

[A number of separate news articles of interest will be found in the 4th, 7th and 8th columns of the seventh page.—ED. BLADE.]

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1889.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—decrease	$4,740,200
Loans—increase	8,103,900
Specie—decrease	2,385,000
Legal tenders—decrease	1,401,100
Deposits—increase	3,816,400
Circulation—decrease	329,400

The banks now hold $14,152,975 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 12.	Feb. 5.
4's coupons	128¾	127½
4's registered	128¾	127½
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Noon—Money on call was easy at 1½@2 per cent. Bar silver, 93½c.

The raid upon values in the stock market was continued for a short time after 11 o'clock but no further movement of importance was made beyond the drop in Pullman, which was knocked down from 250½ to 199, a loss of 6½ per cent. Before the end of the hour, however, it had recovered to 205. The same shares continued to lead in the dealings, though the volume of business was much smaller than during the previous hour, and recoveries followed all over the list. The market became extremely dull toward noon, and at that time it was firm but generally at slight fractions below the opening prices.

The following are the stock quotations to-day: U. S. 4s reg., 128¾; do 4s coup., 128¾; Pac. 6s, '95, 120; Adams Express, 152, Alton & Terre Haute, 49; do pref., 90; American Express, 112; Bur. C. R. & N., 20; Canada South., 55⅜; Central Pacific, 36¾; Chi. & Alton, 135; Chi., Bur. & Q., 101¼; Chi. S.L. & Pac., 18½; do pref., 41¾; Cin., San. & Cleveland, 63; Cleveland & Columbus, 72; Del. & Hudson, 136½; Del., Lack. & Western, 141⅜; Denver & Rio Grande, 16½; Erie, 29; pref, 68; Ft. Wayne, 150¼; Hock. Val. 26½; Hous. & Tex. 11; I. Cen. 110¾; Ind., B. & West. 11½; Kan. & Tex., 12¼; L. E. & W. 18¾; Lake Shore, 104¼; Louisv. & Nash., 59¼; Louisv. & New Alb. 45; Memp. & Char., 55; Mich. Cen., 90¼; M., L. S. & W., 69; do pref., 101½; Min. & S. L. 6; do pref. 12; Mo. Pac., 72½; M. & O., 10¼; Nash & Chat, 87½; N. J. Cent., 97½; Nor. Pac. 27⅛; do pref., 62¼; Northwestern, 107¼; do pref., 140½; N. Y. Cen., 109½; N. Y., Chi. & St. L. 19⅛; do do pref., 75¼; O. & Miss., 24; do pref., 85¾; Ont. & West., 18¼; Ore. Nav. 96¾; Oregon Trans., 33⅛; Pacific Mail, 39; Peoria, Dec. & Evans., 27½; Pitts., 155; Pullman Pal., 203½; Reading, 46⅝; Rock Island, 96; St. L. & S. F., 26½; do pref., 67⅛; do 1st pref., 111; St. Paul, 63½; do pref., 99¼; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 101; St. Paul & Oma., 31¼; do pref., 91; Tex. P., 21¼; U. Pac. 65¾; U.S. Ex. 79½; Wabash St. L. & Pac., 14; do pref., 27; Wells Fargo Ex., 142; Western Union, 85⅞; Quicksilver, 7; do pref., 37½.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12—3 p. m.—The stock market closed active and strong at about the cheapest figures of the day.

TRADE.

There was a seasonable trade generally, during the past week.

THE MARKETS.

To-Day's Markets.

At leading points to-day, wheat for May was active, the volume of trade being larger than for a length of time past. The excitement at times was quite marked. At Chicago, May opened at 106⅝c, rose to 110¼c, and closed at 109⅜c, 3¾c higher than yesterday. At Toledo, May opened at 99c, rose to 101⅞c, and closed at 100⅜c, 1⅝c advance; July wheat did not sympathize with May to a marked extent. At Toledo it closed ½c above the preceding day.

A dispatch from Chicago says: "Market closing nervous and excited. The Fairbanks crowd still continue to hold their wheat."

Prices of May and July wheat at leading points to-day:

May.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	99	101⅞	99	100⅜
Chicago	106⅝	110¼	106⅝	109⅜
New York	100¾	102½	100⅝	102¼
St. Louis	98½	100	98½	99⅜
July.	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close.**
Toledo	91¾	93	91½	91½
Chicago	96½	96½	94¾	95⅛
New York	97¾	100	97½	98¾
St. Louis	87½	87½	86⅞	86⅞

Corn was active and firm at an advance of ¼@½c. Oats steady. Clover seed dull, but steady, at 2½c advance. Dressed hogs, unchanged.

The Local Trade.

At the Produce Exchange to-day the market for cash wheat was dull but higher. No. 2 soft red, 98¾c; No. 2 soft red, Lake Shore, about 103c, 1c advance; No. 3 soft red, D. & M., 92c.

For future delivery the market was unusually active. May wheat advanced sharply; it opened ¼c above Monday, shot up from 99c to 101⅞c, closing at 100⅜c, 1⅝c improved; July easier; opened at 91¾c and closed at 91½c, ½c advance as compared with Monday.

Corn was fairly active with a firm tone; No. 2, 33¼c, ¼c better; No. 3, 32c; No. 2 yellow, 33¼c; No. 2 May, 35¾c, ¼c up. Oats neglected. Clover seed steady at $5 20 for prime; No. 2, $4 95. Dressed hogs—Sales, 162 head at $5 80 for light and $5 55 for heavy.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Beans—Selling slow and few wanted, with hand-picked mediums held at $1 60@$1 65; do Marrows, $2 10.

Butter—This market remains in the same condition as noted for some days past. There is so little really choice fresh butter offered that it seems useless to quote top grades. Prices are firm on such when obtainable, but but the bulk of receipts are defective and selling at former prices. Quotations—Choice Roll, 15@15c; fair to good, 12@13c; poor to common 9@11c.

Buckwheat flour—Choice Eastern, $3 00 per cwt.; Michigan, $2 75.

Cheese—Full cream cheddars 10@10½c. per lb., flats 11½c.

Eggs—Cold weather has given the market a slightly firmer tone, but under liberal offerings prices remain steady at 14c for strictly fresh; 12½@13 for held fresh.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4@5½c; veal, 7½c; mutton, 6c; Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½@7c; cured light, 5½c; heavy steers, green, 5c; light, 4c; No. 2 and grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 5c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Green Fruits—Apples $1 25 to $1 75 per barrel; Florida oranges, $2 50 to $3 25; cranberries, $8 00 to $8 50 per barrel; lemons, $2 75 to $3 25 per box.

Honey—New white clover honey in 1-lb. sections 17@18c. per lb.

Poultry—Realy choice dressed chickens and turkeys are scarce and wanted at 11c for turkeys and 9½ to 10c for chickens.

Potatoes—Trade is dull but the tone of the market is about steady at 34c to 35c per bushel for choice Burbank and white stars from store; and 32c to 33c for car lots on track.

Vegetables—Cabbage $1.25@1.50 per 100, celery 20@30c. per doz, turnips 12@15c. per bush.; Rutabagas, 20@25c per bush.; onions, yellow Danvers 22@24c, red not wanted at any price; parsnips $1.50 per bbl.

Dressed Hogs, $5.50.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 12.—Wheat dull; cash, 93½c; May, 95⅞c; July, 94⅞c. Corn, dull; No. 3, 29¾c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 28c. Rye, neglected; No. 1, 45¼c. Barley weaker; No. 2, 59½c.

DETROIT, Feb. 12.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 103c; No. 2 red cash and February, 101¼c; May, 104⅞; July, 93c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 33½c; May, 36c. Oats—No. 2, 27c; No. 2 white, 28¼c.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 12.—Flour quiet; Wheat easier, lower at 95. Corn firm at 33@34½c. Rye dull at 54c. Pork weak at $12 00. Lard easier at $6 60. Bulkmeats and Bacon easier, Whisky quiet; sales 831 bbls.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—Wheat—Higher; cash and February, 96¼c; May, 99¼c; July, 86⅝c. Corn—About steady; cash, 28½@28⅝c; March, 28¾c; May, 31⅝c; July, 32½c. Oats higher; cash, 24½c bid; May, 27½c bid. Pork dull; job lots, $11 75. Lard quiet at $6 60. Whisky steady at $1 03.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat steady; cash, 103½c; May, 106⅞c. Corn firmer; cash, 34⅜c; March, 34½c; May, 35 9-16c. Oats steady; cash, 25c; May, 27¼c. Rye, 45½c. Barley—Nothing doing. Prime timothy, $1 48. Flax seed, $1 59. Whisky, $1 03. Pork easy; cash, $11 30; March, $11 30; May, $11 52½. Lard about steady; cash, and March, $6 65; May, $6 75@6 77½; May steam rendered, $6 07½.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Wheat — Receipts, none; sales, 5,760,000 bu; market opened ⅛c lower, sold up ⅝c, declined ⅞c; unsettled and active; No. 2 red March, 98½@98¼c; April, 99⅝@100¼c; May, 100 9-16@102½c; June, 101 1-16@101⅜c; July, 97½@98c; August, 94⅞c; December, 97⅝@98c. Corn—Receipts, 56,000 bu; sales, 88,000 bu; market stronger and quiet; mixed Western, 41@44¾c. Oats—Receipts, 46,000 bu; sales, 20,000 bu; market dull and easy; western, 27@40c. Beef quiet; extra mess, at $7 00; plates, $8 75@9 00. Pork dull; new mess, $12 50@12 75; old do, $12 50; prime, $12 50@12 75. Lard unsettled and dull; steam rendered at $7 15. Butter—Receipts, 5,789 pkgs; market firm and moderately active; western dairy, 13@20c; do creamery, 16@29c; Elgin, 31@30½. Cheese—Receipts, 1,841 pkgs; market dull; state, 10@12¼c; fancy, 12@12¼c; creamery, 18@18½c; skims, 1½@2¼; part skims, 5½@9¾. Sugar steady; powdered, 7¼c; granulated, 7c; crushed, 8c. Molasses unchanged. Coffee—Rio, firm; fair, 17⅝c; options firmer and quiet. Spirits of turpentine firm at 47¼c. Eggs—Receipts, 739 pkgs; market easy; western, 15@15¼c.

Live Stock.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 12.—Hogs—Market easier; common and light, $4 00@4 85; packing and butchers, $4 50@4 75.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Feb. 12.—Cattle—Market firm and active at last week's prices. Hogs—Market fair; Philadelphias, $4 95@5 00; heavy hogs, $4 70@4 80; pigs and Yorkers, $5 10@5 15. Sheep—Market firm at last week's prices.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head; market steady; choice heavy, $4 45@4 60; packing, $4 45@4 60; light grades, $4 06@4 80. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head market firm.

BUFFALO, Feb. 12.—Cattle—No fresh receipts; feeling firm; all sold. Sheep and lambs—Receipts —— head, through; 800 sold; all sold in small bunches at steady prices; lambs, good $6 00@6 50. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head through 550; sales 5@10c higher; medium $4 95@5 00; Yorkers, $5 25.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Hogs—Receipts, 34,000 head; market slow and weak; prices 10c lower; light, $4 60@4 80; rough packing, $4 40@4 45; mixed, $4 55@4 70; heavy packing and shipping, $4 50@4 65. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3 10@4 80; cows, $1 40@3 00; stockers and feeders, $2 25@3 40. Sheep—Receipts, 7,500 head; market steady; native muttons, $3 75@5 10; washed, $4 40@4 80; lambs, $4 00@6 50.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 88c; highest, 89c; lowest, 87⅞c; closed at 88⅞c.

Boston Wool Market.

The traffic is moderate; Ohio at 33@36c; Michigan, 31½@32c; Territory, 16@26c; combing, 27@35c; unwashed, 22@29c; pulled, 33@38c; scoured, 40@53c; spring California, 13@14c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: English wheats continued depressed. Buyers are apathetic. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 50,682 quarters at 29s 7d, against 54,985 quarters at 30s 5d during the corresponding week last year. Foreign wheat is more active and firmer, but quotations are unchanged. Beans and peas are 6d and lentils 10s lower. At to-day's market only the poorer English wheats were offered. The tendency was downward. American was a turn dearer for good Californian white. No red was offered. Flour was stronger, influenced by the raise of 2 francs per sack in Paris. American advance 6d. Corn was steady. Beans and peas recovered 6d.

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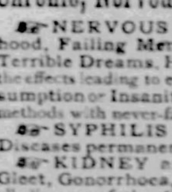

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